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Letters of Edward John Trelawny.

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Letters of
Edward John Trelawny

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Trelawny as an Octogenarian: the North-West Passage, by Millais

Trelawny, Edward John

Letters of Edward John Trelawny

Edited with a brief Introduction and Notes by

H. Buxton Forman C.B.

Henry Frowde
Oxford University Press
London, Edinburgh, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1910

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DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

If there is any man living who knew Trelawny better than you did, and helped him more faithfully, I do not know that man. That there is none to whom I owe more than to you in regard to the prosecution of the present work is certain, and equally certain that to connect your name with it and record my gratitude for this latest of your many acts of disinterested friendship is, unlike most obvious duties, a pleasure dictated by the highest esteem and by sincere affection.

H. Buxton Forman.

46 Marlborough Hill,
St. John's Wood,
25 *September* 1910.

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INTRODUCTION.

In this attempt to bring together the letters of Edward John Trelawny, I have been actuated by the desire to illustrate his unique personality by means of his own utterances, and fill up as many gaps as possible in his life-record. Such indomitable force of character as Trelawny evinced up to the end of his long life could not fail to leave its impress upon every sheet of paper which he took up for the purpose of communicating with man or woman. The very unconventionality—nay, even the frequent incorrectness of his style and vocabulary, have a certain attractiveness; and when one realizes how expressive of his character that style and that vocabulary are, one feels something akin to revolt against any endeavour to revise the text of his letters. For my part, I have never yet seen a letter or note of Trelawny's which was expressed just as any other man would have expressed it; nor is there anything in the present collection which is not more or less redolent of the vigour and directness, the transparent honesty and complete fearlessness, of this traveller by sea and land, this warrior for the cause of freedom, in both the moral and the physical sense of those words. Conspicuous among the memorable figures of the nineteenth century, both as a public man and as a private individual, Trelawny was less tainted with the sordid commercialism and ever-increasing snobbery of that century than almost any man one

could name as having lived through so large a part of it.

When by good hap I acquired that splendid "pig-in-a-poke" the Clairmont collection of Shelley documents and relics of various kinds, it was not wholly without disappointment that I found the sealed-up collection, on being opened, did not include certain items which, as I think rightfully, I had expected to find. There was, it is true, good value for my money, even at the comparatively low prices then current for such articles as I was buying without even a preliminary glimpse of a single one of them; but it grieved me not to find the book of manuscript poems which Claire Clairmont possessed, or the miniature portrait of Allegra, daughter of Byron and Claire, or the long series of letters which I believed that lady to have received from Trelawny. I have never regretted that, in those circumstances, I made a pilgrimage to the gay city of Vienna in search of the coveted treasures in question, found the late Miss Paola Clairmont, from whom I had bought the elder lady's collection, still in possession of two of the important items named, paid her her price for the annexation of them to the main body of the papers, books, and relics, and brought them home with joy to the house from which I am sending these belated remarks to press. Of the mutilated manuscript volume, containing Shelley's fair copies of many of his published poems, which also should be here, there is a sad tale to tell. An American who had been residing in the same house at Florence with the Clairmonts had been bidding against me for the collection; but, as his rather free bids turned out to be only in bills at long date, the executrix

decided to accept my cash rather than his paper, in which she lacked confidence. This man, however, had "borrowed" and not restored the precious manuscript book,—which now graces the classic precincts of Harvard College, while I am "left lamenting."

Leaving the unpleasant subject of this ancient grievance, I recall the pleasure and keen interest with which I first read the whole of the letters from Trelawny, spreading over fifty-three years of his long life, the earliest indited shortly after Shelley's death in 1822, when Trelawny was just upon thirty years of age, the last written in 1875, when he was eighty-three. That perusal accomplished, I said to the other man who is me—"Well, if you don't know anything else, you know Trelawny now; and it is your bounden duty to see that those letters are not lost to the world."

From that position I have never for one moment swerved; but the other man who is me had, until the summer of 1907, a position in the public service with ever-increasing demands upon his time and mental resources; and the literary output of the years 1866 to 1907, though not inconsiderable in mass, was but the occupation of his so-called leisure, and, *ipso facto*, strictly limited. What wonder, then, if the golden moment for setting about the arrangement of that treasured bundle of letters for the press was put off and off by sheer stress of circumstances? Fifteen or it may be twenty years ago my son Maurice Buxton Forman had copied them all out for me; five years ago I had made some attempt to fit and annotate them for publication; and two years ago I determined to omit some portions that might still be obnoxious to the feelings of a few living persons, combine my letters

with others of Trelawny's from all available sources, public or private, and publish without further delay than fate willed. Retarded once more by the return of the Garnett Shelley Note-books from America to be deciphered and edited, I had yet some luck with Trelawny. My son was once more under my roof after long absence from England, and was working upon his Meredith books at the British Museum, where he was able to help me in certain researches that it would have been very inconvenient to do single-handed; and still better, my old and valued friend Mr. William Rossetti decided without hesitation, when I approached him cap in hand, that Trelawny's letters to him, the unpublished mass with the few already published, should form part of the present chronologically arranged collection, and thus greatly increase its autobiographic value. This decision was the more generous in that Mr. Rossetti had already allocated most of the unpublished letters to certain works of his own compiling, not yet added to that valuable row of books which, since his retirement from the public service, he has contributed to English literature, and especially to our knowledge of the lives and genius of the distinguished family of which he is the last of his generation. Equally if not even more deserving of gratitude has been his ready assistance in the removal of difficulties which need not now be specified, and his kindness in making me free of his knowledge of matters Trelawnian acquired in the period from 1869 up to the present time.

The renewal of an acquaintanceship of long ago with Mrs. Julian Marshall, the author and editor of the *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*,

has proved fortunate as well as agreeable. Mrs. Marshall had access to those documents of prime importance which were in the hands of the late Sir Percy Florence Shelley when her book came out; and I am indebted to her not only for the influence of her book in keeping me from too strong a leaning to Trelawny's side in the never-ending Trelawny-Mary discussion, but also for the frank alacrity with which she gave me helpful information apart from the book itself. Mary Shelley makes a better figure in my mind than she did before 1889, when the book was published; and a much better figure than she did before I had the advantage of talking over certain difficult questions with Mrs. Marshall. I do not doubt that Trelawny, who was at root her friend as long as she lived, allowed his free mind and fighting temperament to dwell less leniently than he could have afforded to do on her innate conventionality, and something in her essentially feminine character bordering on frivolity. And yet he leaves me convinced that she was not as suitable a wife for Shelley as she might have been if compounded with a little less of vanity and worldliness,—and, paradoxical as it may seem, a little less amply qualified, on the intellectual side, to shine on her own account. Still, no woman was really fit to be Shelley's wife, any more than he was to be any woman's husband.

That Mary was a devoted friend to Trelawny and Jane Williams and other more or less provoking folk is abundantly clear: her attitude towards Byron, who had treated both her and Shelley badly, was impeccably lenient; and, at all events after Shelley's death, she was altogether the reverse of quarrelsome. It was

not she who claimed to have helped Trelawny write the *Younger Son*: that is but an unsupported claim rashly made on her behalf. The present volume contains ample evidence that, while she worked hard for him to get it published, it was from other hands that the help to fit it for the press came. Walter Savage Landor and Charles Armitage Brown were unquestionably the chief friends in council at Florence who stimulated him and encouraged him with an antenatal public; and Brown appears to have attended efficiently to spelling and punctuation and so on.

The bearings of these letters upon the position of that entertaining classic are of some importance. It is generally admitted that the *Younger Son* is more or less autobiographic in places; but up to the present time intelligent and critical readers have been over prone to regard it as a book of wild adventure, based upon experience, but in its essence a highly imaginative romance. Needless to say, that is not my view. The publication of Mrs. Julian Marshall's two Mary Shelley volumes must, to those who carefully gathered all relating to Trelawny scattered through the work, have materially shaken any tendency to view the *Adventures of a Younger Son* as a mere fiction founded upon fact. Now that Trelawny's letters to Mary are brought together and arranged with those to Claire, I doubt whether any intelligent reader could fail to perceive that Trelawny had no view but to record the facts of his life in such a manner as to make them readable and of general interest without avowing his identity, and that that manner was his own natural, unadorned, vigorous style. He protested from the first and up to the last to his intimates that the work

was not a romance but the story of a man's life, his own life; and he relied upon the natural interest of the real story for the circulation of his book.

I am probably not more credulous than most Englishmen; and I for one have always believed in Trelawny as somewhat of the saga-man type, gifted by nature with the faculty of telling boldly and fluently the essential truth in all its important lines, without being scrupulously literal in the minute details of each minor fact. When the late lamented Shelley Society was in its youthful vigour, I had occasion to mention Trelawny in some address or other; and I do not doubt that I failed in more than one point to express myself with that lucidity which characterizes the daily reported utterances of the Honourable House of Commons. For I recall that Mr. Richard Edgecumbe rose "at question time" and asked me with faultless suavity *why I did not believe Trelawny.* My reply was prompt and brief, and, I understood, satisfactory to the questioner. It was simply—*I do believe Trelawny*; and that is still my attitude.

Of course I do not believe that any fowl of the air can be a curlew and a seagull according to the whim of the moment, like the solitary aeronautic attendant at the cremation of Shelley[1]; and it has troubled me at times that this winged witness had not a more abiding individuality. It was quite early in the history of that fowl, which started in life as just "a solitary sea bird," that it became a curlew for the

[1] See pages 14, 252, 256, and 269 of this volume. I seem to recall that the bird was a lapwing on one occasion—a by no means unlikely bird; but in the mass of my memoranda I cannot hit upon the reference.

edification of Captain Medwin, who, after letting it live its curlew life for a while in prose, put it into some of his verses as a sea-mew for the sake rather of accent than of rhyme—probably not deeming sufficiently classical the pronunciation curlĕw of Trelawny's (and my) beloved west country. Later on Trelawny let it figure as a seagull, and later still as a curlew once more; but this protean quality has ceased to stagger my imagination. Of course I have not much faith—not so much, certainly, as Leigh Hunt had—in Trelawny's knowledge of the motives of that romantically appropriate bird, in persistently approaching the party at Viareggio. What I do believe is that a 'long-shore bird of sorts, whether a scion of the great, the immortal family of the gulls, or classifiable among the *Scolopacidae* or the *Grallae*, really did hover over the proceedings and impress the chief actor and narrator with its striking presence, and that, if he had ever had the opportunity or ornithological knowledge to determine the creature's species, time soon wore down the sharpness of the visual impression. Whatever that bird may have been, with its ghastly unappeased appetite for roast poet, I believe in its hoverings and cries over the extraordinary scene of the cremation of Shelley as implicitly as I do in that other bird of weird omen which Trelawny so graphically delineates near the beginning of his masterly *Adventures of a Younger Son*,—to wit the uncanny and characteristically *frumious* raven which, after a battle royal described with incomparable power of a somewhat barbaric kind, he hung with his little girl-companion's sash. Of all the ravens in literature, that fierce old demon of the Cornish garden, battered and bloody and with one

wicked eye hanging out of his head, is the fowl I should be the most loth to part with—not excepting Edgar Poe's mysterious example of *corvus corax*; and I feel as certain that the child Trelawny, aged five, whom I only knew as an octogenarian, did in sober verity fight that battle and hang that raven, as I do that Poe never saw any such bird at all as the griesly protagonist of his immortal poem. Indeed I believe—(for now I recall that it is in the Saga of Edward the Viking—I decline to call the *Younger Son* either a tale or a romance)—that the mauled and mauling raven must go down to posterity in company with twice-hung Smith; for, when cut down for dead, he came to life again, fought a second fight for the lordship of the garden, and was finally hung again and pitched into the duck-pond, tied to a stone, with the aid of the Younger Son's elder brother.

I venture to think that if Trelawny's two books had been written in verse instead of prose he might almost have started with the following quotation :—

> The tale that I must tell to-day
> You'll hear in just the homely way
> Of listening to a plain narration
> By one who loves the elevation
> That every story will admit—
> Since of a truth the gossiping fit
> Is rooted in the joy of art:
> The homeliest saga-man must part
> Company now and then with fact—
> Nor be too slavishly exact;
> For art soars wide on fancy's wings
> To catch the essential truth of things.

And to tell a true story well, however loosely it be knit, and elevate the key of it, is art. But my

business here is not so much to define the spirit of Trelawny's books as to point the moral of his familiar epistles.

There are many loosely phrased passages in these letters, which detractors may be pleased to pounce upon as evidences of bad faith, now as in the past. A notable instance may be seen at page 276, where we read "Of Shelley there is neither portrait nor bust, and what artist could imagine him?" It is inconceivable that the man who fetched the Curran portrait from Rome for Mary Shelley, wrote about it over and over again, published twice over reproductions of the Clint portrait, and made grim jests about Mrs. Leigh Hunt's posthumous bust of the poet, could have hoped to deceive his correspondent, even if he had desired to do so. All he meant by the sweeping statement was, clearly enough to an unprejudiced mind, that there existed neither portrait nor bust of Shelley done from the life by an artist of repute. He could not be expected to think highly of the only one of these three which was done from the life, namely Amelia Curran's singularly ill-drawn painting in the National Portrait Gallery. What he had to convey to his correspondent was that there was no extant guidance for the maker of a bust or statue of Shelley.

See, too, how in that capital letter (pp. 91–5), written to Roberts with his "left fin," recounting the attempt to assassinate him in the Cave of Odysseus and his ultimate escape to the Ionian Islands and the protection of the British flag, he mixes up several of the King's ships. He evidently wanted to tell Roberts how he got to Cephalonia from the port nearest to Parnassus, but succeeds in making it appear that he was towed

into port both by the *Cambrian* and by the *Zebra*. It would be easy to multiply instances equally innocent and equally useful to unfriendly critics of the man.

A man's spontaneous and ungarbled epistles to his friends are wonderful antidotes for poisonous statements invented by enemies. For example, an atrocious apocryphal story about a dead baby of Trelawny's made its appearance in that curious and by no means uninteresting volume *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn by William Sharp*[1]; a story which a man of the late Mr. Sharp's culture and feeling should not have dreamed of allowing to soil the pages of his book. Probably few people have read the "horrible tale," which is in very small type; and of such few it is not likely that more than one or two persons of feeble understanding believed it. If, however, there are intelligent folk who carry about in their minds this second-hand recollection of a hideous calumny served up by Mr. Sharp, I hope they may chance upon those passages in Trelawny's letters which relate to his children, all of which passages bear witness to a generous and innate kindliness of nature utterly incapable of a practical joke with a dead baby. Such a foul jape would have been as abhorrent as every other dastardly act to the writer of these letters—which, moreover, show that the "dead baby," the account of whom is wrong in almost every particular, grew to be a handsome marriageable girl,—from one of whose grandsons I had the pleasure of receiving a proffer of assistance in the course of my attempts to prepare these papers for the public eye.

[1] London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Limited, 1892.

Mr. Sharp's selections from the voluminous Severn papers were very seldom of this unfortunate kind; and there is another related to Trelawny's Letters showing his friend and sometime housemate Charles Armitage Brown in a charmingly diplomatic guise for a friendly correspondent. Writing (p. 170) to Severn of Trelawny and his anonymous *Adventures of a Younger Son*, Brown mentions the quotations from Keats with which the book abounds. "At the head of every chapter," he says, "are one or two quotations from Byron, Keats, and Shelley,—from *no one else*; and Woodhouse and I think his lordship does not look over grand in such company. Woodhouse also thinks that those quotations, in so popular a book, will be of great service to the fame of Keats; and indeed they are chosen, in number fifty-three great and small, with much care,—some great friend of Keats' must have done all this, don't you imagine so?"

Why Brown should not have told Severn explicitly that he was himself that friend—see pages 136 and 144 of this collection of Trelawny's letters—it is not easy to suggest with security; but perhaps his modesty relied on being found out by one who knew so much of Keats and his friends as Severn did.

Trelawny differed *toto coelo* from the man who has one set of opinions for publication and another for home consumption. Indeed I am by no means sure that, if he could gaze from the Elysian Fields upon my present undertaking, he would not cry out upon my squeamishness in omitting names and holding back occasional sentences where it has seemed not unlikely that his natural warmth of heart would have prompted that much consideration for surviving relatives of

persons long since dead—persons whom he might contemn, but would not have gone out of his way to wound. In attacking the strong ones whom he also thought wrong ones, he would certainly not have let his emotions interfere with the iconoclastic fire and fury of his chivalrous spirit and stalwart arm; but for the weak, and the survivors of their blood, the case might well be different. He certainly faced the common enemy known as Death the Friend with no dread of posthumous revelations. His expressed view was opposed to the return of people's letters: he told Claire that he burnt hers as soon as read; that he never in his life asked for the return of one of his own; and only once, as far as I know, did he caution her that a certain exchange of views should not see the light—she must see to that. She did not see to it; and I suspect that, if there be no statute of limitations in force in the Elysian Fields, Trelawny has long ago condoned that omission of Claire's and revoked the injunction so far as it might be held to bind her heirs, executors, and assigns. That he attached no importance to the question of suppressing his letters is abundantly clear from the fact that he did not avail himself of an opportunity offered to him of acquiring them from Paola Clairmont before my pilgimage to Vienna.

Wayward and impulsive as Trelawny was, overbearing and intolerant of opposition as he often showed himself to be, there is a strain of considerateness and generosity permeating his character. Intolerant of all forms of oppression, bigotry, cant, and frivolity, he was capable of splendid devotion to a cause and devout attachment to the person and genius of individuals. The personality, political

attitude, and poetic genius of Shelley certainly commanded his strongest and most enduring attachment, and made a unity in his being which might have been undeveloped and indiscoverable but for the meeting of the two men in Italy.

This unity in diversity, persisting to the very end, is aptly illustrated at page 277 with its two scraps of a few lines each. The man to whom for nearly sixty years the memory of Shelley as a great poet and warrior in the cause of freedom had been as a beacon on a hill sends Swinburne a message from which it is clear that he felt Shelley's nearest successor in lyric force and republican enthusiasm to be the fitting man for that task left unachieved by Shelley himself, the dramatization of the tragedy of Charles Stuart. And the man who took upon his own shoulders the whole burden of seeking and cremating the drowned poet and providing a resting-place for his ashes at Rome,—who offered at the same time of anguish and distress to share his income with Mary Shelley and with Claire Clairmont, and did in fact provide both of them with funds—maintained his liberal habits in money matters to the last. After completing with the aid of Rossetti the arrangements with the Custodian of the English Cemetery at Rome for the splendid old warrior's own ashes to lie beside those of Shelley, we find him enclosing an over-remittance to put Mr. Trucchi in funds for his expenses, and a courteous request that he will accept the balance. It is but a small matter, that; but it is what doctors call a pathognomonic symptom—a symptom admitting of no doubt as to the disease; and in this case the disease was congenital generosity.

The spontaneous and altogether unsophisticated style which Trelawny employed in embodying his thoughts for the information whether of friend or of foe suffers nothing from the fact that he started in his adventurous life with little education properly so-called. Much as I should have liked to print his letters just as I found them, I have not thought it wise or fair to do so; for such was his impetuosity as a letter writer that he seldom wrote up to the level of his true knowledge and attainments, and, if one may take his own repeated statement literally, never read his epistles over before dispatching them. It is quite certain that in countless instances he misspelt words which he knew perfectly well how to spell, dashed in stops in places where he did not really mean to make a division of sense, and even employed words that were not those which he meant to employ; and, if in all these small matters he were left unholpen, the reader would justly feel some irritation, not with Trelawny, but with his editor.

I do not see any use in leaving the *g* out of the words *strength* and *length* just because Trelawny, who was from Cornwall, where that letter is generally omitted from those words in actual speech, sometimes transcribed language and thought with impetuous literality and did not fit his letters for the press. I admit that in his talk he said *strenth* and *lenth*; but it seems certain that, if asked whether a *g* was to be put in in printing, he would have said or growled "Yes, of course," without the customary expletive "please," and it may be with some alternative expletive. Here, again, it is needless to multiply instances in which these trifling interferences with his text have

been a mere courtesy that he was accustomed to accept from friends. The rest of my space can be better employed for a few acknowledgements of obligation still to be made.

To Sir Rennell Rodd and Mr. H. Nelson Gay, who, while editing the first number of the *Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial at Rome*, kindly sent me copies of the important letters to Captain Roberts which were about to appear in that publication, I desire to record my gratitude; and to Mr. Gay my further thanks are due for communicating to me his notes on those letters, of which I have availed myself freely.

I have to thank Mr. C. F. Bell, Assistant Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, not only for calling my attention to Trelawny's two letters to "The Reverend Colonel Finch" preserved among that gentleman's papers in the Taylorian Library at Oxford, but also for kindly offering to transcribe them for me—an offer which I gladly accepted.

Acknowledgements are also due to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, and the distinguished veteran Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., for their ready courtesy in respect of two articles in *Scribner's Magazine* from which two letters to Finlay are reprinted in the *Addenda*.

H. B. F.

LETTERS OF
EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

I.

To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.[1]

Pisa, Feby. 5, 1822.

Dear Roberts

In haste to save the Post—I have only time to tell you, that you are to consider *this letter* as *definitive*, and to *cancel every other regarding the Boats!*

First, then, continue the one you are at work upon for Lord B. She is to have *Iron Keel*, copper *fastenings* and *bottom*—the Cabin to be as *high* and *roomy* as possible, no *expence* to be *spared* to make her a complete Beauty! We should like to have four guns, one on each bow and one on each quarter, as *large* as you think *safe*—to make a devil of a noise!—fitted with locks—the swivels of brass!—I suppose from one to three pounders.

Now as to our Boat, we have from considerations postponed[2] the one we wrote about. But in her lieu—

[1] It is a curious chance that, in getting together the present collection of Trelawny's letters, the first three manuscripts, taken chronologically, are this final order to Captain Roberts about the building of the yacht for Byron and the open boat for Shelley (the "Don Juan"), and the cremation of Shelley and his friend Williams which was the final outcome of the unhappy venture in shipbuilding.

[2] As a writing master, Trelawny would certainly not have been a success: so far from clear is his writing that the word which I read as *posponed* (for *postponed*), Mr. Nelson Gay holds to be *abandoned* (*Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome*, Edited by Sir Rennell Rodd and H. Nelson Gay. London and New York, 1910).

will you lay us down a small beautiful one of about 17 or 18 feet? to be a thorough *Varment* at *pulling* and *sailing*! Single banked oars, say four or six; and we think, if you differ not, three luggs and a jib—*backing ones*!—She will be used for fishing, shooting, and as a tender for the other.

Should you think in addition to this a little dinghy would be necessary for Lord B., build it!

I will write no more.

Yours most sincerely

TRELAWNY.

II.

THE CREMATION OF EDWARD ELLERKER WILLIAMS.[1]

Leghorn, Augst 13, 1822.

After a variety of applications and correspondence with Mr. Dawkins, Secretary of Legation, the English Consul Falkener, and the Governor of Leghorn—I attained from the latter an order to the officer on the

[1] Trelawny appears to have written the story of the cremation of Shelley and Williams separately for different friends. I do not know to which of them this particular communication was addressed, or whether he parted with it at all; but if he did he must have recovered it, as it was among his papers at the close of his life; and it is now in the British Museum. This is clearly the record set down at the time of the events recounted, and, I should say, was begun on the way from Leghorn to Via Reggio on board the "Bolivar," or else before embarking on the 13th of August 1822. Besides being fuller and more simple and unsophisticated than any of the other accounts, it is more replete with small flaws of expression; and the topographical details betray that hearsay knowledge which we associate with a first account of a locality. Via Reggio, for instance, is written "Villo Ragio," all through; and the islands in sight of Via Reggio are wrongly named as if from misconception of local utterance or statement. A few passages where points of fact are of special importance I have left quite unhelped by spelling or punctuation; but as a rule I have supplied both orthography and pointing where there has been absolutely no doubt what the then very unpractised penman meant. The early, but not so early, account of the burning of Shelley printed as an Appendix to the *Records of Shelley, Byron, and*

coast—commanding the look out tower nearest to that part of the beach on which Williams had been found and buried—the tower of Migliarino—to deliver to me his body—and an officer of the Sanitair Office to accompany me and see that it was consumed to ashes by fire. Mr. Dawkins likewise obtained me an order of the like purport and conditions from the Lucchese government—for the body of Shelley found and interred on their coast. I made my preparations by ordering a machine of iron five feet long, two broad, with a proportionate rim entirely round it supported by legs of two feet high—to burn the body in—and to receive the ashes I gave directions for two boxes of a foot and half in length with proportionate breadth and depth to be covered with black velvet and fastened with screws—a plate of brass attached on the top with a Latin inscription simply stating their loss by shipwreck, age, country &c. I then procured incense, honey, wine, salt, and sugar to burn with the body—and everything being in readiness I sailed in the

the Author (1878), was clearly compiled from the next paper in this present series and this preliminary account of the preparations, the voyage from Leghorn, and the burning of Williams. The order is changed; and the composition and penmanship are much more careful than in the two rough papers in the British Museum. The fact that Trelawny (*Recollections*, p. 127), thirty-six years after the events, and professedly writing partly from memory, adopts Hunt's eleven hours instead of his own eighteen does not seem to me to affect the question as between the 13th and 14th. The date supplied by the first of these two papers in the Museum has been disputed by no less an authority than my friend Professor Dowden; but I do not think he would have disputed it if he had had this original rough but quite complete account before him. In the *Life of Shelley* (vol. ii, p. 531, text and note), Professor Dowden gives the date of the departure from Leghorn as August 14 and adds—"Trelawny says August 13, but it seems certain that the burning of Williams's body took place on the 15th, and that it took place on the day after Trelawny's departure from Leghorn." From the original record, however, it is clear that Trelawny knew exactly what he was about at the time; and there is no mistaking

"Bolivar," Lord Byron's yacht, on Tuesday August 13, 1822, with my friend Captain Shenley. After a tedious passage of eighteen hours I anchored off Via Reggio. There were two small vessels cruising in the gulf, which I had engaged to drag that part of the coast where we supposed the "Don Juan" had been lost. I kept them six days at sea dragging the bottom, but they did not succeed in finding her. After taking the man out of them that I had put on board to see ~~that~~ they did their duty—I discharged them and proceeded on shore, and after showing my bill of health I was allowed to land. The captain of the port with another officer received me on shore. I delivered them my orders regarding the body of Shelley and accompanied them to the Governor of the Town. He received me very civilly, and after some little hesitation as to complying with so unusual an order—which however he could not evade—he gave his consent: the arguments of my friend (for he proved a good one in the whole of this affair) the Captain of the Port—as to its being the custom of our Country, and permitted by our creed &c., and that he would be both responsible to his own government for contempt of their orders, and ours for sacrilege in denying the customary rights [*sic* but qy. *rites*] of the dead—he was a very weak and superstitious man—having obtained his sanction, I commenced[1] the proceedings by ordering down two cart loads of

his Tuesday the 13th of August 1822 for any other day, the 13th being, in fact, a Tuesday according to the almanack. The eighteen hours' voyage to Via Reggio (reduced in Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron*, &c., 1828, to eleven) brings our voyagers up to the night of the 13th, and it was on the 14th that they waited about all day for Byron and Hunt, and then made the appointment for the 15th to burn Williams, which appointment was kept.

[1] It seems we are to read—"the arguments . . . having obtained his sanction I commenced."

wood—engaged men from the health office with all sorts of instruments to dig up the body—landed the things I had on board—and requested the Major to give us a guard to keep off the curious.—I was now only delayed awaiting the arrival of Lord Byron who had promised with Leigh Hunt to attend on that day:—he not arriving at 6 in the evening I despatched a courier with a note to him requesting he would attend at 12 the ensuing day—to which I received his answer promising compliance and requesting me to meet him on the Tuscan shore at the place of Williams's grave to commence with him.—At 8 in the morning of the 15th, I reembarked every thing in a boat, and with Captain Shenley and an Officer from the health Office pulled along the coast about four miles, landed at a railing which was the boundary line dividing the Tuscan and Lucchese States. We thence proceeded on foot, the place of Williams's grave being about a mile distance. We were joined by Lord B. and Mr. H[unt] in their carriage on the sands with a sergeant and four soldiers, dismounted dragoons, having mattocks, spades, boat-hooks — and other instruments, along with the box for the ashes—my men with sails to guard against the wind—the iron furnace and one with an officer from the Health Office of Leghorn.—We proceeded along the beach till arrived at a spot marked by a large old root of a fir-tree—and near by a species of hut rudely built of boughs of trees and covered with reeds—apparently as temporary shelter for soldiers on the Coast Patrol. The sergeant exclaimed "this is [the] place"—we halted—he pointed out the exact spot which was at high water mark about twenty paces from the sea as it was then, nearly

calm, breaking on the beach; an old stump or root of tree was placed on the head of the grave—it was situated about 4½ miles from Via Reggio, the Bay of Spezia on the right and Leghorn on the left, each at about 22 miles distance projecting in points far into the sea and forming thereby a deep and dangerous gulph, with a strong current setting into it; and with N.W. gale a vessel embayed here was in a most perilous situation—the water exceedingly shoal with a short dashing breaking sea—thereby preventing the ship running near the beach in case of peril or boats getting out to assist them. In the centre of this gulph my noble friends' bodies were found after having been the one seven and the other nine days in the water stranded on the beach at five miles asunder—the situation of the one we were not[1] at was well adapted for a Poet's grave, fronted[2] by a magnificent extent of the Mediterranean Sea with the Isles of Gorgona, Capraia, Elba, and Corsica[3] in sight and on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness uncultivated and uninhabited covered with wood stunted by the sea breeze and the poverty of a sandy soil. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers with flag staffs on the turrets for the double purpose of preventing smuggling and enforcing[4] the quarantine laws, the latter being here severer than in any part of the world. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps which are here particularly beautiful, those in the

[1] This is what was written by Trelawny; but possibly he meant *now*.

[2] *surrounded* stands cancelled.

[3] What was written is literally *Gorgona Caprerra elba & Sicily,*—*Sicily* then erased and *Corsica* written over it and in turn erased.

[4] *enforce* in orig.

immediate vicinity being composed of white marble which gave their summits an exact appearance of being covered with snow. As a foreground to this romantic scene was an extraordinary group—Lord Byron and Hunt seated in the carriage, the horses jaded and overpowered by the intensity of heat reflected from the deep loose sand, which was so hot that Lord B. could not stand on it. Captain Shenley and myself with the officer and sergeant commanding the nearest look-out tower stood round the grave; four soldiers were employed uncovering the grave; and I was intently gazing to see the first appearance of the body. The sergeant with a boat-hook first pulled out a black handkerchief, then a piece of shirt—I instantly examined these, and by the collar of the last being very peculiarly formed knew it to be Williams—presently we came to some loose wood which had been thrown between the body and the sand; on this being removed the head—or rather skull for it was almost fleshless—appeared—with a spade I bared the whole of it—as Lord B. had always asserted he should know him instantly by his teeth. The body, dreadfully mutilated, was now wholly palpable—both the hands were wanting and one sleeve too separated in its being moved. Having placed the iron in which it was to be burnt near the grave, I went and collected wood on the lee of the little hut at about twelve yards distance to prevent the wind blowing away the ashes. We then with instruments made for the purpose of dragging wrecked seamen out of the sea—for you are on no account allowed to touch a body—(a long pole with a round iron in the form of a sickle) with two of these we dragged the remains out of the grave,

and then with poles shoved under lifted him into the furnace. I now called Lord B.—who came to try and identify him. The moment he saw the teeth he exclaimed "that is him," and his boot being found and compared with one brought for that purpose identified him beyond a doubt. It was a humbling and loathsome sight—deprived of hands, one leg, and the remaining leg deprived of the foot—the scalp was torn from the head and the flesh separated from the face, the eyes out, and all this mutilation not by time the distroyer—but fish-eaten—it was in the worst state of putrefaction—a livid mass of shapeless flesh. Lord B. looking at it said—"Are we all to resemble that?—why it might be the carcase of a sheep for all I can see"—and pointing to the black handkerchief—said "an old rag retains its form longer than a[1] dead body—what a nauseous and degrading sight!" After we had collected together the separated limbs and placed the whole mass into the furnace, I placed two poles under it and with another man carried it to the place behind the hut and placed it on a pile of wood. We then entirely surrounded it with dry wood, placing some green branches on the top. I set fire to the whole; the fire was immense, and to add to its fierceness Lord B., Hunt, Shenley, and myself kept throwing incense, salt, sugar, and wine. The soldiers who appeared superstitiously fearful had withdrawn them-

[1] What Trelawny wrote was *your dead body*; but *a* is written over *your*; and both are left uncancelled. This is an example of the value of conversational reporting. When we are told lower down that Byron "went to try the force of the waves which had overpowered his friend," we suspect the conversational value of the later account in which words to this effect are attributed to Byron: "'Let us try the strength of these waters that drowned our friends,' said Byron, with his usual audacity" (*Recollections*, 1858, p. 131).

selves as far as possible. Lord B. went to try the force of the waves which had overpowered his friend—and swam out a long way to sea; myself and Shenley, having replenished the fire, followed him. Lord B. was dreadfully sick whilst swimming about a mile from the shore; but I could not persuade him to return. Shenley got the cramp and was nearly drowned. After being in the water about an hour we all returned and again gathered round the fire. The body had been then ~~about~~ two hours burning; it was still not near consumed. We placed large pieces of timber on the top of it, and the shed at this time catching fire and being excessively dry it burnt most furiously; and at 4 nothing remained but a quantity of blackish looking ashes mingled with a quantity of white[1] and broken fragments of bones. I removed the fire, and, having again placed poles under it, carried it into the sea—where by immersing[2] the bottom of the iron then red hot and sprinkling water on it we by degrees cooled it, and, having taken one of the jaws, which was the only bone whole I shovelled the rest into the small desk-sized coffin, screwed it down and placed it in the carriage. It being then too late to commence with Shelley's body, Lord B. and H[unt] returned in the carriage to Pisa, and Shenley, myself, with all those who had assisted us being paid and discharged, we reembarked in the boat which had been left at a mile distance on the beach and returned to Via Reggio.[3]

[1] Trelawny wrote *write*, but of course meant *white*.

[2] In the original *emersing*.

[3] I leave this sentence in its helpless confusion; but the last thing we can believe in it is the implication that Trelawny and Shenley had with others been paid by Byron and Hunt for their services. What Trelawny probably meant is that when he had settled with his assistants and discharged them from further service, all the party walked to the boat and returned to the Inn at Via Reggio together.

III.

The Cremation of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Shelley Via Reggio.[1]

On the insuing morning at 10 o'clock Cap. Shenley and myself, with the officer from the health office and two of our seamen from the Schooner, proceeded in a boat down the little river which runs through the Town to the Sea, pulling about a mile along the beach towards Massa, where we landed. I sent a cart for more wood, and made all the preparations as the day before. There was little variety in the situation from the one I have described as the scene in which the funeral pile of his shipwrecked friend Williams was erected—the same view of the Sea, sand, and mountains—the mountains appearing nearer and more precipitous, but less wood and within a mile of the little port and Town of Via Reggio. The place indicated by three small white wand-like ~~sticks~~ reeds stuck in a line[2] from low to high water mark was pointed out as the spot where Shelley's body ~~was interred~~ had be[en] thrown. Having some doubts of the ~~infallibility~~ or accuracy of such pyramides—and those stuck in the sand only the night previous—I ordered them to commence moving the sand till we could ascertain the ~~place~~ spot. After near an hour's hard work without any indication as to the ~~spot where the body was~~ place—Lord Byron's carriage

[1] This second paper is on a separate quarto sheet, and was probably written in the main at Via Reggio, though perhaps finished on board the "Bolivar" on the return voyage to Leghorn, or even at Leghorn. He still writes "Villo Ragio" in this paper; but he wrote "Via Reggio" in the Appendix.

[2] The Appendix version reads *a parallel line*. This is an obvious case of a meaningless word superposed on a simple original.

appeared accompanied by two mounted dragoons and four foot soldiers, which I had sent for to protect us from intrusion, as there had been several boats full of people attempted to land to see the ceremony—and what was extraordinary that both days there had been a great number of well dressed women who were so eager to gratify their inordinate curiosity to behold a sight so novel—that it was with infinite difficulty and repeated applications of the officers they could be dislodged from the positions they had taken, some long before we arrived. Lord B., Mr. Hunt, and several of the principal officers of the Town having now arrived, we proceeded to trench the ground in a straight line [1] and thus soon hit on the right place; it was just on the margin of the Sea—which when much agitated must have broken over it. They had scarcely trenched two spades deep when the lime appeared which had been thrown on the body at the time of interment and a spade struck on the skull.[2] Having previously made every preparation for burning, the body was dragged out of its shallow bed of sand and placed in the furnace. We had anticipated that this body from its having been interred with lime six [3] weeks previously would have been nearly dis-

[1] The Appendix reads "I then got five or six men with spades to dig transverse lines." The first account of the digging (that of the text) is not very clear; but this second account, notwithstanding the word parallel, makes it clear that, having failed to find the body by digging in the straight line of the three wands from low to high water-mark, they dug a series of trenches across that line, parallel to each other and to the high and low water-marks. I think Trelawny confused his geometric terms, and should have said that the men dug first at right angles to the sea-line and then parallel to it, trench after trench till they came to the body.

[2] "In about an hour, and when almost in despair, I was paralysed with the sharp and thrilling noise a spade made in coming in direct contact with the skull." So reads the Appendix—far less naturally than the simple, rough original.

[3] It was really a bare month since the interment on the beach.

troyed; but the lime being in large pieces and of bad quality, with salt water oozing into the grave, the body had not at all decomposed but was precisely in the same state [it] had been interred [in].[1] His dress and linen had become black, and the body was in a state of putridity and very offensive. Both the legs were ~~off~~ separated at the knee joint—the thigh bones bared and the flesh hanging loosely about them—the hands were off and the arm bones protruding—the skull black and no flesh or features of the face remaining. The clothes had in some degree protected the body—the flesh was of a dingy blue.[2] Having collected together his remains I set fire to the pile ~~to-day~~ as and we went through the same ceremonies as the previous day. The Poem of Lamia and Issabella[3] which had been found open in Shelley's Jacket Pockett—and buried with him, I was anxious to have—but we could find nothing of it remaining but the leather binding. Lord B. ~~was likewise anx~~ wished much to have the skull if possible—which I endeavoured to preserve—but before any part of the

[1] He meant, of course, not further decomposed—see below.

[2] The seeming but not real inconsistency of the two phrases "the body had not at all decomposed" and "the body was in a state of putridity and very offensive" disappears from the early-edited version of the Appendix, in favour of the rather sophisticated "Corruption had begun his work." All he meant by the first version was that when they dug the body up it had not become any more putrid than when they buried it on the beach.

[3] *The Poem of Lamia and Issabella* becomes *the poems of "Lamia" and "Isabella"* in the Appendix, Trelawny having found out his mistake very soon after the obsequies; but the fact that only the leather binding remained after the burial and unburial is omitted from the early revision in the Appendix. There, also, the "endeavour to preserve the skull" is transmuted into "it was small and very thin, and fell to pieces on attempting to remove it." It was only after thirty-six years of growing antagonism to Byron that Trelawny had thoroughly persuaded himself of his determination from the first not to let Shelley's skull be "profaned" by being "used as a drinking-cup" (*Recollections*, p. 133).

flesh was consumed on it, ~~it~~ on attempting to move it—it broke to pieces—it was unusually thin and strikingly small. Although we made a tremendous fire—it burnt exceedingly slow; and it was three hours before the body separated—it then fell open across the breast—and the heart, which was now seen, was likewise small. The body was much longer consuming than the other—it was nearly four o'clock before the body was wholly consumed, that part nearest the heart being the last that became ashes—and the heart itself seemed proof against fire, for it was still perfect and the intensity of heat everything now even the sand on which the furnace stood the furnace itself being red hot and ~~an intense~~ fierce fire still kept up ~~yet~~ the largest bones reduced to white cinders and nothing perfect distinguishable—but the heart ~~placed on~~ which although bedded in fire—would not burn—and after awaiting an hour continually ~~replenis~~ adding fuel it becoming late we gave over by mutual conviction of its being unavailing—all exclaiming it will not burn [1]—there was a bright flame round it

[1] This higgledy-piggledy sentence is a veritable prize from the point of view of evidence—so clearly is it an attempt to describe an incident which has more than once been pronounced incredible. For my part I see no good reason to doubt it; and, if it were uncorroborated even, I should feel it impossible to dispute what is so earnestly and artlessly set forth. People do not tell lies about imaginary prodigies in this sort of language; and the man who set down these details while still smarting from the physical and mental horrors he had gone through on that desolate shore evidently meant to tell the simple truth. Fortunately we are able to call an important witness—an eye witness. The following paragraphs contain Byron's account of these phenomena, written at Pisa on the 27th of August 1822, in a letter to Thomas Moore, printed in the *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices of his Life*, in 1830 (vol. ii, p. 609).

"The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the *Bolivar*) in the offing, and thence to shore again—about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin's coming off, after

occasioned by the moisture still flowing from it—and on removing the furnace nearer to the Sea to immerse[1] the iron I took the heart in my hand to examine it—after sprinkling it with water: yet it was still so hot as to burn my hand badly and a quantity of this oily fluid still flowed from it—we now[2] collected the dust and ashes and placed them in the box made for the occasion, and shipped it on board Lord Byron's schooner. There had been—during the whole ceremony—a solitary sea bird crossing and recrossing the fire—which was the only intruder our guards had not kept away—yet it was with much difficulty being so near a Town they kept off the people! We then returned slowly in the carriage drawn by ~~bulle~~ buffaloes to the Inn L. B. proceeding to Pisa—and weighed anchor for Leghorn.

going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St. Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

"We had been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine."

Unfortunately this is not one of the letters which Mr. Prothero had the opportunity of collating with the original MS. for his edition of Byron's Letters &c., in six volumes (1898–1901); but these two paragraphs may be taken as absolutely above suspicion, save for the misreading by Moore of a single word, namely the second word in the second paragraph, which he gave as *have*. It seems to me quite certain that Byron wrote *had*. As regards the alleged preservation in spirits of wine I should not accept this as evidence, because Byron was capable of putting that into his picture for Moore's edification, partly as a mere piece of grim jocularity and partly to disguise his feelings, *more suo*.

[1] In the original *emerse*.

[2] In the original *not*.

IV.

To Claire Clairmont.

"A Gnarled tree may bear good fruit, and a harsh nature may give good counsel,"——

Why should I alone extract poison, from flowers fortune strews in my path—from which all others could gather sweets? Let us be firm and staunch friends—we both want friends—you have lost in Shelley one worthy to be called so—I cannot fill his place—as who can?—but you will not find me altogether unworthy the office. Linked thus together we may defy the fate that separates us for a time—with united hearts what can separate us?—Oh no,—fear not—we shall meet again.—

In solitude, silence, or absence, I think of your words—and can even make sacrifices to reason— . . .

[A few lines obliterated.]

Your Edward.

I am a horseback 9 o'clock.

Ask Mary to lend me her horsewhip.

V.

To Claire Clairmont.

19 Sep^{tr} 1822
Pisa

You will observe by the conclusion of my first letter —that overpowered by the intense feelings yours had set in motion and finding it totally impossible to convey to you any idea of what I felt by writing—impulse impelling I hastily embarked in the middle of Monday night during a very heavy squall which

blew for Leghorn in the fond hope—that the swiftness of a tempest would convey me to you—I thought you would linger till you heard from me particularly as there was a probability of my return—and when everyone at Genoa counselled me to stay and avoid the danger of putting to Sea on such a night—I repeated to myself—and hardened my resolution in Ovid's words—

> "Nor adverse winds nor raging seas
> Can ever make him stay,
> Whom Love commands"——

If I felt at Genoa on perusing your Dear letters the insufficiency of words weakened by the delay of days before they reached you in answer—and that it was then necessary to meet you that I might at least have some chance of doing justice to what I felt—by baring my bosom and relieving my overflowing heart by pouring its pure and fresh effusions in all their strength before you—If I then threw down my pen in dispair,—how hopeless, vain, and imbecile is it, to now resume the task!—now that the bitter feelings of disappointment after having tortured me almost into convulsions have left me gelid, morbid, and broken hearted? Oh dearest how less than nothing are words—Would you had been with me—since I left Genoa in search of you—unseen yourself to be all-seeing—to have watched the varied and mingled emotions portrayed on my dark brow and sunken eye—the changing colour of my cheek and lips from white to black—and the contrast—when my hopes and fears ended in the sad and agonising certainty, that you were gone—and that too without having one parting word from him—who—I know not what—are

these the sensations, the acts of Love, sweet Clare? for on my soul I know not—I thought and think it friendship, passion, impulse, but my mind has been so long lulled into indifferance and selfishness, that I cannot credit I am thus on the instant—filled with the rekindled fire of my youth—and this against my own inclining—nay I have and still do struggle to suppress if not extinguish—the flame which is consuming me—[a few words obliterated] and now I am mad that you listened to me—Oh sweet dearest friend for still will I address you by that title—why have you thus plunged me into excruciating misery—by deserting him that would—but bleed on in silence my heart—let not the cold and heartless mock thee, with their triumphs at thy weakness, thou hast never yet found sympathy when thou teemed with love and sought it—and canst thou expect it now,—that time, change and disappointment have so transformed thee—that thou hast scarce any feelings or sensations in common with thy kind?[1]

Thursday[2] the 20th. I passed yesterday eve with Hobhouse and Lord B.—the latter from the badness of the road to Genoa embarks with me on board the "Bolivar" on Monday and I return to Genoa.—Gabrielle's reception of me was a scene of affectionate greeting and, poor girl, she has given such proofs of affection and devotion that I must credit the strength and sincerity of her Love. She confessed to Wright that she was consumed by the most ardent passion that whatever might be the consequence she must abide by them; he raged and expostulated—but

[1] At this point there is a passage obliterated, presumably by Claire.

[2] The 20th of September 1822 was a Friday.

finding nothing could move her he talked of separation—but as he really is not jealous and of a most liberal mind together with the conviction that she had never before given him cause of disgust—and having two children, he forgave her—only appealing to her sense of honour and better feelings to induce her to promise she would resist her inclinations in my favour as a sacrifice, and not doubting her honour forgave her—and now writes her most sympathising and affectionate letters:—he returns to Genoa in about a month.—

I address this to the Poste Restante having left your address at Genoa. I wrote Mrs. Mason [1] a note which at another time I will send you with her answer as they partake of the characters of their writers.—Your letters, sweet friend, will be awaited by me with racking impatience—had I been successful in meeting you here we should not have been separated by so many weary leagues—it is painful to think true hearts are thus ever torn apart by some strange fatality over which they seem to have little or no controul—why should we not rise up and oppose such decrees—and controul our own fate—at least as far as it is permitted? and yet without a struggle we have resigned ourselves to misery. Write, dear, relieve some portion of the weight which oppresses my bosom, for I am sick of heart—melancholy and discontented: write, reassure me of all you have said and all you feel. I am selfish and would engross all your time, your affection, your friendship, your love— and you have left me without a farewell word! Yet I doubt not you are no less miserable than I am.

[1] Lady Mountcashell.

I inclose my first letter—one from Jane or Mary—and Mrs. Mason's note—my friend Gab[le] gave me a letter for you of introduction worded as you wished —Mary has inclosed it to you at Vienna! Write to me "Poste Restante à Gênes": I shall be most unhappy till I hear from you—remember we are to meet again in the Spring—this let nothing put aside

Your Edward.

On second thoughts, which I think are generally the worst, I do not inclose the letter from Jane but redirect it—and let it take its chance.

I am going to Leghorn this morning with Hunt to get his passport for Genoa—he will part for thence in a day or two.—Mary and Jane were with me at Genoa; the former is settled for the present in a lodging—on Hunt's arrival she will reside with him; the English at Genoa will not receive her; they are most bitter against her; and I have induced her to give up her intention of living alone.—Jane was to have left for Geneva the same day of my departure, Monday the 15th, which was the day you left I am told here.

VI.

To Claire Clairmont.

Thou art the table, wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,—
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Bay of Spezia
On board the "Bolivar"
Sept. 26, 1822.

Dearest friend Jane,

We have put into this port in a heavy gale of wind—and expect Lord B. to-morrow, but must await

its subsiding before we sail for Genoa.—This place fills me with gloomy and desponding thoughts—eight months back when I first entered this then inchanting bay—my bosom expanded with rapture—and here methought I could sit me down content—had I but some dear Friend to share my solitude—I induced Shelley to reside here—and I designed the treacherous bark which proved his Coffin—well it is selfish to regret that he has at last found peace—but it is sorrowful to think so noble and worthy a being—so deserving of all joy on earth could only attain it under the blue wave of the sea he loved—in her fatal embraces was he obliged to fly for refuge and shelter, from the wrongs and contumelies of a blind remorseless and ill-judging world—let us hope he has now found his deserts and that his pure and ardent spirit has realized its fondest imaginings in some better state of existence —would we were with him—

Saturday[1] Night—

I have just returned from the deck to my little cabin to continue my letter to you—would you were with me to enjoy this magnificent scene which words cannot paint.

The storm is augmenting, the sea is contending against and outroaring the wind which set it in commotion (so in human passions the feeblest will set in motion fierce and ardent natures—that will overwhelm them), and the blue and sparkling Mediterranean white with foam raining a very deluge and the torrents descending from the mountains—white and black clouds scudding rapidly over the Moon which is struggling as if in suffocation to put forth his white

[1] *Saturday* must be a slip for *Thursday*. From this point to the "Good night" &c. on the next page the writing is continuous and the penmanship identical.

and silvery horns, the thunder's deep and all powerful voice sounding above all as commanding universal attention in the war of elements—the dusky olive and mountain pine labouring—as the foundering bark, for preservation and life—with the lightning hovering over their heads with threatening gesture—turning the sombreness of night to brightest day—and making every object visible, the sailors exerting their voices and strength in getting out cables and anchors to withstand the desolating effects of the tempest; but we are close to the shore in the little bay of Lerici that you know so well—and is so secure—that we may defy its utmost malice! And I sleep, dearest friend, in security with thoughts of our friendship and a feeling that on my part it is unalterable!

Good night! dearest.

Thursday.

[Two stanzas from Ricciardetto are written side by side at the head of the next (third) page, and were probably the next thing written. Lower down on the page there are two more new entries—one dated at the end and one at the beginning.]

Remember dear friend I only pardon the refusal of my service—from your promise that you will without hesitation apply to me on all occasions when I can serve you.—I have for many reasons a right to the preference—and shall not be satisfied with the empty name of friend, but insist on the exclusive privilege of serving you on all occasions when the aid of friendship is wanted.—

It is now calm. Lord B. is arrived, and we sail tomorrow for Genoa—as I may have no opportunity of sending this to Sarsan, I may take it on and con-

clude it at Genoa.—Good night, Dear; I have to get up at 4; and indulging here in melancholy contemplations which seize me when alone—I have an attack of spasms—the usual consequences of my gloomy fits.—I have just received a letter by Courier from Gabrielle; poor Girl—She must be mad—

Good night—Friday 28.[1]

Lerici

October the 2—we are delayed here by a severe attack Lord B. has of illness—it came on as we were sailing to look at Shelley's house and on our return to Lerici he was attacked by spasms, which have confined him to his bed at the miserable little Hotel di Poste—this is the 5th day; and he is now somewhat better;—if possible we shall embark him tomorrow and proceed to Sestri;—this equinox has brought terrible cold and blowing weather: the Hunts, who are at the Croix de Malte and sailed yesterday, were obliged to put back—the paltroons here being all afraid of the weather.—Adieu dearest friend Jane—

Write to your Edward Poste Restante, Genoa

October the 2. 1822.

Lerici.

7 Octr. I am returned to Genoa with Lord B. and received your letter from Ferrara of the 22nd; how or where am I to write to you?—had you in your first given your rout[e] or mentioned that you should stay some days at Florence—I should not have written but would have seen you—but Mrs. Mason told me you would stop nowhere—not one day at Florence. Have I not suffered?—did I not take every step to see you?—did you not fly me—and by leaving me in ignorance of

[1] The 28th of September fell on a Saturday.

your movements mar my wishes?—what could I do but write to Vienna—and having left your address—direct Poste Restante?—My letters as far as words can will be proof that you have done me wrong.—Proud, peevish, sullen, domineering, self-willed, revengeful, unrelenting, and ascetic, are all of them terms, which—if charged against me—some actions of my life would warrant;—and therefore I must be content to bear with them;—but hypocrisy, deceit, baseness, cowardice, or want of generosity or *heart*—what action have you seen or heard of my committing that warrants your accusation that I am guilty of this baseness?—how can you, Claire, that know me, accuse me of being a cold-blooded, selfish, heartless, villain?—for such your letters imply me to be; but grief has blinded your judgment.—

I have just read a letter from your brother to Mary —and it has relieved much of the heavy anxiety I felt on your account, inasmuch that you will be not friendless and can pass some months at Vienna—I hope agreeably;—besides, I like your Brother much, there is an honesty and romance about him mingled with just enough of worldliness and feeling and talent —I should like much to know him.

As to my intentions, they are as usually—not yet methodically arranged.—I purport staying here some months; and during that we can talk over what will be the most agreeable and advisable plan:—till then go on as if you had never seen me—I should like to come to Vienna in the Spring—

October 8. 1822

Genoa.

9 Gabrielle intends writing you herself and intro-

ducing you to some of her particular friends—She is a simple, well-meaning, good hearted Girl—and very anxious to know you whom she has heard me talk so much about.

VII.

To Claire Clairmont.

Croix de Malte à Gênes
Nov^br. 22. 1822

Dear Friend,

Having laid up the Little Schooner,[1] it being now too cold to go to sea—and W[right] having returned a month back,—thus deprived of that which induced me to return to this disagreeable place—and no means of passing my time—I have thoughts of returning to Leghorn—and from thence joining Roberts on the Maremma to shoot for a month or two: we have fitted out the treacherous and fatal Bark i.e. "Don Juan," to take us to Elba and other Islands;—in the spring I shall perhaps go to Florence, and the summer, if you continue there, to Vienna—such are my plans at present. I received a short letter with the inclosure from G[abrielle] but this is no time to give it the Lady—poor girl, from her love to me she has gathered nothing but bitterness—such is the fruit of love in this selfish and gelid world. My life here is more dull, disagreeable, and heavy than heretofore. I am cold, weary, and utterly comfortless—without society or friends, robbed of my Lady companion — which deprives me of everything, as here she was all to me—nor can I escape from my wearisom[e]ness by sailing, or riding—so you

[1] The "Bolivar."

see, sweet friend, I am absolutely driven from Genoa—without the satisfaction of doing so in compliance with your wishes—in five or six days I shall be off—write to me at Poste Restante Leghorn—henceforth!

It is a consolation to me that you are encompassed by so many of the essentials,—of comfort if not of happiness—a good fire—a lady to kiss you—and friends that love you—all of which I am in want of!

My mother, who is at Paris leading a very gay life, has by some unlucky chance discovered my address and is pestering me with letters—another motive to be off—yet I shall regret leaving poor Mary Shelley—who appears to me to have grown amiable, since her great and irreparable loss—indeed she has been to me (from the first instant of our meeting) most kind and attentive; and, as both of us are overbearingly self-willed and bad-tempered, such forbearance and toleration on her part argues great and real friendship;—I seldom meet it—and therefore in Mary's present desolate, uncertain, and friendless state—I am very loth to leave her!

There has, I am sorry to say, already arisen some differences between the Poets—B[yron] and H[unt]; however, the *Liberal* has done very well; and the second number will be published in January with *Werner* in it—Mary is writing an article for it—She has had no letters from England since her arrival here; does not know what to argue from it. Tell me, Dear Friend, about Vienna. I should like much to come there—but for the intenseness of the cold. A Polish lady that I knew has just left here for Florence and Vienna; she was very kind to me, gave me interesting accounts of the

North: her name, which is impossible to pronounce, is Countess A. Prxezdzicekaff; I believe her husband is an Admiral in the Russian service—Gab^{y} says all the Polish Dames are very affected and great flirts. We have heard no news from Jane since her arrival in Paris. Sir J^{n} St. Aubyn and Medwin have been there some time; the latter is married, I am told, to Mrs. Pain.—I hope Jane found some of them out.—

Your very true and affectionately
attached friend

Novr 23. 1822 E. J. TRELAWNY.
à Gênes

VIII.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.[1]

Genoa, November 1822.

DEAR MARY,

I will gladly dine on Monday with you. As to melancholy, I refer you to the good Antonio in Shylock.

[1] This letter is a reply to the following :—

Genoa, November 1822.

MY DEAR TRELAWNY—I called on you yesterday, but was too late for you. I was much pained to see you out of spirits the other night. I can in no way make you better, I fear, but I should be glad to see you. Will you dine with me Monday after your ride? If Hunt rides, as he threatens, with Lord Byron, he will also dine late and make one of our party. Remember, you will also do Hunt good by this, who pines in this solitude. You say that I know so little of the world that I am afraid I may be mistaken in imagining that you have a friendship for me, especially after what you said of Jane the other night; but besides the many other causes I have to esteem you, I can never remember without the liveliest gratitude all you said that night of agony when you returned to Lerici. Your praises of my lost Shelley were the only balm I could endure, and he always joined with me in liking you from the first moment we saw you. Adieu. — Your attached friend, M. W. S.

Have you got my books on shore from the *Bolivar*? If you have, pray let me have them, for many are odd volumes, and I wish to see if they are too much destroyed to rank with those I have.

"Alas! I know now why I am so sad. It is time, I think." You are not so learned in human dealings as Iago, but you cannot so sadly err as to doubt the extent or truth of my friendship. As to your[1] esteem, I do not think it a word applicable to such a lawless character. Ruled by impulse, not by reason, I am satisfied you should like me upon my own terms—impulse. As to gratitude for uttering my thoughts of him I so loved and admired, it was a tribute that all who knew him have paid to his memory. "But weeping never could restore the dead," and if it could, hope would prevent our tears. You may remember I always in preference selected as my companion Edward, not Jane, and that I always dissented from your general voice of her being perfection. I am still of the same opinion; nothing more. But I have and ever shall feel deeply interested, and would do much to serve her, and if thinking on those trifles which diminish her lustre in my eyes make me flag, Edward's memory and my perfect friendship for him is sufficient excitement to spur me on to anything. It is impossible to dislike Jane; but to have an unqualified liking, such as I had for Edward, no—no—no! Talking of gratitude, I really am and ought to be so to you, for bearing on, untired, with my spleen, humours, and violence; it is a proof of real liking, particularly as you are not of the sect who profess or practise meekness, humility, and patience in common. T.

[1] In Mrs. Marshall's book, *gain*, not *your*; but Trelawny's writing is seldom easy to read; and I think the word must be *your*.

IX.

To Claire Clairmont.

—— "*Your* weak impress of Love was as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an HOUR'S HEAT
DISSOLVES to Water."

Genoa 4 Debr
[1822 ?]

You! you! *torture* me Clare,—your cold cruel heartless letter has driven me mad—it is ungenerous under the mask of Love—to enact the part of a demon—I who in the sincerity and honesty of my affection wrote *unhesitatingly, unreflectingly*—my *vaguest wildest* thoughts, all that my *heart* felt or head *surmised*—who considered your bosom faithful as my most secret tablets—

"Wherein all my thoughts
Were visibly character'd and engraved."

By the power of what I considered mutual and fervent affection you bared my heart, and gathered, and gathered my crudest, idlest, most entangled surmises—you then sum them up together in a cold unfeeling arithmetical manner—and not only cast me off and upbraid me, but cover me with shame and reproaches—for being already deeply in your debt! I am hurt to the very soul, I am shamed and sick to death to be thus trampled on and despised, my heart is bruised

"There where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life
To be discarded thence!"

Yes, Jane, much as indurance has hardened me, I must give you the consolation of knowing—that

you have inflicted on me indiscribable tortures—that your letter has inflicted an incurable wound which is festering and inflaming my blood—and my pride and passion, warring against my ungovernable love, has in vain essayed to hide my wounded feelings—by silently submitting to my evil destiny—my intercourse with you has been that of the heart—I have used no false colours, no hypocrisy—no art, enacted no part—I resigned myself to the pure and untainted emotions which you awoke—and when in absence I was obliged to reflect on that, which overwhelmed all other thoughts (my Love for you)—finding that all my hopes of peace (of happiness I had none, believing it to be an ideal shadow) were centered in you—I wished to wipe from you every stain whether real, or imaginary—which the jealous and Lynx eyes of a Lover disquiet themselves with—I fearlessly opened my heart, confessed my weaknesses, poured out all my disjointed thoughts—intreated your counsel, aid, judgment, looked to you as my destiny—considered you bound to me by ties nothing could tear asunder—would have broken through all others to do you service—I tell you, Clare, and my word is sufficient at this era,—that whether you shake me from you or not—that you—*that you* use me most unjustly!—that I have, and do love you with the warmest and most fervent and unalterable affection, that every sentiment and sensation that the purest Love has awakened in my heart are all exclusively concentrated in you.—You have I repeat used your unlimited sway over me with a remorseless and unfeeling hand: perhaps you may relent—perhaps you have felt for me all I have felt and do feel for you—'consideration like an Angel'

may induce you to revoke an unjust sentence—I have as dispassionately as I could disclosed my feelings—you will judge if they re[se]mble yours—do you decide—do what is most conducive to your own happiness—I loved you from the first day,—nay before I saw you,—you loathed and heaped on me contumelies and neglect till we were about to separate.—Clare, I love you, and do what you will—I shall remain deeply interested for you. I think you are right in withdrawing your fate from mine—my nature has been perverted by neglect and disappointment in those I loved—my disposition is unamiable; I am sullen, savage, suspicious, and discontented—I can't help it—you have sealed me so—nevertheless I repeat to you I am deeply interested in your fate—I would sacrifice myself to give you content and peace of mind—time will convince you of this—you have made me hopelessly wretched.[1]

X.

To Claire Clairmont.

[10 Dec. 1822]

My Dear Clare,

And can you be angry with one that so truly loves you—did I not tell you that before we linked ourselves closer together we had better try on the touchstone of time the strength and proof of our attachment; did I not tell you that I was unfitted for calm and domesticities—that I had been abused and dishonoured by the "ignoble chains of love,"

[1] This letter is unsigned; but it is not mutilated; nor is a single word obliterated.

that they had left me galled with rankling and uncurable wounds—and still tortured with their remembrance, and suffering deeply from their *effects*?—have I not a right to curse the *cause*,—the false cause of my misery?—and that is *Love!*—on my part pure sincere disinterested love.—Can I then approach the confines of that passion without struggling against his power?—did I not say such feelings would end in pain?—have you not dishonoured me—by basest suspicions—in so early doubting my honesty?—have not your letters been filled with rebukes and undeserved censures, fears, jealousy, contumelies?—yes, you have covered me with wrongs and shames; but whilst I thought you loved me—and that your very doubts and accusations might naturally arise from its excess, so long I bore them uncomplainingly—nay loved you the better!—and scarcely glanced at them in my letters to you: whilst assured of your love I was indifferent to everything else—but your last cool angry letter—

> At this rude noise alarm'd the dreamer starts
> Looks round app[all]'d and finds the *vision fled.*

Well, I have suffered real and solid pain enough .... I ease the sorrow of my heart. I gave way to bitter words—confiding them to a bosom I thought devoted to me—you besought my perfect confidence—and I unguardedly gave it you—and now *you—you* turn upon me.—I have bared my naked heart to you—fool that I was to believe your love could bare [*sic* for *bear*] the sight without disgust!—Well, Clare, send back my letters—heap insults on me—I am still unchanged—your firm and affectionate friend—that must be content to watch over you through others' agency, and do you service; for

those I have once loved become a part of me—and I only know peace or comfort in administring to theirs. You are surrounded, you say, by kind friends, people that love you—your whole time is occupied—all goes smoothly with you whilst it continues so. I will be content to obey your commands—by not obtruding my letters to ruffle your happiness.—But should fate again persecute you—and leave you as desolate and unhappy as when I attached myself to you at Pisa after the loss of my noble friends[1]—be assured, dearest Clare, that you have one friend that you shall find worthy of being called so, and that time, which changes all things, shall have no power in affecting the unalterable and passionate attachment of *your*

E. T.

10 Debr 1822

à Gênes

I go to Leghorn in a few days and shall request Mary to write to me when she hears of you.

XI.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Piombino, 7th and 11th January 1823.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.

Dear Mary Shelley,

Pardon my tardiness in writing, which from day to day I have postponed, having no other cause

[1] This curious phrase applied to Shelley and Williams also occurs in the British Museum account of their cremation.

to plead than idleness. On my arrival at Leghorn I called on Grant, and was much grieved to find our fears well founded, to wit, that nothing definitely had been done. Grant had not heard from his correspondent at Rome after his first statement of the difficulties; the same letter that was enclosed me and read by you he (Grant) had written, but not received a reply. I then requested Grant to write and say that I would be at Rome in a month or five weeks, and if I found the impediments insurmountable, I would resume possession of the ashes, if on the contrary, to personally fulfil your wishes, and in the meantime to deposit them secure from molestation, so that, without Grant writes to me, I shall say nothing more till I am at Rome, which will be early in February. In the meantime Roberts and myself are sailing along the coast, shooting, and visiting the numerous islands in our track. We have been here some days, living at the miserable hut of a cattle dealer on the marshes, near this wretched town, well situated for sporting. To-morrow we cross over to Elba, thence to Corsica, and so return along the Maremma, up the Tiber in the boat, to Rome. . . . .

. . . I like this Maremma, it is lonely and desolate, thinly populated, particularly after Genoa, where human brutes are so abundant that the air is dense with their garlic breath, and it is impossible to fly the nuisance. Here there is solitude enough: there are less of the human form here in midday than at Genoa midnight; besides, this vagabond life has restored my health. Next year I will get a tent, and spend my winter in these marshes. . . .

. . . Dear Mary, of all those that I know of, or you have told me of, as connected with you, there is not

one now living has so tender a friendship for you as I have. I have the far greater claims on you, and I shall consider it as a breach of friendship should you employ any one else in services that I can execute.

> My purse, my person, my extremest means
> Lye all unlocked to your occasion.

I hope you know my heart so well as to make all professions needless. To serve you will ever be the greatest pleasure I can experience, and nothing could interrupt the almost unmingled pleasure I have received from our first meeting but you concealing your difficulties or wishes from me. With kindest remembrances to my good friends the Hunts, to whom I am sincerely attached, and love and salaam to Lord Byron, I am your very sincere EDWARD TRELAWNY.[1]

XII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

January 10, 1823.
Piombino,
Maremma.

DEAR FRIEND,

I am worn to death with ideal visions of Love and friendship—continual disappointment has cooled

[1] On the 30th of January 1823, Mary Shelley wrote a very cordial and interesting reply to this letter. Mrs. Julian Marshall quotes the following paragraph from it.

"Indeed, I do believe, my dear Trelawny, that you are the best friend I have, and most truly would I rather apply to you in any difficulty than to any one else, for I know your heart, and rely on it. At present I am very well off, having still a considerable residue of the money I brought with me from Pisa, and besides, I have received £33 from the *Liberal*. Part of this I have been obliged to send to Clare. You will be sorry to hear that the last account she has sent of herself is that she has been seriously ill. The cold of Vienna has doubtless contributed to this, —as it is even a dangerous aggravation of her old complaint. I wait anxiously to hear from her. I sent her fifteen napoleons, and shall send more if necessary and if I can. Lord B. continues kind: he has made frequent offers of money. I do not want it, as you see."

my ardour in the pursuit—my body has grown old—not with years—but care and grief! and my mind diseased with brooding schemes of happiness—ever ending in pains—and I now am on the verge of despair

"From air built joys I wake to solid pain."

Dunn has forwarded your letter to me here, and it has calmed me—but my mind is of a stuff so hard that it is difficult to erase impressions once graven on it; and this continued doubting and distrusting,—a heart too fearless and passionate to play the hypocrite—only serves to harden it!—

Be assured what I profess—I feel; and what I vow I execute!—at least both, in as far as in me lies. The resemblance in our outcast fortunes induced me in sympathy to claim you as a sister—we both appeared to be without ties—and naturally formed them for each other—self-love, or secondary motives, there could be none—which I thought a foundation for our friendship not easily to be shaken—my fancied security made me so incautious that I spoke and wrote to you—as I commune with "my own conscious mind," little apprehending its consequences; my probity of friendship for you was so true that I was fearless.—It was in an hour of bitterness, in one of my sp[l]enetic moods with the bitter retrospection of the past vividly glowing "in my mind's eye"—that I wrote and the quotation I used was implied[1] as I considered the Author had used it—"Loose your neck from this ignoble chain" and "the bird once limed fears every

[1] The word *implied* is clearly enough written; but I think he meant *employed*, though equally capable of the inexactness of the one and the tautology of the other.

bush"—and heaven knows with what fervency I have loved, and with what base ingratitude it was returned —till I became a sceptic—and misdoubted its reality—considered it walking in a vain shadow—thinking with the poet again—that

> "By all that I could ever learn by tale or history
> The course of true love never does run smooth!"

Clara, you have wronged me,—your friend,—your true and sincere friend,—and for a misapplied,—or misconceived word—would have shaken me from you—degradingly repaying the fervour of my affection with stony indifference—worse than scorn or hate. But pardon me in thus again transgressing by uttering my thoughts!—I will henceforth be more circumspect; remember, if my letters are less frequent or colder, that it does not arise from coldness of heart—nothing, not even time, can diminish the unalterable desire I have to contribute to your peace and happiness—

> "My purse, my person, my extremest means
> Lye all unlocked to your occasions."

Dear Clara, do I pray use me—give me proof of your belief in my entire friendship by freely using me in your service: it will give me real pleasure!

I will now return to worldly affairs—and you will say with the Poet—

> "Reason like an Angel came and whipped the offending Adam out of him"

wearied with this tedious and unsatisfactory digression or explanation.

I left Genoa somewhat later than I mentioned to you. Mary Shelley was well, and I was sorry to separate from her; for our friendship has been almost unmingled pleasure—and it is, with one other ex-

ception, the only instances in which I can say so much. What difficulties or vexations I can shield her from in her contentions with the world—I shall most jealously—both from duty to the man I loved and inclination!

Mrs. Hunt was in a very bad way and appeared declining—Hunt looking ill from confinement and lost for want of society—I am much interested for them for they are most worthy people! I came from Genoa on horseback—with a servant carrying a small trunk on another horse as the most free and independent mode of travelling—indeed it is the only mode I will ever move again except by Sea—and talking [of that?[1]] some days back I had serious thoughts of selling everything off, purchasing a fine large American privateer, and devoting the remainder of my life to my favourite element—disgusted with the world.—It is a favourite castle in the air of mine—that I often dream of—it is a last resource against the worst malice of my fate!—

I am now sometimes sailing with Roberts and sometimes riding coasting the Maremma—visiting the Islands and occasionally going into the marshes to shoot—in February I shall go on to Rome—to try and remove the impediments—which have as yet obstructed our wishes in burying the Ashes of our Dear lost friend—you must therefore address me there—as it will be the first place in which I shall be stationary —I will in the meantime continue writing to you. I had a letter from Jane a few days back—it was

[1] The wafer hides what I believe to be these two unimportant words; and they cannot, at all events, be worth mutilating the letter for.

a melancholy one of course—she is anxious to return to Italy and I am to make inquiries at Florence for a house for her &c. &c.; but this is only in anticipation: poor girl my heart bleeds for her! Write to me often, Dear Clare—your letters are my greatest consolation —write on if you love me, write!

Yours EDWARD.

Letters through Dunn of Leghorn will always be safe. I shall be in Rome the latter end of February—my stay there will be, I think, of short duration. I should be happy to see Mrs. Mason—but dislike seeking introductions;—remember you considered me long as an intruder—and I am somewhat Proud. Write to me about Vienna—the characters of the people you are with—for 'tis not a day shows people in their true colours—tell me how you are satisfied with your way of life—and with Germany: shall I come there?—shall you stay there or how?

XIII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

"And boastes in beuties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yie[l]des his caytive neck to victours most despight."

Castiglione
February 8. 1823.

DEAREST FRIEND,

The boisterous and ruffianly weather here—for we have nothing but hurricanes and tempests with rain and hail—fills me with gloom and morbidity; and here my fate has dragged me into the very midst of this hurley burley of the elements—my solitary

way of life friendless and companionless—living—in woodmen's cabins, or miserable Inns—without the comforts, or even necessaries to guard against the misery of a wintry life—such varied discomforts have [so] increased my naturally discontented and querulous temper that I fear me my letters will not be free from asperity—and as is always the case—your innocence as to the cause—will not shelter you.—Now though I could readily get rid of much of these grievances by shifting my quarters to Rome or elsewhere—yet this vagabond and lonely wayfaring life has by the aid of habit become bearable—yet I am become unfitted for solitude: this everlasting thinking and reflecting I think the chief cause of my unhappiness, and yet my dislike to society increases daily—and so much am I annoyed by the companionship of indifferent people that I am determined henceforth to travel alone,—as I cannot with those I Love. It is an insufferable bore—to be in ever so trifling a degree subject to the humours and caprice of those we value not or care about. I think with the Moor you dislike—

> "But that I love the gentle Desdemona
> I would not—my unhoused free condition
> Put into circumscription for the sea's worth."

These are my sentiments of personal freedom, Dear Clare, not a jot further—For had I a friend that loved me that would follow my Pariah's life—with untired affection and cheerfulness—I should rejoice—and would treasure her as my only comfort and riches in life—but then she would be miserable—for I am become so restless, bad-tempered, and overbearing—that no disposition could bear with mine—and the continual reproaches of my own heart—for thus wantonly

trampling on the affections of those I love—drives me mad.—And you that are as proud, independent, and tenacious as myself—however deep and fervent our attachment—oh no, Clare—conscious of the superiority of your Mind and judgment—though Love would make you capable of very great sacrifices—you could not submit to the degradation of becoming its victim.—

I have written this letter at different periods; for as there is only one post per week at this place, there was no hurry. I am going on to Rome in a few days—only awaiting the arrival of my groom from Leghorn—I shall stay there till the end of March—so I pray you write—but that you may never have any excuse as to my address— letters will always be forwarded to me that are chez John Grant Esq.—or Henry Dunn—Leghorn—the latter the best!

I have just finished 14 letters—most of them on business—and am going to enclose them in a packet to Dunn to frank &c. We went to a private Theatre last night—ridiculous enough—and the other eve to a Ball—at least so they called it.—I had a long and dreary letter from Mary Shelley—and a very kind one from Mary Low—my Pisa friend—she is at Hyères in the South of France.—I have not heard a word from or of G[abrielle] since leaving Genoa.—She is guarded so strictly.—We have been weatherbound here thirteen days by a violent S.W. Gale—which is still blowing—how devoutly do I wish you were resident at Florence or Rome—or in Italy, not in that gelid out of the way place Vienna—well If you will not come nearer me, I must—when the climate becomes inhabitable for Southerns—turn my horses towards you—for I am daily becoming more impatient to see you—tell me what to

do Dear—say how we may meet and when—but why should I break in on you[r] present tranquil and rational way of life—only to interrupt its smoothness—

[2½ lines scratched out]

had I listened to my selfish wishes—I had taken the other side of the question. Indeed, Dear friend, I was guided by reason—and not by impulse—but I cannot tell how it is—I generally regret afterwards my sacrifices to reason—more than to impulse—so degenerate is my nature—and I have only pleasure in the retrospection of the latter! Adieu, Dear friend

EDWARD T.

XIV.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

5 March 1823.
Rome.

DEAR FRIEND,

You do me wrong—to make engagements which affect your health and happiness without consulting your best friend—do you think so lightly of my professions or do you doubt the deep interest I take in your affairs—that I am thus kept a stranger to your proceedings?—I could only read the first half sheet of your letter of the 12th of February—your exile and illness filled my mind with sorrow, I had thought it possible you might find peace or gather some kind of happiness amongst your German friends—which I was anxious not to mar—had I known your real situation—think you I should have so ill fulfilled the charge I so gladly undertook on the era of your losing your noble minded friend Shelley?—but words are weak to express what my heart feels on this occasion—I shall therefore simply tell you my wishes—and if you have

half the regard and affection for me you have professed—you will not hesitate to obey my earnest intreaties, my prayers, my *commands*—which are that you RESIGN the situation you so thoughtlessly engaged in of going to Russia—your health is sufficient cause or the wishes of your friends in Italy—or what does it signify—when you have so large a stake dependent? You had likewise better leave Vienna. I have written to Grant to procure me an order for 40 or 50 Napoleons, which I will inclose to you in a few days to defray your expenses to Florence—where you must return when your health is enough restored to bear the journey—remember Clare *real* friendship is not nice stomached or *punctilious*—we are too far apart for tedious negociation—give me these proofs of your attachment—for I have no motive in this but your happiness—or rather to save you from extreme and remediless misery—both duty and affection impel me —for if I can contribute to your happiness—it will greatly augment mine.—Dear friend grant me this boon—for if you refuse me believe me I shall be more miserable than you—I shall be in restless torture till I have your reply—comply I beseech you—do not sacrifice yourself wantonly—never mind the future—escape this present peril.—It is my earnest wish you should return to Italy, which I think more conducive to your happiness—of my own I say nothing—for whilst you are suffering I can only think of elevating[1] themes. Write to me at Rome—addressed to

Mr. Samuel Lowe

No. 420 *Via del Corso Rome.*

[1] Probably he meant to allude to his own happiness, or himself as a low or depressing theme; but he may have meant for *alleviating* the word that is written to look like *elevating*.

P.S. If you are afraid of the heat here in Summer stay at Vienna—but Vienna can be no longer a pleasant residence—if so come to Florence: I will meet you there,

be obedient, Dearest to your true friend

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

P.S. I think Mrs. Mason must be in her dotage to give you such silly counsel: tell *nothing: trust no one*—ridiculous folly—to let others triumph. And give them such advantage.

XV.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

March 29, 1823.
Roma.

DEAREST FRIEND,

I have been delayed thus long from the difficulty of procuring a bill on Vienna and have only a few moments now to write as the post is about closing—and had I more I should be at a loss what to say—I beseech you to entirely consult your own feelings—it is satisfaction enough for me to lend my aid to rescue you from so dreary a fate as your Northern scheme threatened. All I would influence you in is to instantly resign that plan. If you can form any other that will tend to your happiness or independence you may fearlessly command my aid!—

I must candidly confess I wish you near me—and you say you prefer Italy—do not reason too closely—or pry too narrowly into the future—(We outcasts from happiness must not be fastidious)—or be over scrupulous as to consequences—but I will not influence

—my friendship and Affection for you is as sincere as it is unalterable, and you may depend on me—in all that regards your fate.

Accept this bill, Dear Friend, and tell me what further I can serve you in—direct to me at Florence—Poste Restante. I go there in a few days.

Yours

Edward Trelawny.

We are too far to attend the replies of letters—act on the instant of receiving this—and I shall stay at Florence your determination.

Clara Clairmont.[1]

XVI.

To Claire Clairmont.

Friday, 11 April, 1823.
Rome.

Dearest Friend,

On receiving that letter which informed me of those train of evils that encompassed you on all quarters—the persecutions of the Police, your sickness, and compulsive emigration to the North, my professions of Friendship and affection must have been either feeble or false had I delayed or hesitated exerting my utmost efforts in your service; I could not sit coldly calculating possible causes and effects;—(Heaven knows how boundless are my wishes to bestow peace and happiness on those I love—but, alas, I daily

[1] This is clearly written after the Postscript in Trelawny's hand. It seems to have reference to the instruction to "accept this bill," and, if that be so, it would mean simply that she was to sign her name—"Clara Clairmont."

feel how limited is my power!) my first object was without loss of time to remove you from present evils, and I therefore intreated you to return to Italy —not to become a sacrifice by entangling your destiny with mine, but to return to Florence and live there as you did before Shelley's death. I knew that when we are at the height of wretchedness—any change is a welcome one; as to me, I would have divested myself of selfishness and readily complied with your wishes—whatever they might be! for I am tolerably indifferent as to myself, having lived long enough to be satisfied that I am not of a nature to be happy, or content, or to make others so!—I do most certainly—most ardently wish you to be near me,—for of late I have been, more than hitherto in my life, lonely and wretched,—without a friend or companion; without anything to love—all my better and softer feelings lying torpid—to me there is something very miserable in this state of existence,—for although I have never attained any one object that could satisfy my eager and ardent mind,—I have not all my life pursued vain shadows,—but have tasted both of the pleasures of love and friendship.—But death, or absence—like death, has totally robbed me of these blessings—and left me friendless and outcast; and your perverse determination—not alone to decline returning to the South, but to put barriers of eternal ice and snow between us, and even stronger impediments than those—by manacling your independent spirit [*a word or two under wafer here*] of lowly dependence on others' directions, rather than the being I loved should be so degraded I would sacrifice myself,—my cheek burns with the indignities you are

made to bear—thinking of your wretched lot fills me with grief and bitterness of heart. — Dear Clare, do not ask me to be a personal witness of such things—remember I act from fulness of nature and feeling—and if I came to Vienna nothing—not even your own resistance, could induce me to forego immediately removing you entirely from thence,

[nearly 3 lines scratched out.]

Friendship and love has by being mutual and acknowledged given me the first and strongest power over you—and if I do not more urgently press my authority—it is the fear of appearing selfish and persecuting—and my dread of heedlessly, in removing you from your present difficulties, plunging you in greater. —Your refusal of my intreaty to return to Italy—and leaving Vienna for Russia—has made me most wretched—I would give up every other hope in life to have you near me,—you say it would not ultimately tend to our happiness—I know not that—nothing can be more outcast and wretched than we are now,—I do not think either of us of a temper to be perfectly happy—but assuredly we might be less miserable, and whatever sacrifices might be necessary to the full enjoyment of our friendship and intercourse would be abundantly repaid in the enjoyment! at least on my part,—and your confessions lead me to think equally so on yours!

I leave Rome for Florence assuredly in ten days or less—Dearest, do not think it lack of love which deters me from seeing you at Vienna—on the contrary my strongest preventitive is the warmth of it; there are however additional motives which prevent me.

Dearest, I have got possession of a portrait of you—

Claire Clairmont

by Miss Curran—it is an excellent likeness—free from the common fault of flattering, I suppose from being taken by a woman; its possession has given me more delight than I have felt since our separation,—and henceforth it shall be my inseparable companion—it is always before me—

[a line scratched out]

Remember, Dear Clare, all my hopes of comfort and pleasure are dependent on you—should this conviction induce you to hesitate ere you plunge me in sorrow—to the "very lips"—by going to the North—or fill me with joy by returning to Italy—

With ever augmenting love I am

Your Edward T—

And can you, Clare, resign me and my hopes—can you leave me—for the gelid north?—will you find hearts that love you better there?—will time or change affect you . . . . ?—My bare feelings of friendship are more passionate and ardent than the love of all those I have met; but I am obliged to play a part and subdue my nature.

How can I open my heart to you at this distance;—yet it is yearning to unbosom itself to you, Dearest of friends . . . . trust me I am better than the superficially judging world think me—my heart and soul is rich in love and tender affections—but they are hid in a rough and forbidding exterior—and none give me credit for possessing them—but those who have known and proved me.—

On my arrival at Rome my first object was to fulfil my melancholy duty of interring the ashes of the unhappy Shelley—I have placed his ashes—in a beau-

tiful and lonely spot—apart from all base and worldly remains—for I would not have them mingled—he was alone in the world ; and so are his mortal remains.—By his side I am fixing a grave and tomb for myself—and if possible there will I lie. Of all the human beings I have ever met I think him the most estimable and would be near him hereafter—people here smile at my idea—but I have none to do the office or execute my wishes when dead—so in this instance I am at least prudent and reasonable.

XVII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Rome, April 1823.

. . . I must confess I am to blame in not having sooner written, particularly as I have received two letters from you here. Nothing particular has happened to me since our parting but a desperate assault of Maremma fever, which had nearly reunited me to my friends, or, as Iago says, removed me. On my arrival here, my first object was to see the grave of the noble Shelley, and I was most indignant at finding him confusedly mingled in a heap with five or six common vagabonds. I instantly set about removing this gross neglect, and selecting the only interesting spot. I enclosed it apart from all possibility of sacrilegious intrusion, and removed his ashes to it, placed a stone over it, am now planting it, and have ordered a granite to be prepared for myself, which I shall place in this beautiful recess (of which the enclosed is a

drawing I took), for when I am dead, I have none to do me this service, so shall at least give one instance in my life of proficiency. . . .[1]

XVIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

Rome, April 20. 1823.

Dear Clare,

There are some things in your last letter that I may with justice cavil at—you say "do not write angrily to me, for nothing can alter my determination" —how can you reconcile this with true Love—which only seeks the happiness of its object—I do not marvel at your saying "you could not be happy with me;" the question is would you be less comparatively miserable than you are now—or does the bread of strangers please you better?—But, Dear Clare, you mistook my meaning—I never intended you staying with me—such probably would have been the consequences of our again meeting—what I wished was first—that you should not increase the distance between us by going farther North — and foreseeing it possible you might not be inclined to reside at Vienna—I to provide against that advised your returning to Italy—and then to consult your own inclination as to what other step would be most conducive to your advantage.—I do consider it a duty in me as your friend to give up for your use any part of my income, as readily as I think

[1] Mrs. Julian Marshall records (ii, 72) that Mary wrote in reply informing him of her change of plan, and begging for details about the tomb, which she was not likely, now, to see. Trelawny was expecting soon to rejoin Byron at Genoa, but he wrote at once, it seems (Letter XIX).

you would to me—under like circumstances ;—when I profess a friendship I do not shrink from any of its offices—but gladly enforce my claims to be of use—do not "*shrink* from me" Clare—you have no cause—you will ever find me—true and unshaken—your firm and attached friend throughout your life—should poverty, sickness, or sorrow cling to you—and all else shake you off and pass by you—"as Misers do by Beggars"—remember you have no cause to despair—for you have one faithful bosom—(unchangeable)—that if his lot is equally wretched—or otherwise—will receive you . . . . with . . . . undiminished ardour . . . . ,—confess your belief and trust in this—and faithfully promise me—you would not hesitate to put me to the proof—this is in the Creed of my Friendship—my love—"lies too deep for words"—and its intensity—is phraseless.—Trust me, Dear friend—it was unnecessary your declaration—that it was not in my power to alter your determination—I certainly did hope I had the power—but never thought of so treacherously abusing it as to sway your inclination or judgement by such ungenerous influence—but I am too much governed by the natural feelings of my heart—and those who coldly calculate and reason—I know—despise such shallow weakness: for instance there are those you know, Godwin and the late Mr. Curran are both examples of men ruled by reason—at least they gave reasons for all their acts.—

I fear me, Clare, you hold me in very light estimation—as I do your man of reason—for I have ever found those who have the least heart have the most reason—remember I speak of reason not as that divine and glorious property which distinguishes human

beings from brutes of instinct—but to the cruel and absurd practice of profaning it down to the every day concerns of life, thereby stifling all the tender and generous feelings of our nature—which impell us spontaneously to all sorts of kindnesses and fills our hearts with love,—it leaves undistinguishable the gelid and heartless from the warm and true-hearted.

I have been detained here somewhat longer than I intended awaiting letters from England—but on Tuesday or Wednesday shall certainly start—for Florence—and thence to Genoa—to see principally Mary who writes me word she is going to England in June—as Sir T. Shelley will not allow her any income: —these are the occurrences which have so often happened in my life to make me curse my poverty—and sick with bitterness of regret—that with such a wish to serve—I should be so powerless—it is quite impossible I should retain the possession of anything Mary is in want of—knowing as I did Shelley—added to my interest and friendship individually for Mary—who from the hour of our meeting up to the present time has without intermission been kind and friendly to me—and held on with all my whims and caprices—untired and without reproach or coldness. There is my poor Cousin, too—sick and miserable from the cold climate she is in and regret at our long and painful absence—then there is Gabrielle writes me phrensied letters of her despair—but she has other claims on her affections—which lessens my regrets—I have not either heard a word of my little Eliza for eighteen months, and that fills me with uneasiness.—I have a variety of other vexations pressing on me.—Trust me, sweet friend, nothing but the most powerful instinct could

prevent my coming to Vienna—but besides my powerful dislike of clandestine meetings—where I have the best right to claim you in the open eye of day—it is quite impossible I could so subdue my feelings as to limit those meetings—to hours—governed by clocks—and others' wills—the thing is altogether out of the question—and were I to come to Vienna I should turn topsy-turvey all your plans—in utter defiance of reason—or its votaries.—Still, Dear, I live in hope that ere long we shall meet without restraint—and in the interval I beseech you—consider me as I truly am

Your affectionately
Attached
EDWARD TRELAWNY.

Write to me—addressed to Florence—or perhaps 'tis safer through Henry Dunn, Leghorn—who will always forward my letters in case of my suddenly changing my plans.

I thank you for plan of travelling with your Brother—but at present I am sick of roving—my next excursion will be to Greece or Turkey, I think: perhaps, however, I may go to Switzerland to see old St. Aubyn: I have little curiosity to see more of Europe.

—pardon inaccuracies in my writing, for I write rapidly and never reread—for if I did I could not do better—and should only be dissatisfied with what I had written.

Do think of some inscription for my gravestone that is at present laid down without any inscription—I cannot think of anything which satisfies me; do you try.

XIX.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Rome, 27th April 1823

Dear Mary,

I should have sooner replied to your last, but that I concluded you must have seen Roberts, who is or ought to be at Genoa. He will tell you that the ashes are buried in the new enclosed Protestant burying-ground, which is protected by a wall and gates from every possible molestation, and that the ashes are so placed apart, and yet in the centre and most conspicuous spot of the burying-ground. I have just planted six young cypresses and four laurels, in front of the recess you see by the drawing is formed by two projecting parts of the old ruin. My own stone, a plain slab till I can decide on some fitting inscription, is placed on the left hand. I have likewise dug my grave, so that, when I die, there is only to lift up my coverlet and roll me into it. You may lie on the other side, if you like. It is a lovely spot. The only inscription on Shelley's stone, besides the *Cor cordium* of Hunt, are the lines I have added from Shakespeare—

> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer[1] a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

This quotation, by its double meaning, alludes both to the manner of his death and his genius, and I think the element on which his soul took wing, and the subtle essence of his being, mingled, may still retain

[1] This should of course be *hath suffered*.

him in some other shape. The waters may keep the dead, as the earth may, and fire and air. His passionate fondness might have been from some secret sympathy in their natures. Thence the fascination which so forcibly attracted him, without fear or caution, to trust an element almost all others hold in superstitious dread, and venture as cautiously on as they would in a lair of lions. I have just compiled an epitaph for Keats and sent it to Severn, who likes it much better than the one he had designed. He had already designed a lyre with only two of the strings strung, as indicating the unaccomplished maturity and ripening of his genius. He had intended a long inscription about his death having been caused by the *neglect* of his countrymen, and that, as a mark of his displeasure, he said— . . . . What I wished to substitute is simply thus—

Here lies the spoils
of a
Young English Poet,
"Whose master-hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung,"
And by whose desire is inscribed,
That his name was writ in water.

The line quoted, you remember, is in Shelley, *Adonais*, and the last Keats desired might be engraved on his tomb. Ask Hunt if he thinks it will do, and to think of something to put on my ante-dated grave. I am very anxious to hear how Marianne is getting on, and Hunt. You never mention a word of them or the *Liberal.*

I have been delayed here longer than I had intended, from want of money, having lent and given it away thoughtlessly. However, old Dunn has sent me a

supply, so I shall go on to Florence on Monday. I will assuredly see you before you go, and, if my exchequer is not exhausted, go part of the way with you. However, I will write further on this topic at Florence. Do not go to England, to encounter poverty and bitter retrospections. Stay in Italy. I will most gladly share my income with you, and if, under the same circumstances, you would do the same by me, why then you will not hesitate to accept it. I know of nothing would give me half so much pleasure. As you say, in a few years we shall both be better off. Commend me to Marianne and Hunt, and believe me, yours affectionately, E. TRELAWNY.

Poste Restante à Gênes.

. . . . . .

You need not tell me that all your thoughts are concentrated on the memory of your loss, for I have observed it, with great regret and some astonishment. You tell me nothing in your letters of how the *Liberal* is getting on. Why do you not send me a number? How many have come out? Does Hunt stay at Genoa the summer, and what does Lord Byron determine on? I am told the *Bolivar* is lent to some one, and at sea. Where is Jane? and is Mrs. Hunt likely to recover? I shall certainly go on to Switzerland if I can raise the wind. . . .[1]

[1] Mary wrote to Trelawny the following reply dated the 10th of May 1823:—

MY DEAR TRELAWNY—You appear to have fulfilled my entire wish in all you have done at Rome. Do you remember the day you made that quotation from Shakespeare in our living room at Pisa? Mine own Shelley was delighted with it, and thus it has for me a pleasing association. Some time hence I may visit the spot which, of all others, I desire most to see. . . .

It is not on my own account, my excellent friend, that I go to England. I believe that my

XX.

To Claire Clairmont.

Poste Restante
Florence
May 12, 1823

Dear Friend,

I found two letters here on my arrival two days back from you.—As you say, time has been lost in trifling—when an open and unreserved confidence in child's interests will be best consulted by my return to that country. . . .

Desiring solitude and my books only, together with the consciousness that I have one or two friends who, although absent, still think of me with affection, England of course holds out no inviting prospect to me. But I am sure to be rewarded in doing or suffering for my little darling, so I am resigned to this last act, which seems to snap the sole link which bound the present to the past, and to tear aside the veil which I have endeavoured to draw over the desolations of my situation. Your kindness I shall treasure up to comfort me in future ill. I shall repeat to myself, I have such a friend, and endeavour to deserve it.

Do you go to Greece? Lord Byron continues in the same mind. The Guiccioli is an obstacle, and certainly her situation is rather a difficult one. But he does not seem disposed to make a mountain of her resistance, and he is far more able to take a decided than a petty step in contradiction to the wishes of those about him. If you do go, it may hasten your return hither. I remain until Mrs. Hunt's confinement is over; had it not been for that, the fear of a hot journey would have caused me to go in this month,—but my desire to be useful to her, and my anxiety concerning the event of so momentous a crisis has induced me to stay. You may think with what awe and terror I look forward to the decisive moment, but I hope for the best. She is as well, perhaps better, than we could in any way expect.

I had no opportunity to send you a second No. of the *Liberal*; we only received it a short time ago, and then you were on the wing: the third number has come out, and we had a copy by post. It has little in it we expected, but it is an amusing number, and L. B. is better pleased with it than any other. . . .

I trust that I shall see you soon, and then I shall hear all your news. I shall see you—but it will be for so short a time—I fear even that you will not go to Switzerland; but these things I must not dwell upon,—partings and separations, when there is no circumstance to lessen any pang. I must brace my mind, not enervate it, for I know I shall have much to endure.

I asked Hunt's opinion about your epitaph for Keats; he said that the line from *Adonais*, though beautiful in itself, might be applied to any poet, in whatever circumstances or whatever age, that died; and that to be in accord with the two-stringed lyre, you ought to select one that

each other would have averted much of the anguish we have and do continue to suffer—but this may likewise be said of most of the torments and disappointments of life: our's was not distrust arrivising [*sic*, probably for *arising*] from doubts—of each other's sincerity—(at least not mine) but from that almost undefined romance of Friendship or call it love—or pride—or delicacy—or feeling—or a portion of all mingled together—which in true hearts dazzles the reason—so that they never see clearly—or act judiciously—always selecting the most circuitous by-path—in which they are too often lost—instead of pursuing the broad high road—(which they use on ordinary occasions)—and which would lead them straightforward to the attainment of their wishes.—Love is the mirage of the mind—nothing appears clearly—and yet the world is so selfish and treacherous that

alluded to his youth and immature genius. A line to this effect you might find in *Adonais*.

Among the fragments of my lost Shelley, I found the following poetical commentary on the words of Keats,—not that I recommend it for the epitaph, but it may please you to see it.

Here lieth one, whose name was writ in water,
But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalising winter, flew
Athwart the stream, and time's mouthless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, emblazoning the name
Of Adonais.

I have not heard from Jane lately; she was well when she last wrote, but annoyed by various circumstances, and impatient of her lengthened stay in England. How earnestly do I hope that Edward's brother will soon arrive, and show himself worthy of his affinity to the noble and unequalled creature she has lost, by protecting one to whom protection is so necessary, and shielding her from some of the ills to which she is exposed.

Adieu, my dear Trelawny. Continue to think kindly of me, and trust in my unalterable friendship. MARY SHELLEY.

Albaro, 10th May.

The word *in* in line 1 of the fragment on Keats is replaced by *on* in Mary's editions of Shelley: *mouthless* becomes *monthless*, and *emblazoning*, *blazoning*. Both *mouthless* and *monthless* are wrong: the word in the manuscript is *printless*.

we cannot trust agents—and so cold and calculating that we cannot find an adviser—so we get enmeshed in such puzzling and subtle toils that [there] is no escape—disappointment and blighted hopes pursue us —perhaps through life! Now to proceed to your most urged questions, which I have hitherto avoided, I will abruptly reply to.

As to my fortune—my income is reduced to about £500 a year—the woman I married having bankrupt me in fortune as well as happiness. If I outlive two or three relations—I shall, however, retrieve in some measure my fortunes—so you see, dear Clare, how thoughtless and vain was my idea of our living together: as Keats says

> "Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is—Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust;"

Poverty and difficulties have not—or ever will—teach me prudence or make me like Michel Cassio a great Arithmetician—all my calculations go to the devil—in anything that appeals to my heart—and this kind of prodigality has kept me in troubled water all my days: as to my habits—no Hermit's simpler—my expenses are within even the limits of my beggarly means—but who can have gone through such varieties of life as I have—and not have formed a variety of ties with the poor and unfortunate;—I am so shackled with these that I do not think I have even a right to form connections which would affect them—what abject slaves are us poor of fortune—enough of this hateful topic.—

It is a source of great pleasure to me, your friendship—to be beloved—and Love—under whatever circumstances—is still happiness—the void in my

affections is filled up—and—though separate—I have lost that despairing dreary feeling of loneliness—I look forward with something of hope.—

"Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home—
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll *dart forth*, and *cloudward* soar."[1]

These are pretty lines—and I found myself repeating them over and over—by way of consolation—we shall meet again, Clare, never fear—I will try the possibility of your plans of selling yourself independently;—true the means by which you can attain your wishes are limited—but I do not despair.—

—I have a letter from Mary, who is only awaiting Mrs. Hunt's confinement to return to England—I have as yet determined on nothing for myself—I am anxious to get to sea.—Write to me here—and let me know your address—I do not like to importune you about writing. There are some pleasant women here, which induces me to go more into society than usual.—It is now nearly two years since I have heard of my little Eliza.—I am in lodgings here at No. 1922 Via Maggio. —I like Florence very much.

Dear, I am not in the vein for writing—

Your unalterably
Attached
EDWARD.

May 15 1823
Florence

[1] This snatch of song from Keats's *Fancy* seems to have got a strong hold on Trelawny's memory.

XXI.

To Claire Clairmont.

Henry Dunn's
Leghorn
June 12, 1823
Florence

Dearest Friend,

As this is about the period you talked of leaving Vienna I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you.—On my arrival here I received two letters from you—and wrote you in reply to them—most gladly would I have replied to them in person—but, had all other objections been surmounted, my money affairs were so embarrassed that I could not afford to buy myself so exquisite a gratification—I therefore looked upon it as one of the painful sacrifices the poor and dependent are subjected to.—It was foolish not being thus explicit at first—for open and entire confidence without reserve is the surest basis to establish a friendship upon. As Payne [*sic* for *Paine*] says—"Nations should have no secrets—and the secrets of courts, like those of individuals, are always their defects"—nor indeed have I circumstance or thought that I would not freely communicate—but this is difficult through the uncertain agency of letters and the short time we were together—I was so wholly taken up with my feelings and expressions of Love—that I could not find time to croak tidings which mar our bliss.—

I was determined not to mingle bitter with our sweets—nor do I regret it—for those rapid moments of unqualified pleasure have stamped more pleasing images on my mind than the like space in any

previous portion of my existence—too genuine to be of long duration, those hours are always fresh and green in my memory—and I recur to them when I would drive the blue-devils from my bosom.

When shall such moments come over again? I do not despair—we are neither of us such changelings or of such light and frivolous natures—as to be subject to the changes of the times—the wrongs and malice of the world cannot affect us: we have given proof in the various acts of our lives—that we stand aloof—fearless and unchangeable!—

Mary Shelley's novel I see is published—by Warren, I think;[1] and the Edinburgh and several other reviews speak most favourably of it. It promises to be popular.

Had you been here in Italy I do not think it would have been impossible to have realized your wishes in embarking in some independent mode of life—for anything is preferable to the indescribable deprivations, vexations, and mortifications of your present dependent situation; but at this distance nothing can be done—a month to reply to a question—the difficulty of explaining business of any kind by letters—to those not accustomed &c. &c.—

My head is full of plans of leading an active life—of doffing these robes of idleness—and buckling on the

[1] Mary Shelley's three-volume novel of 1823 was *Valperga: or, the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca.* It was printed by Richard Taylor of Shoe Lane, London, for G. and W. B. Whittaker of Ave Maria Lane. It was of this book that Claire, writing some years afterwards to Mary about *Lodore* (3 vol. 1835), said—"Euthanasia is Shelley in female attire, and what a glorious being she is! No author . . . can bring a woman that matches her. Shakespeare has not a specimen so perfect of what a woman ought to be; his . . . want her commanding wisdom, her profound benevolence." See Mrs. Julian Marshall's *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* (2 vol. 1889), vol. ii, p. 266.

sword in the great struggle of Liberty—either in Greece or Spain—but long habits of supine indolence are as enervating to the mind and spirit as is Egypt's burning clime to the physical body.—I am awaiting letters here, and then shall go on to Leghorn —continue to direct your letters to Dunn—it is the surest way of my getting them.—Mrs. Hunt is not yet confined—but she is much stronger than they expected —it is an anxious era to them—Life or Death—

I like Florence much—I have been to the Ambassador and Prince ——[1]—there have been some agreeable people here; but at present they are breaking up for Leghorn and Lucca.—

This continuance of fine weather will I trust benefit you if indeed it extends so far to the North.—

Adieu, Dearest of Friends

And whatever becomes of me believe

me your true and devoted

EDWARD T.

XXII.

To CAPTAIN DANIEL ROBERTS, R.N.

Florence, June 26, 1823.

DEAR ROBERTS:

Your letter I have received and one from Lord Byron.[2] I shall start for Leghorn to-morrow, but

[1] Name illegible.

[2] The letter is given, without date, by Trelawny, *Recollections of the last days of Shelley and Byron*, London, Edward Moxon, 1858, pp. 163-4, and has been reprinted in the sixth volume of Byron's *Letters and Journals*, London, Murray, 1904, p. 226; it was received by Trelawny on June 22. Byron says, "I have engaged a vessel (now on her way to Leghorn to unload), and on her return to Genoa we embark. She is called the *Hercules*; you can come back in her if you like, it will save you a land journey."

must stop there some days to collect together the things necessary for my expedition.[1] What do you advise me to do? My present intention is to go with as few things as *possible*, my little horse, a servant, and two very small saddle portmanteaus, a sword and pistols, but not my Manton gun, a military frock undress coat and one for superfluity, 18 shirts, &c. I have with me at present a Negro servant, who speaks English—a smattering of French and Italian, understands horses and cooking, a willing though not a very bright fellow. He will go anywhere or do anything he can, nevertheless if you think the other more desirable, I will change—and my black has been in the afterguard of a man of war. What think you?

I have kept all the dogs for you, only tell me if you wish to have the three. But perhaps you will accompany us. All I can say is, if you go, I will share what I have freely with you—I need not add with what pleasure! The only subject to write on in Greece is the Political events of the present day, for Newspapers or Magazines; as to drawings they are always interesting, and not so easily exhausted as Topography. Murray said he had, or there was, 8 or 10 journals of Greece by great Men, still unpublished. And you are mistaken about drawings. There are an abundance. I have seen some hundreds, and there is now at Rome a German artist just returned from a seven years' travels in Greece with a hundred views executed beautifully something in your style.

[1] Trelawny gave up this intended journey to Leghorn. According to his *Recollections*, pp. 168–9, he forwarded his "traps" to Leghorn, and himself set out on horseback with his negro, by way of Massa and Rapallo, for Genoa.

What signifies that? How can one spend a year so pleasantly as travelling in Greece, and with an agreeable party?

Lord B. desired me to look after a surgeon. He has given the same directions to Vacca[1] and Dunn,[2] so that it is most likely we shall engage three.[3] If he had left it to me I could have induced a clever gentlemanly fellow to have gone with us, an Englishman, not for the salary, [but] the spirit of enterprise and love of travel. [But][4] I am afraid to act, as Vacca will most likely engage some hungry mercenary Italian.

Tell me if there is anything you recommend me to

[1] Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri (1772–1826) was a famous Italian surgeon, head of the faculty of surgery in the University of Pisa, inventor of several surgical instruments, and author of many important medical works. In the dedicatory letter to Hobhouse in *Childe Harold*, Canto 4 (Byron, *Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 324), Byron refers to him as one of the great names in Italy, names which would "secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres." Byron's letter to Vacca, referred to by Trelawny, was first published by Felice Tribolati in the Italian review, the *Nuova Antologia*, Florence, July 1874, and was reprinted by the same writer in his *Saggi critici e biografici*, Pisa, Enrico Spoerri, 1891, pp. 199–200; also in Byron, *Letters and Journals*, vol. vi, pp. 222–3. Count Pietro Gamba, in *A narrative of Lord Byron's last journey to Greece*, London, John Murray, 1825, p. 6, states that he had written to Vacca on the same subject. As Byron's letter is in Italian, it is probable that Gamba wrote it for him, rather than that both Byron and Gamba wrote to Vacca for the same purpose.

[2] Henry Dunn (1776–1867) was an Englishman who had set up a British shop at Leghorn in 1814, in what is now the Via Vittorio Emanuele.

[3] Byron asked Trelawny to look out for a surgeon and to "consult Vacca." The salary offered was a hundred pounds, and the surgeon was to be treated "at our table as a companion and a gentleman." According to Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 6–7, Vacca replied "that, if he had known of it earlier, he would have found some one of his pupils for the purpose. 'If,' said he, 'I had not a family, and so many ties that bind me to the spot, I myself would most willingly accompany you.' Doctor Alexander, formerly a surgeon in the English service, and his Lordship's physician at Genoa, recommended Doctor Bruno, who had just left the university with considerable reputation: he was engaged."

[4] A piece is torn from the manuscript at this point, and the word *but* is supplied.

take with me, as Leghorn is the best place for getting things.

I am interrupted by news from Dunn. The vessel only stays three days at Leghorn, so shall be off to-night.

Yours,

TRELAWNY.

June 27, Saturday.

FLORENCE.

XXIII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

On my route to Leghorn
June 27, 1823

DEAREST CLARE,

What is the cause of this long and trying silence?—I am fevered with anxiety—of the cause—day after day have I suffered the tormenting pains of disappointment—tis two months nearly since I have heard. What is the cause, sweet Clare?—how have I newly offended—that I am to be thus tortured?—

How shall I tell you, dearest, or do you know it—that—that—I am actually now on my road—to Embark for Greece?—and that I am to accompany a man that you disesteem?—forgive me—extend to me your utmost stretch of toleration—and remember that you have in some degree driven me to this course—forced me into an active and perilous life—to get rid of the pain and weariness of my lonely existence;—had you been with me—or here—but how can I live or rather exist as I have been for some time?—My ardent love of freedom spurs me on to assist in the struggle for freedom. When was there so glorious a banner flying

as that unfurled in Greece?—who would not fight under it?—I have long contemplated this—but—I was deterred by the fear that an unknown stranger without money &c. would be ill received.—I now go under better auspices—L. B. is one of the Greek Committee; he takes out arms, ammunition, money, and protection to them—when once there I can shift for myself—and shall see what is to be done! Now, dear friend, do not you add to my regrets by censuring my conduct—write to me continually through Hen^{y}. Dunn—he will forward my letters both to and from you—and be sure I will neglect no occasion of writing to you.—

It is only within these few days that I have engaged myself in this expedition or should have given you earlier notice—I am sure you will approve the principle I am acting on—though you may regret I am not accompanied by such a being as Shelley—but alas? that noble breed is extinct—I never meet any one like him—and all others are nearly alike indifferent to me—I know in my intercourse with them we are but mutually drawn together—to amuse—or serve ourselves—I expect nothing more—necessity compels us to herd thus together.—I will write again before we sail, trusting that ere then I must hear from you—this is merely to inform you of—*further* separation.

Your devotedly and unalterably
Attached EDWARD.[1]

[1] In the hurry of getting ready for the expedition, Mary Shelley was not forgotten by the indefatigable Trelawny, whose offer of financial assistance, made in his letter to Mary of the 27th of April 1823 (*ante*) was ultimately accepted in the circumstances detailed by the poet's widow herself in a letter to Jane Williams (Mrs. Marshall, ii. 80):

"The day after Marianne's confinement, the 9th June, seeing all went on so prosperously, I told Lord Byron that I was ready to go, and he promised to provide

XXIV.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

[Genoa ?,] Saturday, July 12, 1823.

Dear Mary,

Will you tell me what sum you want, as I am settling my affairs? You must from time to time let me know your wants, that I may do my best to relieve them. You are sure of me, so let us use no more words about it. I have been racking my memory to remem-

means. When I talked of going post, it was because he said that I should go so, at the same time declaring that he would regulate all himself. I waited in vain for these arrangements. But, not to make a long story, since I hope soon to be able to relate the details —he chose to transact our negotiation through Hunt, and gave such an air of unwillingness and sense of the obligation he conferred, as at last provoked Hunt to say that there was no obligation, since he owed me £1,000.

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door!

"Still keeping up an appearance of amity with Hunt, he has written notes and letters so full of contempt against me and my lost Shelley that I could stand it no longer, and have refused to receive his still proffered aid for my journey. This, of course, delays me. I can muster about £30 of my own. I do not know whether this is barely sufficient, but as the delicate constitution of my child may oblige me to rest several times on the journey, I cannot persuade myself to commence my journey with what is barely necessary. I have written, therefore, to Trelawny for the sum requisite, and must wait till I hear from him. I see you, my poor girl, sigh over these mischances, but never mind, I do not feel them. My life is a shifting scene, and my business is to play the part allotted for each day well, and, not liking to think of to-morrow, I never think of it at all, except in an intellectual way; and as to money difficulties, why, having nothing, I can lose nothing. Thus, as far as regards what are called worldly concerns, I am perfectly tranquil, and as free or freer from care as if my signature should be able to draw £1,000 from some banker. The extravagance and anger of Lord Byron's letters also relieve me from all pain that his dereliction might occasion me, and that his conscience twinges him is too visible from his impatient kicks and unmannerly curvets. You would laugh at his last letter to Hunt, when he says concerning his connection with Shelley 'that he let himself down to the level of the democrats.'" Mary.

The next letter is Trelawny's reply to Mary's appeal, and is exactly what would have been expected by those who knew the man.

ber some person in England that would be of service to you for my sake, but my rich friends and relations are without hearts, and it is useless to introduce you to the unfortunate; it would but augment your repinings at the injustice of Fortune. My knight-errant heart has led me many a weary journey foolishly seeking the unfortunate, the miserable, and the outcast; and when found, I have only made myself as one of them without redressing their grievances, so I pray you avoid, as you value your peace of mind, the wretched. I shall see you, I hope, to-day.—[1]

Yours very faithfully, E. TRELAWNY.

[1] Presumably he did so, and brought the supplies; for on the 23rd of July 1823 Mary wrote again to Jane Williams a letter from which the following paragraphs are extracted :—

"Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Pierino Gamba sailed for Greece on the 17th inst. I did not see the former. His unconquerable avarice prevented his supplying me with money, and a remnant of shame caused him to avoid me. But I have a world of things to tell you on that score when I see you. If he were mean, Trelawny more than balanced the moral account. His whole conduct during his last stay here has impressed us all with an affectionate regard, and a perfect faith in the unalterable goodness of his heart. They sailed together; Lord Byron with £10,000, Trelawny with £50, and Lord Byron cowering before his eye for reasons you shall hear soon. The Guiccioli is gone to Bologna—*e poi cosa farà? Chi lo sa? Cosa vuoi che lo dico?* . . .

"I travel without a servant. I rest first at Lyons; but do you write to me at Paris, Hotel Nelson. It will be a friend to await me. Alas! I have need of consolation. Hunt's kindness is now as active and warm as it was dormant before; but just as I find a companion in him I leave him. I leave him in all his difficulties, with his head throbbing with overwrought thoughts, and his frame sometimes sinking under his anxieties. Poor Marianne has found good medicine, *facendo un bimbo*, and then nursing it, but she, with her female providence, is more bent by care than Hunt. How much I wished, and wish, to settle near them at Florence; but I must submit with courage, and patience may at last come and give opiate to my irritable feelings."

As to "poor Marianne," Mrs. Leigh Hunt, see *ante*, p. 59.

XXV.

To Claire Clairmont.

On Board the Brig "Hercules",
Capt. Jn. Scott, off Leghorn,
July 22, 1823.

Dear Clara,

Nothing can increase the anxiety I feel on your account—not having heard a word from you for nearly three months—nor has Mary or Mrs. Mason—why is this dear Clare?—what is the cause?—sickness—sorrow—distance—mistake—or what?—for as to our affection—it is too strongly based to admit a doubt of its stability—everything—or anything may have caused this painful silence—but *want of Love*—in that point I feel secure—judging of you as I have a right from our mutual acts—from my own feelings—I feel a perfect and entire security which nothing can shake.

This I allow is some consolation—a great one.—But still I am on the rack and agitated with painful doubts as to the real cause;—if your silence is not caused by illness—I shall be happy—But, sweet love, I am again forth—heaven knows where to stop—engaged deeply in a cause that I feel secured of your approving—to risk my life and fortune, which, however insignificant, are all my possessions—I shall at least give a fair essay of what is to be done. I have no other prospect or excitement (whatever others may) but the Cause—the modern Greeks, I am assured, are treacherous, avaricious, and ungrateful—let them be so, I care not—it is the effects of slavery—if they were not debased by such long subjection—why rail against tyrannical usurpation?—as things are only good or evil in propor-

tion to their effects and consequences;—but I have no time to digress—in my last I detailed our plans and the auspices I was embarking under—our companions are Lord B—young Gamba—a relation of Macrovadate[1]—Greek—and two Greeks whom we take up here—with a physician.—We have horses, arms, money and medicine to employ in their service—this insures me a better reception and consequently a better field to commence under—than had I gone alone, a powerless stranger—our mission is partly official, we are the first adventurers—and except[2] as depends on our leader under the happiest possible auspices—

And without ties—wearied and wretched—melancholy and dissatisfied—what was left me here?—I have been dying piecemeal—thin—care-worn—and despondingly—such an excitement as this was necessary to rouse me into energy and life—and it has done so—I am all on fire for action—and ready to endure the worst that may befall, seeking nothing but honour.—

Would that I had but a line from—or the least information of you—this is what my soul thirsts for—and then I shall go in peace.—

Write, sweet friend; address me through Henry Dunn, Leghorn; he will forward my letters—and be satisfied I will lose no occasion of writing to you—if such scrawls as this will give you pleasure.

Your tenderly Attached
EDWARD

[1] Of course he meant Mavrocordato.

[2] This word is doubtful. It looks like *assept*, a quite possible defect of haste if, as I suppose, he meant *except*.

XXVI.

To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.

"Hercules".[1]
under weigh
July 23, 1823
Leghorn

Dear Roberts,

I delayed writing, expecting, nay being certain of seeing you at Genoa. My disappointment was extreme, and your letter with the news that you were not coming only reached me the day of sailing. I had much to talk to you. But Lord B. found me full employment day and night. You could hardly know me now transformed into the most active, bustling, useful fellow, you ever saw—the lazy, dozy, useless (you will add worthless), fellow you last saw me,—but I rise with occasion. But I have no time to digress; the ship is aweigh. Well, then, the dogs. One Low of Florence has "Crow," to be delivered free of expences on your demand. She is in pup by the black'ee; if you like to try one, order him to keep it. The perfect black is with Mrs. Beeze, and also free of expence, for I gave her two dollars, her sister-in-law one, her mother-in-law two, so they are well paid. The Black and white pointer is left with a lodging-house woman I lived with at Florence, on the condition that

[1] Byron's expedition for Greece had left Genoa on the "Hercules" on the 16th, reaching Leghorn only on the 21st. Trelawny in his *Recollections*, pp. 175, 190, describes the ship as "a collier-built tub of 120 tons, round-bottomed, and bluff-bowed, and of course, a dull sailer. She was built on the lines of a baby's cradle, and the least touch of Neptune's foot set her rocking." The expedition remained two days at Leghorn, laying in a supply of English gunpowder and sea stores, and from there proceeded directly to Argostoli in Cephalonia.

if not claimed within three months she might consider it as hers,—if claimed before to pay its keep.

Dear Roberts, I am very sorry you do not accompany me. Lord B. and myself are extraordinary thick, we are inseparable; but mind, this does not flatter me. He has known me long enough to see the sacrifices I make in devoting myself to serve him. This is new to him, who is surrounded by mercenaries. I am no expence to him, fight my own way, lay in my own stock &c. Dr. Dunn is the same good fellow as ever, and my factotum.

Phillips wants you to shoot with him this season. He is, when sober, a good fellow too. I have my horse and Craycroft's servant. Lord B. took my [*MS. torn—a word missing*] and indeed does everything so far I wish him. If you write to Craycroft say anything which is kind, for I like him much. God bless you

and believe me ever your best

Friend Ed. Trelawny.

XXVII.

To Lieut. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, C.B.[1]

Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824

My dear Colonel,

With all my anxiety I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back and demanded of a straggler

[1] The Hon. Leicester Fitzgerald Charles Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Harrington, born 1784, died 1862.

the news. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead,—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence. With all his faults I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life: his every-day companion,—we lived in ships, boats, and in houses together,—we had no secrets,—no reserve, and, though we often differed in opinion, never quarrelled. If it gave me pain witnessing his frailties, he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth *virtues* that redeemed them all. He was an only child,—early an orphan,—the world adopted him and spoilt him,—his conceptions were so noble when his best elements were aroused, that we, his friends, considered it pure inspiration. He was violent and capricious. In one of his moments of frailty, two years back, he could think of nothing which could give him so much pleasure as saving money, and he talked of nothing but its accumulation, and the power and respect it would be the means of giving him; and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice, that we, his friends, began to fear it would become his leading passion; however, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety, and then grew weary. I was absent from him in Rome when he wrote me from Genoa, and said, "Trelawny, you must have heard I am going to Greece, why do you not come to me? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you; pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece, it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing: they all say I can be of use to Greece; I do not know how, nor do they; but, at all events,

let's go." I who had long despaired of getting him out of Italy, to which he had become attached from habit, indolence, and strong ties; I lost no time; everything was hurried on, and, from the moment he left Genoa, though twice driven back, his ruling passion became ambition of a name, or rather by one great effort to wipe out the memory of those deeds which his enemies had begun to rather freely descant on in the public prints, and to make his name as great in glorious acts, as it already was by his writings.

He wrote a song the other day on his birth-day, his thirty-sixth year, strongly exemplifying this.—It is the most beautiful and touching of all his songs, for he was not very happy at composing them. It is here amongst his papers.

"If thou regret thy youth, *why* live?
The land of honourable death
Is here. Up to the field and give
Away thy breath.
Awake! *not* Greece, *she* is awake!
Awake! *my* spirit."

He died on the 19th April, at six o'clock at night; the two last days he was altogether insensible, and died so, apparently without pain. From the first moment of his illness, he expressed on this, as on all former occasions, his *dread* of pain and fearlessness of death. He talked chiefly of Ada, both in his sensible and insensible state. He had much to say, and many directions to leave, as was manifest from his calling Fletcher, Tita, Gamba, Parry, to his bed-side; his lips moved, but he could articulate nothing distinctly. "Ada—my sister—wife—say—do you understand my directions?" said he, to Fletcher, after muttering thus for half an hour, about—"Say this to Ada,"—"this to

my sister,"—wringing his hands; "Not a word, my Lord," said Fletcher.—"That's a pity," said he, "for 'tis now too late,—for I shall die or go *mad*." He then raved, said—"I will not live a madman, for I can destroy myself." I know the reason of this fear he had of losing his senses; he had lately, on his voyage from Italy, read, with deep interest, Swift's life, and was always talking to me of his horrible fate. Byron's malady was a rheumatic fever; was brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes. Its commencement was trifling. On the 10th he was taken ill; his doctors urged him to be bled, but this was one of his greatest prejudices,—he abhorred bleeding. Medicine was not efficient; the fever gained rapid ground, and on the third day the blood showed a tendency to mount to his head; he then submitted to bleeding, but it proved too late; it had already affected his brain, and this caused his death. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would have assuredly recovered in a few days. On opening him, a great quantity of blood was found in the head and brain; the latter, his brain, the doctor says, was a third greater in quantity than is usually found, weighing four pounds. His heart is likewise strikingly large, but performed its functions feebly, and was very exhausted; his liver much too small, which was the reason of that deficiency of bile, which necessitated him to continually stimulate his stomach by medicine. His body was in a perfect state of health and soundness. They say his only malady was a strong tendency of the blood to mount to the head, and weakness of the vessels there; that he could not, for this reason, have lived more than

six or seven years more. I do not exactly understand this; but the doctor is going to write me a medical account of his illness, death, and state of his body.

His remains are preparing to send by way of Zante to England, he having left no directions on this head. I shall ever regret I was not with him when he gave up his mortality.

Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked; but this is no private grief; the world has lost its greatest man, I my best friend, and that must be my excuse for having filled a letter with this one subject. To-morrow, for Mavrocordato has delayed my courier till his letters are ready, I will return to duty.

Yours, very sincerely,

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

XXVIII.

TO LIEUT. COLONEL LEICESTER STANHOPE, C.B.

Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824

DEAR STANHOPE,

Your impatient spirit will ill brook my delay, but I am at the fountain head of procrastination. The pestilential fever of these torpid waters seems to have infected everything; the atmosphere is as dense as a November in London, and it is infected by reptiles;—every thing is transacted, not under the rose, but under the mud;—imbecile councils,—intriguing people—greedy soldiers, and factious captains, are the beings I have to deal with in this Ionian sand (or rather slime) isthmus, cut off, as it most wisely is, (as we prune an

unsightly scion from a beautiful tree,) from classic Greece. But enough of episodes.

There have been meetings and orations enough to settle all the affairs of Greece, if talking would do it, and all that is yet settled is, that the great body of captains, or generals as they designate themselves, will not attend the congress; however, they are to nominate representatives, with full power. Anagnosti Cariacci and Maceru have likewise promised to attend; and they have promised to nominate the deputies to-morrow, two in number, and these four, with our Salona envoy, will depart for Salona on the 29th. I have so clearly pointed out to Mavrocordato the advantage of his attending in person the congress, and through your good offices to effect a reconciliation with Odysseus, that he has pledged himself to accompany me to Salona in three or four days; for I have told him what we thought of that general, without reserve, and I see he thinks as I do, that he will be obliged to return to Hydra, that is, if they will receive him, except he is aided by the muscular arm of Odysseus.

Mavrocordato and his friends wish me to mention to you about the Suliots, their pay, and the difficulties he is placed in with them. I enclose papers they have written me. Gamba says he can do nothing. However, you are as bold as you are independent, and your opinion will be of value.

I have been employed in arranging the affairs of my lost friend, sealing papers, and his body is in spirits, and Gamba and his household will depart in two or three days for Zante, and thence to England.

Every one here, I mean the English artificers and brigade, now wish to join Odysseus, or, at least, leave

this hole. I know you will say I have seduced them. I like the brigade corps. The Committee stores are most useful.

Oblige me by letting Finlay read these letters. I have not time to write him now.

TRELAWNY.

XXIX.

To LIEUT. COLONEL LEICESTER STANHOPE, C.B.

Missolonghi, April 28th, 1824.

DEAR STANHOPE,

Letters from Zante inform us of the arrival there of Mr. Blaquiere, in the ship Florida, having made an extraordinary quick passage. He has brought out in specie four hundred thousand pounds sterling, consigned to the house of Barff. I am sorry for Greece, that neither you nor —— are in the commission. I hear nothing of ——, and conclude, if he is coming, that he has some portion of the loan for some particular service; bringing out ships with regulars, &c. but to-morrow we shall hear further from Zante, and your letter will, I conclude, enlighten you. Blaquiere is going straight to the Morea. I know not if he will land here; if he does, I will come on with him to Salona. Do, for God's sake! however, see Gordon and Blaquiere; and now Lord Byron is no more, some one must be for the time added to the commission, certainly you or ——, or things will not go well. Advise Odysseus what he had best do. The government will be now at once effective, and sweep every obstacle

before its golden torrent. The past must be wiped out: no bickerings of what has been done, but what is to be done. I will write a note to Blaquiere to see you as soon as possible. I shall certainly be at Salona in a few days, most anxious to have your opinion and advice on this new state of things.

Believe me, dear Colonel,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

P.S.—Where is Humphreys? Let him attend on Gordon. I still hope —— will come out with Gordon.

I think Byron's name was the great means of getting the loan. A Mr. Marshall, with £8,000 per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord B.'s death. I hear nothing of Gordon. You are to act as deputy till his arrival, and, of course, will fill up the vacancy of Byron. They talk now openly of a king; foreign they say; I mean Mavrocordato says, that he knows all the Primates of the Morea are for it, and Conduriottis decidedly. This is the worst news I have heard: but I think the feeling of our country is against it, and I hope you will make them speak out, and try the voice of the people. The people are never consulted. I know the army and people are against a king in toto.

I want Blaquiere to meet you at Salona, and go to Argos to meet Conduriottis. If the elections were carried on as at Athens, in the other parts of Greece, there would be no fear of legitimacy.

XXX.

To Lieut. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, C.B.

Missolonghi, April 29th, 1824.

Dear Stanhope,

——, I fear me, is not coming. The greatest man in the world has resigned his mortality in favour of this sublime cause; for had he remained in the quiet life I urged him to renounce in Italy, he had lived. I call on you, in the name of Greece, to do all you can to fill his place. I say you can do the greatest service to the cause, and you must not leave us; you are public property, and must sacrifice all private duties and ties. I am a poor nameless individual; yet I feel I am of importance, for I have done good, as can every honest and independent man, however employed. I have ties, duties, and inclinations, which call on me from other countries: but I turn a deaf ear to them all, till awakened Greece is free. I am sick at heart that I have lost the friend and companion of many years, for I find that he had written me many letters, but both his letters and my letters never reached their destination: such is the villanous short-sighted system of the policy of these people, for "murder will out." Byron, had I met him, instead of sending Finlay, would have been at Salona now. His name was the means chiefly of raising the loan in England. Thousands of people were flocking here; some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes, not to the Greeks or interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the pilgrim of eternity having departed,

they turned back. Every one says, Gamba and all, that neither Byron, nor any one else, has given the Committee's stores to Mavrocordato. I have ascertained that you are legally and indisputably now in full possession and full power. Hodges and Gill will not stay here. All the English wish to be off.

Do, my dear sir, take some prompt and decisive steps. I will, if you like, execute them. You know the wants of Eastern Greece. Could you not consign some portion of these stores to that part, on condition of the Greek government's approval? Divide the artillery brigade in two; for it is in force two brigades. I speak my sentiments fearlessly to all, so you will not object to my frankness.

Yours, ever sincerely,

TRELAWNY.

XXXI.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Missolonghi, 30th April 1824.

MY DEAR MARY,

My brain is already dizzy with business and writing. I am transformed from the listless being you knew me to one of all energy and fire. Not content with the Camp, I must needs be a great diplomatist, I am again, dear Mary, in my *element*, and playing no *second* part in Greece. If I live, the outcast Reginald will cut his name out on the Grecian hills, or set on its plains. I have had the merit of discovering and bringing out a noble fellow, a gallant *soldier*, and a man of most wonderful mind, with as little bigotry as Shelley, and nearly as much imagina-

tion; he is a glorious being.[1] I have lived with him—he calls me brother—wants to connect me with his family. We have been inseparable now for eight months—fought side by side. But I am sick at heart with losing my friend,[2]—for still I call him so, you know; with all his weakness, you know I loved him. I cannot live with men for years without feeling—it is weak, it is want of judgment, of philosophy,—but this is my weakness. Dear Mary, if you love me,—*write*—write—write, for my heart yearns after you. I certainly must have you and Jane out. I am serious.

This is the place after my own heart, and I am certain of our good cause triumphing. Believe nothing you hear; Gamba will tell you everything about me—about Lord Byron, but he knows nothing of Greece—nothing; nor does it appear any one else does by what I see published. Colonel Stanhope is here; he is a good fellow, and does much good. The loan is achieved, and that sets the business at rest, but it is badly done—the Commissioners are bad. A word as to your wooden god, Mavrocordato. He is a miserable Jew, and I hope, ere long, to see his head removed from his worthless and heartless body. He is a mere shuffling soldier, an aristocratic brute—wants Kings and Congresses; a poor, weak, shuffling, intriguing, cowardly fellow; so no more about him. Dear Mary, dear Jane, I am serious, turn your thoughts this way. No more a nameless being, I am now a Greek Chieftain, willing and able to shelter and protect you; and thus I will continue, or follow our friends to wander over some other planet, for I have nearly exhausted this.—Your attached TRELAWNY.

[1] Odysseus. [2] Lord Byron.

Tell me of Clare, do write me of her! This is written with the other in desperate haste. I have received a letter from you, one from Jane, and none from Hunt.[1]

XXXII.

To Jane Williams.

20. June 1824
Tripolitza

My dear Jane,

I received a letter from you and Mary a month back—and to find there are hearts still warmly interested for the wild wanderer is a pleasure and consolation to me:—our Pisa circle is one not to be forgotten—there was no other such in the wide world—such hearts as ours united under the sunny clime of Italy—such scenes and events no time can fade—their glowing colours can never be dimmed; to try even to forget them is as vain as to expect their return—you weep over their remembrance in retirement—I sadden and mourn amidst the wild confusion of my restless and active life amidst camps and battles—amidst these wild people and in this wild country.—Byron is gone to join them—there is now but three of us left—three are gone—we are held here by ties we cannot sunder—we must play our parts—fulfil our destiny—and then hope to rejoin them—nothing more—there are but three of us—and we should have remained together—for we are united by many ties—but alas "who can controul his fate"?—we must play our parts.

[1] This letter was addressed to the care of John Hunt, Esq., *Examiner* Office, Catherine Street, London. Next to it should be read two belated letters which will be found in the *Addenda*.

We have no occasions to make professions to each other—our hearts are united closer than kin or kindred —or at least should be so—and mine is.—

I am too distant to aid you with the counsel which you desire as to your plans of life—and I am too deeply engaged here to set a limit to my stay—nor is it safe to communicate my situation—I am engaged, and have been since I left Byron at Cephalonia, soul, heart, and hand—in the cause which drew me from Europe—no half measures with me—I separated as you know from B. at Cephalonia—he was past hope—nothing could move or excite him—he trifled four months at that miserable Island, and then went over to the miserable mud bank of Missolonghi—the pestilential air of which together with his languid and exhausted constitution exhausted him so much that a slight attack of fever extinguished his mortality—he lived at Missolonghi as at Genoa—pursued the same habits—saw no one—and did nothing.

Could I then longer waste my life—in union with such imbecility—amidst such scenes as there are here—where there is excitement enough to move the dead?—I shook off my idleness—and have been as energetic as I was in boyhood—only pursuing a nobler game—if I live we will at least forget the bitterness of the past in the narration of my Greek adventures—nothing inferior I can assure you to those of Reginald—I am no longer, at least in Greece, unknown—England will be the first place I shall visit—but when heaven knows—I have no conception—tis only possible in the winter—I should be grieved to find you not there—for when I do come there my stay will be short-limited—Greece is my country

whilst it has a foot of free land—on the shore or on the hills.—

There is a cloud—bedimming our fair prospects at this moment—but I doubt nothing it will pass.

My Love to Mary—I wrote to her days back.

Your

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

XXXIII.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

August 1824

DEAR MARY,

Will you make an article of this, as Leigh Hunt calls it, and request his brother to publish it in the *Examiner*, which will very much oblige me.[1]

I have much to say to you, Mary, both as regards myself and the part I am enacting here. I would give much that I could, as in times dead, look in on you in the evening of every day and consult with you on its occurrences, as I used to do in Italy. It is curious, but, considering our characters, natural enough, that Byron and I took the diametrically opposite roads in Greece—I in Eastern, he in Western. He took part with, and became the paltry tool of the weak, imbecile, cowardly being calling himself Prince Mavrocordato. Five months he dozed away. By the gods! the lies that are said in his praise urge one to speak the truth. It is well for his name, and better for Greece, that he is dead. With the aid of his name, his fame, his

[1] "This" was a "Description of the Cavern Fortress of Mount Parnassus"—fully described in his *Recollections* (1858) and *Records* (1878).

talents, and his fortune, he might have been a tower of strength to Greece, instead of which the little he did was in favour of the aristocrats, to destroy the republic, and smooth the road for a foreign King. But he is dead, and I now feel my face burn with shame that so weak and ignoble a soul could so long have influenced me. It is a degrading reflection, and ever will be. I wish he had lived a little longer, that he might have witnessed how I would have soared above him here, how I would have triumphed over his mean spirit. I would do much to see and talk to you, but as I am now too much irritated to disclose the real state of things, I will not mislead you by false statements.[1] . . .

[1] Mary had written to him on the 28th of July from Kentish Town a letter which must have crossed this. It affords a wealth of interesting contrasts between the attitude and spirit of the widowed woman and that of the "Greek Chieftain" who found Byron so impracticable. The following extracts are from Mrs. Julian Marshall's second volume, pp. 118–20 :—

"So, dear Trelawny, you remember still poor Mary Shelley ; thank you for your remembrance, and a thousand times for your kind letter. It is delightful to feel that absence does not diminish your affection, excellent, warm-hearted friend, remnant of our happy days, of my vagabond life in beloved Italy, our companion in prosperity, our comforter in sorrow. You will not wonder that the late loss of Lord Byron makes me cling with greater zeal to those dear friends who remain to me. He could hardly be called a friend, but, connected with him in a thousand ways, admiring his talents, and (with all his faults) feeling affection for him, it went to my heart when, the other day, the hearse that contained his lifeless form—a form of beauty which in life I often delighted to behold—passed my windows going up Highgate Hill on his last journey to the last seat of his ancestors. Your account of his last moments was infinitely interesting to me. Going about a fortnight ago to the house where his remains lay, I found there Fletcher and Lega—Lega looking a most preposterous rogue,—Fletcher I expect to call on me when he returns from Nottingham. From a few words he imprudently let fall, it would seem that his Lord spoke of Clare in his last moments, and of his wish to do something for her, at a time when his mind, vacillating between consciousness and delirium, would not permit him to do anything. Did Fletcher mention this to you? It seems that this doughty Leporello speaks of his Lord to strangers with the highest respect; more than he did a year ago,—the best, the most generous, the most wronged of peers,—the notion of his leading an irregular life,—

September 1824
Mount Parnassus

Dearest Sister

My Dear Clare nothing can induce me for a moment to believe your long and unaccountable silence proceeds from indifference - I know your heart too well - and do you the justice to believe it proceed from the very reverse.

But it is unjust in the extreme to me - for I set a high price on your love and friendship - I anticipated real happiness from its enjoyment -

Has my sullen & peevish letter written often in moments of anguish sickness and discontent - disgusted you - or is this only a trial of my firmness - if the first pardon my charity Dear Ellen my weakness - and fifteen months is surely sufficient - considering my age - to answer the latter - my heart is filled - at this period - with the same tenderness and deep affection - which filled it to bursting our melancholy parting on the banks of the Arno - what can I say more - indeed

My address of Chas Hancock Esq
Ephalonia.
Ionian Islands
Rece

Dear Clare I feel to much - to say m
our parting was in silence - words are
poor conductors - to express the power of
feeling hearts - Dear friend you dro
me to wander again - for deprived of you
Italy lost its beauties - and without ties - a
countries & climates are alike dreary a
void of beauty - I should have given unpe
up to my natural inclination for friendsh
and solitude - had you consented to my
wishes - but you ~~lieged~~ lieged on the side
of my evil destiny - which impelled me to
go forth - and wander -

Here I have been in peace
amidst barbarians - not retaining a single
recollection of what they were - more than
twelve months - nevertheless I have prospered
amongst them - am untitled in strongest bon
with the celebrated Chief Ulysses governor
of Attica - we are sworn brothers - I am
really attached

him - his family are Dear to me he is
rane clever and noble - I am playing a
irst part here - and have work for all my
nergies which are now awakened from their
ng torpor - Byron who was unjue as well
s your evil genius has seared to be so -

I am at present commanding for
y chief - an important Fortress - I have
d some trifling escapes - but at present
n well and out of danger - yet I see no
nit to my stay in Greece - I am no changeling
d must rise of fall with the man with whom
have united my fortunes - The Greek Cause
t on well - is as far as freeing the Country
n the Turks - But civil war and guarrels
n no end to - write me Dearest of friends
e me assurances of your undiminished
ffection and I shall have some inducement
live and not wantonly through away
otherwise burthensome existence

Your Edward Delavy

A Mademoiselle
Mademoiselle Clare Claremont
to the care of
Mr Shelley

XXXIV.

To Claire Clairmont.

September 1824
Mount Parnassus

Dearest Sister,

My dear Clare, nothing can induce me for a moment to believe your long and unaccountable

quite a false one. Lady B. sent for Fletcher; he found her in a fit of passionate grief, but perfectly implacable, and as much resolved never to have united herself again to him as she was when she first signed their separation. Mrs. Claremont (the governess) was with her.

"His death, as you may guess, made a great sensation here, which was not diminished by the destruction of his Memoirs, which he wrote and gave to Moore, and which were burned by Mrs. Leigh and Hobhouse. There was not much in them, I know, for I read them some years ago at Venice, but the world fancied it was to have a confession of the hidden feelings of one concerning whom they were always passionately curious. Moore was by no means pleased: he is now writing a life of him himself, but it is conjectured that, notwithstanding he had the MS. so long in his possession, he never found time to read it. I breakfasted with him about a week ago, and he is anxious to get materials for his work. I showed him your letter on the subject of Lord Byron's death, and he wishes very much to obtain from you any anecdote or account you would like to send. If you know anything that ought to be known, or feel inclined to detail anything that you may remember worthy of record concerning him, perhaps you will communicate with Moore. You have often said that you wished to keep up our friend's name in the world, and if you still entertain the same feeling, no way is more obvious than to assist Moore, who asked me to make this request. You can write to him through me or addressed to Longmans. . . .

"Here then we are, Jane and I, in Kentish Town. . . . We live near each other now, and, seeing each other almost daily, for ever dwell on one subject. . . . The country about here is really pretty; lawny uplands, wooded parks, green lanes, and gentle hills form agreeable and varying combinations. If we had orange sunsets, cloudless noons, fireflies, large halls, etc. etc., I should not find the scenery amiss, and yet I can attach myself to nothing here; neither among the people, though some are good and clever, nor to the places, though they be pretty. Jane is my chosen companion and only friend. I am under a cloud, and cannot form near acquaintances among that class whose manners and modes of life are agreeable to me, and I think myself fortunate in having one or two pleasing acquaintances among literary people, whose society I enjoy without dreaming of friendship. My child is in excellent health; a fine, tall, handsome boy.

"And then for money and the rest of those necessary annoyances, the means of getting at the necessaries of life; Jane's affairs are yet unsettled. . . .

"My prospects are somewhat

silence proceeds from indifference—I know your heart too well—and do you the justice to believe it proceeds from the very reverse.

But it is painful in the extreme to me—for I set a high price on your love and friendship—I anticipated real happiness from its enjoyments.

Has my sullen and peevish letters, written often in moments of anguish, sickness, and discontent—disgusted you—or is this only a trial of my firmness?—if the first, pardon in charity Dear Ellen my weakness—and eighteen months is surely sufficient—considering my age—to answer the latter—my heart is filled—at this period—with the same tenderness and deep affection—which filled it to bursting at our melancholy parting on the banks of the Arno—what can I say more?—indeed dear Clare I feel too much to say much—our parting was in silence—words are poor conductors to express the power of feeling hearts.—Dear friend, you drove me to wander again—for deprived of you Italy lost its beauties—and without ties all countries and climates are alike dreary and void of beauty. I should have given myself up to my natural inclination for friendship and solitude had you consented to my wishes—but you lieged[1] on the

brighter than they were. I have little doubt but that in the course of a few months I shall have an independent income of £300 or £400 per annum during Sir Timothy's life, and that with small sacrifice on my part. After his death Shelley's will secures me an income more than sufficient for my simple habits.

"One of my first wishes in obtaining the independence I mention, will be to assist Clare from her present painful mode of life. She is now at Moscow; sufficiently uncomfortable, poor girl, unless some change has taken place: I think it probable that she will soon return to England. Her spirits will have been improved by the information I sent her that his family consider Shelley's will valid, and that she may rely upon receiving the legacy. . . ."

[1] Presumably he meant *leagued*: he had written *liegued*, but struck it out and put *lieged*.

side of my evil destiny—which impelled me to go forth—and wander.

Here I have been in Greece amidst barbarians—not retaining a single recollection of what they were—more than twelve months—nevertheless I have prospered amongst them—am united in strongest bonds with the celebrated Chief Ulysses, governor of Attica—we are sworn brothers—I am really attached to him—his family are Dear to me—he is brave, clever, and noble—I am playing a first part here—and have work for all my energies, which are now awakened from their long torpor.—Byron, who was mine as well as your evil genius, has ceased to be so.

I am at present commanding for my chief an important Fortress—I have had some trifling escapes—but at present am well and out of danger—yet I see no limit to my stay in Greece—I am no changeling and must rise of[1] fall with the man with whom I have united my fortunes—The Greek Cause gets on well—is[2] as far as freeing the Country from the Turks—But civil war and quarrel I see no end to—write me, Dearest of friends, give me assurances of your undiminished affection; and I shall have some inducement to live and not wantonly throw away an otherwise burthensome existence.

Your EDWARD TRELAWNY.

My address—Capn. Trelawny
to the care of Chas. Hancock Esqe
Cephalonia
Ionian Islands
Greece

[1] Of course he meant to write *or* not *of*.

[2] The word *is* may be what he meant; but *in* was more probably intended.

XXXV.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Cephalonia, 17th September 1825.

Dear Mary,

I have just escaped from Greece and landed here, in the hopes of patching up my broken frame and shattered constitution. Two musket balls, fired at the distance of two paces, struck me and passed through my framework, which damn'd near finished me; but 'tis a long story, and my writing arm is rendered unfit for service, and I am yet unpractised with the left. But a friend of mine here, a Major Bacon, is on his way to England, and will enlighten you as to me. I shall be confined here some time. Write to me then at this place. I need rest and quiet, for I am shook to the foundation. Love to Jane and Clare, and believe me still your devoted friend,

Edward Trelawny.[1]

[1] Up to the end of February 1826, Mary had not received this letter. She wrote these paragraphs to him in a letter closed on the 27th of that month (Mrs. Julian Marshall, ii. 139–40) :—

"I hear at last that Mr. Hodges has letters for me, and that prevents a thousand things I was about to say concerning the pain your very long silence had occasioned me. Consider, dear friend, that your last was in April, so that nearly a year has gone by, and not only did I not hear *from* you, but until the arrival of Mr. Hodges, many months had elapsed since I had heard of you.

"Sometimes I flattered myself that the foundations of my little habitation would have been shaken by a 'ship Shelley ahoy' that even Jane, distant a mile, would have heard. That dear hope lost, I feared a thousand things.

"Hamilton Browne's illness, the death of many English, the return of every other from Greece, filled me with gloomy apprehensions.

"But you live,—what kind of life your letters will, I trust, inform me,—what possible kind of life in a cavern surrounded by precipices, — inaccessible! All this will satisfy your craving imagination. The friendship you have for Odysseus, does that satisfy your warm heart? . . . I gather from your last letter and other intelligence that you think of marrying the daughter of your favourite chief, and thus will renounce England and even the

XXXVI.

To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.[1]

Cephalonia,
Ionian Islands,
October 20, 1825.

Dear Roberts,

My shattered hulk, no longer seaworthy, was towed into this port by the "Cambrian," Capt. Hamil-

English for ever. And yet,—no! you love some of us, I am sure, too much to forget us, even if you neglect us for a while; but truly, I long for your letters, which will tell all. And remember, dear friend, it is about yourself I am anxious. Of Greece I read in the papers. I see many informants, but I can learn your actions, hopes, and, above all valuable to me, the continuation of your affection for me, from your letters only. . . .

"I now close my letter—I have not yet received yours.

"Last night Jane and I went with Gamba and my Father to see Kean in *Othello*. This play, as you may guess, reminded us of you. Do you remember, when delivering the killing news, you awoke Jane, as Othello awakens Desdemona from her sleep on the sofa? Kean, abominably supported, acted divinely; put as he is on his mettle by recent events and a full house and applause, which he deserved, his farewell is the most pathetic piece of acting to be imagined. Yet, my dear friend, I wish we had seen it represented as was talked of at Pisa. Iago would never have found a better representative than that strange and wondrous creature whom one regrets daily more, —for who here can equal him? Adieu, dear Trelawny, take care of yourself, and come and visit us as soon as you can escape from the sorceries of Ulysses.—In all truth, yours affectionately, M. W. S.

Mrs. Marshall appends a further note of Mary's on this subject:—

"At Pisa, 1822, Lord Byron talked vehemently of our getting up a play in his great hall at the Lanfranchi; it was to be *Othello*. He cast the characters thus: Byron, Iago; Trelawny, Othello; Williams, Cassio; Medwin, Roderigo; Mrs. Shelley, Desdemona; Mrs. Williams, Emilia. 'Who is to be our audience?' I asked. 'All Pisa,' he rejoined. He recited a great portion of his part with great gusto; it exactly suited him,—he looked it, too."

[1] At this point it is well to recapitulate; and I avail myself of Mr. Nelson Gay's notes, compiled for the illustration of Trelawny's letter when printed in the *Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial*. In the autumn of 1823, shortly after the arrival of the "Hercules" in Greek waters, Trelawny, impatient for action, had left Byron and joined the guerrilla leader Ulysses (Odysseus), who commanded at that time, in Athens and in Eastern Greece, the frontiers of the war. Trelawny and Ulysses became close friends; Trelawny bought horses, hired soldiers, and participated in much guerrilla fighting; he was placed in charge of a well-provisioned impregnable cavern-fortress, high on the side of Mount Parnassus, where for safety Ulysses had placed his treasures and family, including his half-sister, Tarsitsa Kamenou, aged

ton. I have been damned near going down, two shots between wind and water, all my timbers carried smack away, standing and running rigging cut up—to wit, two balls entered my back, broke my jaw, breast bone, cut all the nerves of my right arm, and in short all but did my business. After a two months' struggle between my constitution & these severe wounds, in which I suffered daily death, the former triumphed, since which time I have been daily gathering strength. I was wounded in the beginning of June. It is too long and complex a story to detail the how and where-

twelve, whom Trelawny married. Jealousies divided the Greek leaders; and Ulysses made a three months' truce with the Turk, Omar Pasha, Trelawny said for the purpose of bringing the Greek government, with which he was at variance, to terms. Finlay (in *A History of Greece from its conquest by the Romans to the present time*, vol. vi, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1877, p. 381) declares that, although Ulysses had much military experience, and more administrative capacity than most of the chiefs, "his conduct from the commencement of the revolution testified that he had no confidence in its ultimate success. He viewed it as a temporary revolt, which might be rendered conducive to his own interests." He was caught in attempting to join the Turks; he surrendered April 9, 1825, and was murdered on the night of June 16. It was during the imprisonment of Ulysses that Trelawny, who was holding the cavern, in command of a handful of Ulysses' followers, was shot, as related in this letter. Fenton, who was the prime mover in the attempt on Trelawny's life, was an unprincipled Scotchman who had gained Trelawny's confidence in Greece, and had been placed by him in charge of the lower defences of the cavern. Sir James Tennant described him as "a mere adventurer, who had proved himself divested of every principle or feeling of a gentleman." His accomplice was a certain W. G. Whitcombe, an Englishman who had come to the cavern but a few days before the attempted assassination. Fenton proposed target practice with Trelawny as umpire; in the course of it the conspirators tried to kill Trelawny; Fenton's pistol missed fire, but two balls from Whitcombe's entered Trelawny's back and neck. The chief motive of Fenton's treachery would seem to have been that of obtaining possession of Ulysses' treasures in the cavern. He had previously offered to murder Ulysses for a small sum of money. Even the friends of the Greek government abhorred the attempt on Trelawny's life, although they regarded Ulysses as a tyrant and traitor, and Trelawny as in open rebellion. Trelawny in his *Recollections*, between pp. 244–5, gives a sketch of the cavern and a description of it, pp. 245–7; in the pages following he gives an account of the shooting and his subsequent sufferings.

fore, only that it was by the most villainous treachery. Two Englishmen were the traitors; one of them, the principal mover in the affair, was killed on the spot, his name Fenton; the other, after I had kept him 5 weeks, ironed hand and foot, on bread and water, on his making a deposition of the whole business, in consideration of his youth, I allowed to escape, his name Whitcombe. They were instigated to undertake this assassination for a considerable sum of money, to be paid on delivering up the fortress I was holding for General Ulysses, the Greek Chieftain.

After being wounded I continued two months on Parnassus, and being under strict blockade, could procure neither doctor or medicine, so you may imagine what a host of evils I had to contend against. But fortune befriended me. Whilst I was thus lingering on between life and death, Capt. Hamilton,[1] the senior officer in the archipelago, heard of my perilous situation and twice sent to the nearest port of Embarkation a sloop of war, the "Sparrowhawk," Capt. Stewart; indeed several Captains on the station volunteered to bring me off. On the second appearance of the "Sparrowhawk" I succeeded in getting on board of her, but with great difficulty. I was then brought first on board the "Cambrian" to see Hamilton, and then conveyed here in the "Zebra," Capt. Williams. Good living and doctoring on board the men of war, in which I remained nearly two months, did wonders for my health. My right arm, of which for four months I was entirely deprived, is now becoming

[1] Finlay says in *A History of Greece*, p. 30, that "Hamilton was the first public advocate of the Greek cause among Englishmen in an influential position, and he deserves to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of Greece."

animated with returning life, and I doubt not of its being restored, but not to its former strength. I am afraid it will not be what it was, that is, I shall not be able to thrash you again, which I regret, but I will try, if you do not write, and that speedily.

Yours truly,

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

I write with my left fin.

(Postscript on the margins)

The chest of books, I wrote to St. Aubyn for, has not come. If not already sent, let it remain at our good friend Dunn.[1] How is old D. getting on? I wished often for him as commissary in my garrison; even with my frugal habits, I have been often put to a push to keep soul and body together. As to you, you would not have stood it a month.

We are now looking out for Cochrane,[2] and besides his fleet there is a military force coming out. A most gallant officer[3] here will take the command, not Wilson.

[1] See *ante*, p. 64.

[2] Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald (1775–1860). A British naval officer who made a brilliant record during the Napoleonic wars down to 1809, when, on account of difficulties with his superiors, he was placed on half-pay. In 1814, on unproved charges of complicity in a parliamentary scandal, his name was struck off the list of the navy, and he was expelled from the House of Commons, although immediately afterwards returned member by Westminster. He fought in the service of Chili, 1817–22, and won brilliant victories as commander-in-chief of the naval forces of that Republic. From 1823 to 1825 he distinguished himself by other victories in the service of Brazil. Toward the end of 1825 he accepted the chief command of the Greek navy; for eighteen months he superintended the first part of the construction of six modern war steamers for Greece in England, and arrived at Hydra only on March 17, 1827, in a small yacht. According to Finlay (*A History of Greece*, vol. vi, p. 417), Cochrane's services had been purchased by Greece "at an exorbitant price." In 1832 he was reinstated in the navy as rear-admiral.

[3] Sir Charles James Napier, who then governed Cephalonia for the English, under the High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland, was invited by the Greeks to take the command of their army, but, *fide* Finlay (*A History*

At present everything is in a most disastrous way for Greece. Our only hopes are in what Cochrane's ships can do.

I got one letter from you and some writing paper.

I have good smoking here and have some capital horse flesh; lost two beautiful Arabs, taken by the Turks, 3 entirely done up by work, one Arab with me here brought by Whittemore (?) from Egypt. W. is gone on to Constantinople. You knew him at Genoa.

I would send you Tobacco, but no Craft for Leghorn *come out here.* I shall be here the winter, and we will have some good smoking together. I will give you rations. I have lost *all* my traps, papers, and spent 12 hundred pd. to serve the Greeks, and yet the English papers call me Turk.

XXXVII.

To Claire Clairmont.

October 22. 1825
Cephalonia, Ionian Islands.

Dearest Friend,

For 18[1] months it has been utterly out of the question my writing—it was impossible!!

I am now emancipated; I have descended from my mountain strongholds on Parnassus, where I have been carrying on the war for nearly two years—and was landed here from an English Frigate—had I

of Greece, vol. vi, p. 417), "though the demands of Napier were very moderate in a pecuniary point of view, the negotiations failed, because he insisted on some military arrangements as necessary to insure success, and the Greek government was either unwilling or unable to adopt them." Sir Richard Church finally took the post.

[1] The numeral is plain enough; but he is five months out in his reckoning.

staid another month my bones had been now whitening there.—I have had a narrow escape Claire—terribly cut up—Death thought me his own—he seized me by the body and limbs—but relented ere his icy paw had clutched my heart—and whether in pity—or hate—or perhaps considering his own interest best served—he let me go; and I am recovering fast from two very severe wounds. I found two letters here from you, they are of old date—but full of kindness—which I still hope is unchanged—only this—they prevent my writing a long letter—as your address may be changed; surely God you are not still in Moscow[1]—besides my right or writing arm is nearly useless to me—yes I can no longer bear arms—well I'll take to the distaff—or sit on the corner stone of London bridge and beg—I shall stay here this winter, so write me—how annoying so many of your letters should have miscarried—only two has reached me—in two years.—

This has been a most disastrous year for Greece; besides the numerous armies of legitimate Turks, we have been swarmed with the Pasha of Egypt's wild Arabs—and my poor Greece is becoming—like their deserts—a wild waste—but write me Claire—lets know where and how you are—and by that time I shall be better able to write—of Mary and Jane tis a year since I have heard of or from them.

Your Affectionate

Edward Trelawny.

[1] He was soon to hear from Mary that she was.

XXXVIII.

To James Henry Leigh Hunt.

February 1. 1826
Cefalonia
Ionian Islands.

Dear Hunt,

There is a tremendous gap in our correspondence—but none I trust in our friendship—that will hold together proof against time and accident—at least with me—writing is a pleasant substitute between friends when debarred talking together; besides here I am tolerably certain of letters reaching their destination— but it was not so when I was in Greece.

So you are in London again. Johnson says no man abuses London that has lived in it—and that he knows no view so magnificent as the one up Fleet Street—which stops my saying aught against it—or venturing at comparisons of scenes in Italy or Greece—but this I will say, the sun here is sometimes seen—and the skies are occasionally blue—which is more than any one has ventured to say of that Devil's Paradise London—however if you will send me an affidavit signed by a Middlesex magistrate—that such a thing has, or may happen—for Poets have a happy talent at lying—why then I will venture another trial of the strength of my lungs in its mirky and suffocating human vapours—for natural atmosphere there is none—and furthermore I will add the authority of the great Abernethy—which is as potent to the point, as that great Behemoth—Johnson. Abernethy in one of his Lectures at Bartholomew's Hospital says—"I

will suppose that a healthy subject—which I do not think is to be *found* in London"!—&c. &c. &c.

However, old haunts and old friends are pleasant things wherever found—Hell would be no Hell with them, or Heaven Heaven without them! so I give you joy of your being in London—nevertheless do not forget the land we caroused pottle deep—right Etruscan grapes—together.—Did you not visit Rome?—and what's become of our good friends Brown and Severn? are they too in England?—has Mary Ann the Lover of dark beards recovered her strength?—I think often of you all and oftener of those of our Pisa circle—Shelley, Byron, Williams!—*And where are they?*—

> "In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
> We will not think of themes like these."

Alas poor Greece, its aspect at present is a subject not less sad—after its long and bloody struggle to rend its chains asunder—it is come to this—their only chance of freedom seems at present the sharp edge of a Turkish scymitar—and there is no lack of such bloody emancipation—Ibrahim Pasha with his Arabs are as deadly as the simoon of their own deserts—he says he will exterminate the name of Christian in the land—and transplant his Arabs there—and if Europe continues her apathy—then he will accomplish his vow—three parts of the Peloponnesus are now in his hands, with the five best fortresses—the Greeks have only Napoli—Corinth and the Acropolis in Attica—Ibrahim is now at Patras—preparing military engines to storm Missolonghi—under the direction of his French officers—and tis probable he will succeed in taking it—all the other parts of Western and great

part of Eastern Greece is already in his hands—and on the fall of Missolonghi—the Acropolis of Athens will be bombarded—I am now partly recovered from my wounds and shall return to Greece—but in the spring or summer I shall most probably be in England—I shall then have completed the term assigned in the Crusades to the Red Cross Knights—three years—would to heaven those gallant Knights had left some of their spirit amongst us! but tis plain the very shadows of chivalry have disappeared from the North—Greece seems less thought of than St. Domingo or Mrs. Cootes—Love to Maryanne

Your sincere friend

E. J. Trelawny.

There is news from Smyrna that 16,000 houses are burnt at Constantinople!!!

XXXIX.

To John Hunt.

Greece

Zante, April 27, 1826

Dear Hunt,

The intense anxiety we have been in here for two months as to the fate of Missolonghi has given way to the painful certainty of its total destruction, and we are sunk into gloom and despair.—Its heroic defence for five years, insulated, unaided, and alone, standing in opposition against a mighty Empire—a paltry fishing town, floating on a mud-bank,—inhabited by petty traffickers,—banked in with mud—defended by a few almost useless cannon—has kept

for five years a succession of immense armies in check—and stood as an advanced bulwark in defence of its country!—But man is not omnipotent—heroes are not immortal—and the heroic bosoms that for years have stood the bulwark of their country are now cold as the heroes of Marathon and Thermopyle.

The following is an extract of a letter dated Cefalonia 24 April 1826:—"We are all melancholy here with the news from Missolonghi—I have no doubt the particulars will have reached you—our intelligence is but too well authenticated, being by the gun boat.—The Garrison had been so reduced by famine as to feed upon human flesh for several days—part of them had not stomach for this and were starving—which state of things led to the resolution to set fire to the Town; to this it seems they added the terrible alternative of destroying all their women and children, which they effected by collecting them over a mine and exploding it!—The Garrison then sallied out sword in hand.—Their fate is not *known*.—This appears to have taken place on Saturday, and the night of that day.—Yesterday morning the smoke arising from Missolonghi was visible from the S.E. of this Island—Capt. Johnstone of the 'Chanticleer' was sending away the Ionian boats with refugees from Petala, as Ibrahim is determined to take possession of it."

This, though horrible, is a fitting consummation for men determined to be *free*,—and death is freedom. Our news from the Morea is bad.—There is great confusion at Napoli. The Fanariote Government of Condoriotti, Mavrocordato, Coletti, &c. are ousted, the Capitani are carrying all before them. Pietro Bey,

the Moreote Chief, is named President, and a new Executive Body are elected, in the interest of the military.—But the victorious Arabs, intoxicated with continual success and drunk with blood, are carrying fire and destruction through Eastern and Western Greece, in conjunction with the Albanians from Negropont and Zetusei—The Greeks are all in despair—and not without cause.—Private thirst of plunder and revenge possess all bosoms, and, entirely occupied with their civil dissensions, they take no heed of the rapid destruction of their country's hope of emancipation.—Fortune, which proved such a staunch ally to the Greeks, is now deserting their banner—the Cross again bows to the Crescent.

E. TRELAWNY.

XL.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Straney-Hill
May 6. 1826
Zante.

DEAR MARY,

I am removed to Zante to be nearer Greece—besides Colonel Gordon—who is come out to aid the Hellenists resides here—we have taken pretty villas in the country near together—and have tolerable society—this is a most divine Island—then the climate beats Pisa out and out—and as for views I think I may without vaunting match the view from my Cottage with any in Europe—Cefalonia is a dull and melancholy Island—sterile, poor, and thinly populated—with scarcely a tree, herb, flower, or green

spot; and the Town—being sunk in a deep bay hemmed in with rocks and red parched hills—commands no range of view. I was induced to go there from my intimacy with several of its residents—but I got low and feverish there—and as Gordon determined to stay here, I was glad of the plea to join him—and am fortunate in getting the prettiest house in the Island. One of the ill consequences of my wandering life is that I cannot now remain stationary.

An old friend of mine, Capn. Watt,—a Lieutenant in the navy—but now turning account in a merchant vessel of his own—sailed on his way to England ten days back—and I desired him to call on you—with letters and commissions &c. as he returns here—to Zante—speedily;—two days back he was obliged to return to here; and so I go on chatting to you—it's the only way we have of talking now, Mary—the winter ensuing I hope we shall be together—I often wish you were here—I often think of inviting you to come here—and when my affairs allow me to move from here I should like to fix my residence at Naples or at least in Italy—I do not wish to visit England in my present state of poverty—England is not a country for the poor to thrive in—a little time, Mary, and fortune will relent his persecution of us—I hope—for that is the great impediment that separates us—and I never was poorer than now—you say you have formed no new attachments—and that I hold a place in your affections—you know Mary that I always loved you impetuously and sincerely—and time proves its durability—we are both somewhat self-willed and cross-grained—and choose to love in our

own fashions,—but still where is there a truer friendship than that which cements together Mary S. and E. T.? If I lose you I should be poor indeed.

I always said Greece could not liberate herself; it seems Europe leaves her to her fate—and that fate is not far distant—which will verify my predictions. Missolonghi, reduced by famine—strictly blockaded by Ibrahim Pasha—by sea and land—unaided by the Greeks—has fallen a prey to the Arabs—the sword and bayonet have made clean work there—and of its ten thousand inhabitants—I doubt that ten are living to tell the tragic story of their fate—fire and powder has completed the destruction of what was Missolonghi—

> "And many a time ye there might pass
> Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:"

The next slaughter will I think be at Hydra.—The Greeks will then no longer stay in Napoli—and yet surrounded by ruin and death the Greeks were never so far from being united as they are at this instant—the Greeks seem indifferent to the fate of their country—so that they can glut their private hatred; revenge with them is virtue—their jealousy and hatred of each other seems to fill every bosom—and the sacred cause they armed in is forgot—thus then a revolution commenced by a million of slaves against their masters in 1821 ends in 1826 with the loss of more than half their numbers—and the survivors are ceded from their slavery to the free and not cruel Turk—to be bondsmen to their Arab slaves—to be slaves of slaves—and sunk into abject, hopeless, and eternal slavery—their only hope is that the bloody Asiatic may do by their other Cities as he has by

Ipsara and Missolonghi—exterminate [with fire and sword?]

I do not say anything of my movements, as they are most uncertain—I have still a deep interest in the possibility of saving some of the miserable Greeks by getting them to these Islands.

Dear Mary

Yours entirely

E. T.

XLI.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

letters to the care of
Saml. Barff Esq^e.
But dont send my
letters through Bowring.

Aug^st. 25 1826
Straney Hill,
Zante,
Ionian Islands.

Dear Mary,

It is a very long time since I have heard from you or Jane—and two or three months since I have written. The reason is I have been moving about—and taking occasional cruises in our Men of War. I am but now returned from Patras and Missolonghi—I was anxious to see in what state was the latter place, and took a run there in the "Zebra" Sloop of War.—It now adds one more to the many ruined Cities in Greece—all that war and fire could do has been done. Greeks and Turks and Arabs have emulated each other in the work of destruction, one moved by desperation and despair, the other by vengeance and ferocity.—But this is from my purpose, which is to tell you that I am annoyed at a lying rascal calling himself Count Palma—who in a book lately published adds

a note to latter part of it in which he says "that during the life of Lord Byron—I was maintained by that nobleman." — Now is not this enough to make *me* savage—if I had no more bile than a cockchafer—any thing but that—call me Turk—savage—pirate, robber, any thing—but not a hireling—a paid menial of a Lord—thank heaven my right arm is not so wasted of its strength but that it can chastise the liar who asserted it—but at present he is in London and I am here, and a charge of this sort should not remain unreplied to.—Will you consult Hunt about it? I thought of writing to him; but he has enough of writing on his hands.—This is what I should wish to say on the subject. I must first premise that this slanderous Count Palma is a refugee Piedmontan, and secondly that he was an agent of the Greek Deputies in London and paid by them.

A Count Palma in a work—ridiculously styled a Defence of the Greeks—has affixed a note reflecting on my character (Page): to the absurdities and falsehoods contained therein generally I am not called on to reply.—It is of the same texture with many other books treating on the same subject—originating in the vanity, ignorance, or avarice, of their respective authors—Time bears me out in this assertion; and now they cannot deceive the most shallow observer of events.—To revolutionary agents and the above-mentioned writing gentry who figure as the heroes of their own romances may be mainly attributed that the liberal hands and hearts which have been moved in aid of the unfortunate Greeks have lavished their money and talents in vain.—Of those

stock jobbing gentry whose trade is to lie and rob, tis useless to complain that amidst their mightier swindling transactions—they have not disdained the paltry pilfering of the Greek loan—tis their vocation, and as Falstaff says "tis no harm in a man labouring in his vocation!"—I could not refrain digressing thus far from my subject, which is briefly to say that the note alluded to in Count Palma's Book is a malicious calumny invented to accompany the tissue of lies contained in the work it is inserted in!—

—There is a Parson too, as I am told, has published the most absurd stories against me—Swan by name—Parson of the "Cambrian"—a most ridiculous dandy—who is angry with me for ridiculing and laughing at him and his daily follies when I was on board the "Cambrian" as the guest of Captain Hamilton. I have not seen his book but am told his abuse is of the sacerdotal school, orthodox such as none but these saintly[1] gentry are vulgar or base enough to invent and promulgate.—Must these personal slanders be borne?—I suppose so.—Well, Dear Mary, I have almost filled my letter and left little space to[2] gossip—or tell my long yarns as you call them—I certainly should have been home before, but that we have been this year in almost daily expectation of Lord C[ochrane's] arrival and I should not like to be out of the way when he is here.—

How anxious I am to hear from you and Jane! Do let me have a long 'yarn,' and tell Jane she is indebted a yarn to me—which I beg she will instantly

[1] This word is not plainly written; but I think it must be meant for *saintly*.

[2] He wrote *of*, but evidently meant *to*.

pay.—Is it true Medwin is dead—is there another gap in our old acquaintances?—Dear Mary, reflecting on the sad war Death is carrying on against our Pisa circle makes me sick to once more embrace you and Jane.

Your sincere and affectionate

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

September 2, 1826.

There is no particular news from the Morea—tis asserted that Col. Faboin commanding the Greek regulars of a thousand men with some of the Romeliots have raised the siege of Athens—which the Turks were preparing to bombard—the Turkish fleet are off the Dardanelles—the Greek ships watching them.—The Egyptian Fleet are said to be on their route to the Morea with reinforcements for Ibrahim; Ibrahim is at Mistra or Tripolitza. The mad Greeks have just concluded another civil war—they have had several severe battles amongst themselves squabbling for a considerable crop of Currants yearly produced in the Gulph of Corinth—as of old the Greeks maintain their reputation for fighting best when opposed by Greeks—they have really showed considerable pluck in two or three battles—for this fruit—but I believe tis now over—this struggle amongst themselves proves they are not so desperately circumstanced as people think them—they will struggle on a long time yet—even if left to themselves—they don't fear the Arabs—now!!![1]

[1] Between this and the next letter, there must have been a despondent one from Mary to Trelawny.

XLII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Zante, 16th December 1826.

Dear Mary,

I received your letter the other day, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to hear from you, for however assured we are of a friend's durability of affection, it is soothing to be occasionally reassured of it. I sympathise in your distresses. I have mine, too, on the same score—a bountiful will and confined means are a curse, and often have I execrated my fortunes so ill corresponding with my wishes. But who can control his fate? Old age and poverty is a frightful prospect; it makes the heart sick to contemplate, even in the mind's eye—the reality would wring a generous nature till the heart burst. Poverty is the vampyre which lives on human blood, and haunts its victims to destruction. Hell can fable no torment exceeding it, and all the other calamities of human life—wars, pestilence, fire—cannot compete with it. It is the climax of human ill. You may be certain that I could not write thus on what I did not feel. I am glad you say you have better hopes; when things are at the worst, they say, there is hope. So do I hope. Lord Cochrane and his naval expedition having so long and unaccountably been kept back, delayed me here from month to month till the winter has definitively set in, and I am in no state for a winter's voyage; my body is no longer weatherproof. But I must as soon as possible get to England, though my residence there will be transitory. I shall then most probably hurry on to Italy.

The frigate from America is at last arrived in Greece, but whether Cochrane is on board of her I know not. With the loss of my friend Odysseus, my enthusiasm has somewhat abated; besides that I could no longer act with the prospect of doing service, and toiling in vain is heartless work. But have I not done so all my life? The affairs of Greece are so bad that little can be done to make them worse. If Cochrane comes, and is supported with means sufficient, there is still room for hope. I am in too melancholy a mood to say more than that, whatever becomes of me,—I am always your true and affectionate

E. Trelawny.

XLIII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Zante, Ionian Islands, 24th October 1827.

Dearest Mary,

I received your letter dated July, and replied to both you and Hunt; but I was then at Cerigo, and as the communication of the islands is carried on by a succession of boats, letters are sometimes lost. I have now your letter from Arundel, 9th September. It gives me pleasure to hear your anxieties as to money matters are at an end; it is one weighty misery off your heart. You err most egregiously if you think I am occupied with women or intrigues, or that my time passes pleasantly. The reverse of all this is the case; neither women nor amusements of any sort occupy my time, and a sadder or more accursed kind of existence I never in all my experi-

ence of life endured, or, I think, fell to the lot of human being. I have been detained here for these last ten months by a villainous law-suit, which may yet endure some months longer, and then I shall return to you as the same unconnected, lone, and wandering vagabond you first knew me. I have suffered a continual succession of fevers during the summer; at present they have discontinued their attack; but they have, added to what I suffered in Greece, cut me damnably, and I fancy now I must look like an old patriarch who has outlived his generation. I cannot tell whether to congratulate Jane or not; the foundation she has built on for happiness implies neither stability nor permanent security; for a summer bower tis well enough to beguile away the summer months, but for the winter of life I, for my part, should like something more durable than a fabric made up of vows and promises. Nor can I say whether it would be wise or beneficial to either should Clare consent to reside with you in England; in any other country it might be desirable, but in England it is questionable.

The only motive which has deterred me from writing to Jane and Clare is that I have been long sick and ill at ease, daily anticipating my return to the Continent, and concocting plans whereby I might meet you all, for one hour after long absence is worth a thousand letters. And as to my heart, it is pretty much as you left it; no new impressions have been made on it or earlier affections erased. As we advance in the stage of life we look back with deeper recollections from where we first started; at least, I find it so. Since the death of Odysseus, for whom

I had the sincerest friendship, I have felt no private interest for any individual in this country. The Egyptian fleet, and part of the Turkish, amounting to some hundred sail, including transports, have been totally destroyed by the united squadron of England, France, and Russia in the harbour of Navarino; so we soon expect to see a portion of Greece wrested from the Turks, and something definitely arranged for the benefit of the Greeks.—Dearest Mary, I am ever your

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

To Jane and Clare say all that is affectionate from me, and forget not Leigh Hunt and his Mary Ann. *I* would write them all, but I am sick at heart.

XLIV.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Southampton, 8th July 1828.

DEAR MARY,

My moving about and having had much to do must be my excuse for not writing as often as I should do. That it is but an excuse I allow; the truth would be better, but who nowadays ever thinks of speaking truth? The true reason, then, is that I am getting old, and writing has become irksome. You cannot plead either, so write on, dear Mary. I love you sincerely, no one better. Time has not quenched the fire of my nature; my feelings and passions burn fierce as ever, and will till they have consumed me. I wear the burnished livery of the sun.

To whom am I a neighbour? and near whom? I dwell amongst tame and civilised human beings,

with somewhat the same feelings as we may guess the lion feels when, torn from his native wilderness, he is tortured into domestic intercourse with what Shakespeare calls "forked animals," the most abhorrent to his nature.

You see by this how little my real nature is altered, but now to reply to yours. I cannot decidedly say or fix a period of our meeting. It shall be soon, if you stay there, at Hastings; but I have business on hand I wish to conclude, and now that I can see you when I determine to do so, I, as you see, postpone the engagement because it is within my grasp. Such is the perverseness of human nature! Nevertheless, I will write, and I pray you to do so likewise. You are my dear and long true friend, and as such I love you.—Yours, dear,

TRELAWNY.

I shall remain ten or twelve days here, so address Southampton; it is enough.

XLV.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

Plymouth
July 30. 1828.

MY DEAREST CLAIRE,

Reproach me not with my long silence—you will pardon it when I can orally explain the cause of it—you will wrong me if you think my affection for you is diminished; I am unchanged, dear—at least in heart—and nothing could touch me so near as to find there was a falling off on your side. I have been in England two months nearly—have not seen Mary—

but in a letter I have received from her to-day she tells me you have left Russia—this gives me great pleasure; the distance is diminishing between us and my hopes of soon seeing you awakened. Write, sweet friend, and tell me your movements—say you are unaltered—and that it will give you pleasure our meeting.—It is impossible on this miserable sheet of paper to fill up the blank in our correspondence by a narration of intervening events—we may now look forward to seeing each other; it is not being too sanguine to say so now.—But when you were in Russia and I in Greece—the very antipodes of each other—our chance of again meeting was indeed but little.

Here I am in the west, my native country—revisiting relations and friends—who had thought me dead and worn their customary suit of mourning—and little anticipated my so speedy resurrection! A slow and wasting fever has long been undermining my health and sapping my strength—but I am now getting over it—in October I shall be in Paris at the Hotel de Paris—Rue Rivoli—and then on to Florence—to pass the winter in Italy—the intermediate time I m[ust] dedicate here—to my family—I have been ten years absent from them.

My Dear Claire, I beseech you write to me—I am most impatient to renew my correspondence with you—rest satisfied

I am still Your sincerely Attached

J. E. Trelawny.

direct to me *Southampton*—and the letter will find me assuredly—

XLVI.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Trewithen, September 1828.

Dear Mary,

I really do not know why I am everlastingly boring you with letters. Perhaps it is to prevent you forgetting me; or to prove to you that I do not forget you; or I like it, which is a woman's reason. . . .

How is Jane (Hogg)? Do remember me kindly to her. I hope you are friends, and that I shall see her in town. I have no right to be discontented or fastidious when she is not. I trust she is contented with her lot; if she is, she has an advantage over most of us. Death and Time have made sad havoc amongst my old friends here; they are never idle, and yet we go on as if they concerned us not, and thus dream our lives away till we wake no more, and then our bodies are thrown into a hole in the earth, like a dead dog's, that infects the atmosphere, and the void is filled up, and we are forgotten.

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder? . . .

XLVII.

To Claire Clairmont.

November 19, 1828
Fladong's Hotel
Oxf^{d} St

Dearest,

I am ashamed at not having instantly replied to your letter—but how reply to such a letter—

beautiful it is—but its melancholy strain vibrates on my heart and fills me with sadness! how undeserved is your fate—all goodness yourself you have met with nothing but unprovoked ill—it is ever the fate of the gentle and worthy—tis an old tale—history and tradition tells us it was ever so and reason and experience shows it will be so—whilst the most worthless are the most powerful—rascals and villains reign triumphant thro' the world—and their cause is sanctified and made holy by success—we who are of the weakest side must be content to pine in sorrow and solitude—to grieve o'er grievances we cannot redress—we know our efforts are vain, and yet it deters not the just and noble from shedding their blood freely and fearlessly.—

But I will not indulge this baneful feeling of melancholy despondency which you have excited in my bosom — I am naturally too prone to it — and it requires all my resolution to fight against its ascendancy;—my Dear Claire, rather by shaking it from you encourage me to preserve myself from its baneful influence—than by letting your firm soul sink into despondency—shake off, Dear Claire,—that dreadful murky gloom—which is o'er-mastering your strong mind—arouse yourself—you have duties to fulfil—many love you, and you owe us your love—if we are to fall—let it not be without a struggle—our cause is good, and let that give us hope—that we are not to live in vain. Write to me—my sweet Claire—good night Dear—and remember that I at least am

Your Dear friend

J. E. T.

XLVIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

January 1. 1829
Fladong's Hotel

Dear Claire,

Why will you not dedicate one spare hour to me?—nothing gives me so much pleasure as your letters—I prefer them infinitely to oral communion—particularly as you are becoming so horridly prudish—and sister-like insensible.

I consider you very fish-like—bloodless—and insensible—you are the counterpart of Werter—a sort of bread butter and worsted stockings—like Charlotte fit for "suckling fools and chronicling small beer."

Adieu old Aunt

J. Edward Trelawny.

XLIX.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Poste Restante, Florence, 11th March 1829.

Dear Mary,

I arrived here some sixteen or seventeen days back. I travelled in a very leisurely way; whilst on the road I used expedition, but I stayed at Lyons, Turin, Genoa, and Leghorn. I have taken up my quarters with Brown. I thought I should get a letter here from you or Clare, but was disappointed. The letter you addressed to Paris I received; tell Clare I was pained at her silence, yet though she neglects to write to me, I shall not follow her example, but will write her in a few days.

My principal object in writing to you now is to tell you that I am actually writing my own life. Brown and Landor are spurring me on, and are to review it sheet by sheet, as it is written; moreover, I am commencing as a tribute of my great love for the memory of Shelley his life and moral character. Landor and Brown are in this to have a hand, therefore I am collecting every information regarding him. I always wished you to do this, Mary: if you will not, as of the living[1] I love him and you best, incompetent as I am, I must do my best to show him to the world as I found him. Do you approve of this? Will you aid in it? without which it cannot be done. Will you give documents? Will you write anecdotes? or—be explicit on this, dear—give me your opinion; if you in the least dislike it, say so, and there is an end of it; if on the contrary, set about doing it without loss of time. Both this and my life will be sent you to peruse and approve or alter before publication, and I need not say that you will have free scope to expunge all you disapprove of.

I shall say no more till I get your reply to this.

The winter here, if ten or twelve days somewhat cold can be called winter, has been clear, dry, and sunny; ever since my arrival in Italy I have been sitting without fire, and with open windows. Come away, dear Mary, from the horrible climate you are in; life is not endurable where you are.

Florence is very gay, and a weight was taken from my mind, and body too, in getting on this side of the

[1] It can scarcely be doubted that what was in his mind was, not this phrase speaking of Shelley as *living*, but some such words as *of the living you and I love him best.*

Alps. Heaven and hell cannot be very much more dissimilar. . . .

You may suppose I have now writing enough without scrawling long letters, so pardon this short one, dear Mary, from your affectionate

E. J. TRELAWNY.

P.S.—Love to Clare.[1]

[1] To this letter Mary promptly replied in one from which the following paragraphs are extracted (see Mrs. Julian Marshall's second volume, pp. 193–4):—

"I am glad that you are occupying yourself, and I hope that your two friends will not cease urging you till you really put to paper the strange wild adventures you recount so well. With regard to the other subject, you may guess, my dear Friend, that I have often thought, often done more than think on the subject. There is nothing I shrink from more fearfully than publicity. I have too much of it, and, what is worse, I am forced by my hard situation to meet it in a thousand ways. Could you write my husband's life without naming me, it would be something, but even then I should be terrified at the rousing the slumbering voice of the public; each critique, each mention of your work might drag me forward. Nor indeed is it possible to write Shelley's life in that way. Many men have his opinions,—none heartily and conscientiously act on them as he did,—it is his act that marks him.

"You know me, or you do not—in which case I will tell you what I am—a silly goose, who, far from wishing to stand forward to assert myself in any way, now that I am alone in the world, have but the time to wrap night and the obscurity of insignificance around me. This is weakness, but I cannot help it; to be in print, the subject of men's observations, of the bitter hard world's commentaries, to be attacked or defended, this ill becomes one who knows how little she possesses worthy to attract attention, and whose chief merit—if it be one—is a love of that privacy which no woman can emerge from without regret.

"Shelley's life must be written. I hope one day to do it myself, but it must not be published now. There are too many concerned to speak against him; it is still too sore a subject. Your tribute of praise, in a way that cannot do harm, can be introduced into your own life. But remember, I pray for omission, for it is not that you will not be too kind, too eager to do me more than justice. But I only seek to be forgotten.

"Clare has written to you she is about to return to Germany. She will, I suppose, explain to you the circumstances that make her return to the lady she was before with desirable. She will go to Carlsbad, and the baths will be of great service to her. Her health is improved, though very far from restored. For myself, I am as usual well in health and longing for summer, when I may enjoy the peace that alone is left me. I am another person under the genial influence of the sun; I can live unrepining with no other enjoyment but the country made bright and cheerful by its beams; till then I languish. Percy is

L.

To Claire Clairmont.

Florence
April 7. 1829

Dearest Claire,

Why will you not write to me?—hitherto you have always been better than your word; to correspond with you is to me a source of almost unmingled pleasure; and every year I find my pleasures diminish and my discontent augment;—do not let your inconstancy add to the latter,—let us make our

quite well; he grows very fast and looks very healthy.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear from you, dear friend, so write often. I have now answered your letter, though I can hardly call this one. So you may very soon expect another. How are your dogs? and where is Roberts? Have you given up all idea of shooting? I hear Medwin is a great man at Florence, so Pisa and economy are at an end."

That Trelawny replied with characteristic warmth the following rejoinder from Mary will satisfy the curious:—

15th December 1829.

"... Your last letter was not at all kind. You are angry with me, but what do you ask, and what do I refuse? You talk of writing Shelley's life, and ask me for materials. Shelley's life, as far as the public have to do with it, consisted of few events, and these are publicly known; the private events were sad and tragical. How would you relate them? As Hunt has, slurring over the real truth? Wherefore write fiction? and the truth, any part of it, is hardly for the rude cold world to handle. His merits are acknowledged, his virtues;—to bring forward actions which, right or wrong (and that would be a matter of dispute), were in their results tremendous, would be to awaken calumnies and give his enemies a voice. ...

"As to giving Moore materials for Lord Byron's life, I thought—I think—I did right. I think I have achieved a great good by it. I wish it to be kept secret—decidedly I am averse to its being published, for it would destroy me to be brought forward in print. I commit myself on this point to your generosity. I confided the fact to you as I would anything I did, being my dearest friend, and had no idea that I was to find in you a harsh censor and public denouncer. ...

"Did I uphold Medwin? I thought that I had always disliked him. I am sure I thought him a great annoyance, and he was always borrowing crowns which he never meant to pay and we could ill spare. He was Jane's friend more than any one's.

"To be sure, we did not desire a duel, nor a horsewhipping, and Lord Byron and Mrs. B. ... worked hard to promote peace."

offering in the temple of friendship—as the incense we burnt on the altar of Love has been scattered in the air—and arose not to Heaven! Will you refuse me your friendship dear Claire? I do not believe it—your gentle and amiable nature is my surety and hope that we may live and die firm and constant friends;—write to me then, dear—and assure me I am not mistaken.

I wrote to you from Calais—or Paris—I forget which—anticipating I should find a letter from you on my arrival here—I wrote to Mary too—and did get a reply—I have written to her again.—I have been goaded on by others and partly by my own desires to undertake the writing a History of my life—beginning with my earliest remembrances—up to the present period—it is to be written to the extent of my ability clearly—and fearlessly,—seventy printed pages are already done,—no one has seen it but Brown and Landor—and they urge me on.

I shall introduce Shelley—at the period I became acquainted with him—all that I can narrate that tends to do him honour I shall set down—but nothing more—for though I shall not spare myself—I do not agree with the modern scoundrelly system of ingratiating oneself into the confidence of others—to expose them to the world as such mercenary literary vagabonds as Medwin, Moore and a host of others have lately done.—I have requested of Mary to aid me in doing justice to Shelley—by letting me have any letters or writings of his which will demonstrate him to the world as he was,—as perhaps it is a more effectual way—of her doing it through me than doing it herself.—Sir Tim's family and her

son are worldly reasons for her perhaps remaining quiet on the subject.—My life, if the matter is sufficient, will be divided into two separate eras—the first under the title of Treloen—which is a family name—will be brought up to 1820—and the remaining years up to 1827 will be under my own name of Trelawny; the publication of either or both will depend on circumstances—in the meantime it will fill up my idle hours;—when it is in a forward state or completed, you and Mary shall see it—in the meantime I request you and Mary will afford me your assistance in that which I wish particularly to be well done—the character, opinions, and life of Shelley: tell Mary this.

Is there no hopes, my Claire, of your ever returning here?—how I should delight in again seeing you in Italy.—

My spirits are more than usually depressed by a melancholy account—in a letter from my friend Johnson—informing [me] he is utterly ruined by the failure of his agent in India—all his property is swallowed up—you remember he is the adopted Father of my Eliza—I must therefore resume charge of her—and shall do so with pleasure—but this will be a fetter to my roving—and Italy is not the country to form the mind of a woman.—The Italians are rotten to the very core—depraved sensualists without a single redeeming virtue.—

It is true one may live in retirement—but where all are bad it is impossible to escape contamination, and the force of early habits, and the associations of our early life have an influence over all our after lives—which no force of reason or strength of mind can

withstand—or why is it here that amongst the Italians none escape the contagion? I can form no determination yet—when the time comes I shall decide.

How is your health?—what sort of weather have you had?—what I saw of it was enough for me—I fled—and remained in a state of mental and bodily torture or rather torpor—till I got this side of the Alps—I then began to breathe—and expand—and have suffered nothing from cold since.

Love to Mary and Jane
And believe me Your
EDWARD TRE.

Post Scriptum—

DEAR CLAIRE,

Your melancholy discontent gave me great uneasiness in Town—it is preying on your very vitals—surely with such a mind as yours you should not give yourself up to grief—you have done no wrong—and the wrongs of others should not triumph over such a soul as yours,—do you lack courage in setting the world at nought—to let its petty slanders stain the pure and unsullied tranquility that should reign in a pure mind?—perhaps the climate and your desolate situation oppresses your heart—if so dear Girl come away—to the clear sky of Italy—and be sure of this—that what I have is thine—and whilst I have a house to shelter you it is yours—a heart—all unworthy as it is—is yours—an arm—it shall defend you;—unhappy myself, I cannot make you happy—but I may lighten your sorrows by participating those you must bear and shielding you from those to come,—so come away, Dear Girl—and doubt not my

truth—and doubt not me; for whatever I am—I am never anything but your true friend

EDWARD.

Send me your Journal; and I will show you what I have been—by sending you the history of my past Life!

LI.

To JOSEPH SEVERN.

Ancona
June 21, 1829

DEAR SEVERN,

It's long since we have communed by letters and longer since we have met,—yet now that we are resident in the same land, I hope to again shake hands with you and that speedily, more particularly as I am told you are matched with a gentle and most sweet Lady; now the mystery of Alchemy,—the discovery of Longitude,—the phoenix,—the philosopher's stone, or the Duke of Milan with his enchanted Island—old Sycorax,—Caliban—and the rest—(I say do you mark me?—) that I have thought any or all of these were less difficult to find than a woman whom a husband—after a year's possession—really thought perfect—as I am told you do your Wife and have felt no compunctious visitings o' the conscience—or chew'd the cud of sweet—and bitter—memory of their days of freedom—well, I wish you joy; and thinking it worth a journey—though to the antipodes—shall certainly make a pilgrimage to the shrine where you have garnered up your heart—as doubtless will others from the four quarters of this Vale of earth. Mecca, Loretto and the hoary temples

of India will lose their wonted worshippers—and even St. Peter's toe be left green with mould—all worship being transferred to Mrs. Severn—and Shelley's creed of universal Love become the sole creed on Earth.—

But the object of my writing—though principally to congratulate you—is in some degree to serve myself—by requesting you will—either through Freeborn and Smith—or Col. Finch [1]—or in what other manner you in your wisdom think meet—make, or get made, application to the proper Authorities at Rome to commute the period of quarantine which my little daughter Zella will otherwise be condemned to pass in the Lazaret here—on her arrival from Corfu—from whence I expect her hourly on board an Ionian Vessel. In your application to the Authorities at Rome—who preside over the *Sanità*-regulations—you must say the child is only three years of age—in perfect health *now*, and the danger of losing her health by long confinement—at her delicate time of life—incarcerated in a comfortless Lazaret.

Giving four or five days grace on application where there is any ground to go upon, or what is better where interest is made—is an every-day occurrence and not a favour that is often refused—so I pray you look about you—for it will be doing me a great favour—and address me here—to the care of H. Kain Esq[r], English Consul, Ancona—and so farewell—

Yours and Truly

J. E. Trelawny.

[1] Severn seems to have chosen "the Rev. Colonel Finch." See Letters LIII and LIV.

LII.

To Claire Clairmont.

my address Posta restante
Florence
July 3, 1829
Ancona

Dearest Claire,

I have been travelling about the Northern part of Italy these two months—to try and lesson [*sic*, probably for *lessen*] the sorrow which preys upon my heart;—you smile at this—doubting the reality, and think yourself alone wretched and others must needs be happy; for when with you, I talked and smiled, instead of inflicting your feeling heart by unburthening the load which oppresses mine. I am neither a worldling as Jane denounces me—or selfish and devoid of feeling as perhaps you think me,—the world is full of slander—and why should I make wry faces—because my cup is embittered by its poison?—how can I who rush naked amongst the world who are all armed in proof—escape the venomed arrows which are flying in all directions?—but I'll say no more—you may have some cause to be angry with me; I should have been more serious and candid with you—I confess I have been much to blame,—I wished to be so (not to blame but that I could have been candid)—but mingled considerations tied my tongue and kept me silent—I don't think misery is lessened by disclosure—like the owl it loves solitude and darkness—and hates the sun's light—joy, on the contrary, is not joy, till it is shared by those we love,—even the light I am now letting in on my griefs is painful to me.

I am here at Ancona awaiting the arrival of [my] little girl Zella—whom I expect hourly from the Ionian Islands—with her I shall return to Florence. My principle occupation now—and for the three months gone by—have been writing a true and particular history of my life—from my earliest remembrance—up to my twenty-second or twenty-fourth year—the first volume—containing 350 printed pages is already complete and fairly copied in M.S. as ready for the press,—and I am going on rapidly—though by fits and starts—as memory or inclination serves me: the first part of my life I may possibly have patience to extend to two or three volumes—and then they will be more brief, sketchy, and full of matter than any work of the kind. After that is completed, I determine on a second series—taking up my story where the first is left off at—but the one not reverting in the most shadowy manner to the other (if possible). If the first is published—it will [be] in the true sense of word anonymously,—the second are connected with events of too public a character and recent a date to admit of that; and, whether I shall during my life give publicity to them or not, is very doubtful, and yet for many reasons I think I should have them by me. I never write a line or pass a day without wishing you by my side. You may gainsay that if you please—but nevertheless it is true. Mary has written me a letter which I have just received,—with a good deal of mawkish cant—as to her love of retirement—opinion of the world—and a deal of namby-pamby stuff—as different from her real character and sentiments as Hell is from Helicon. But she has been so long accustomed to a false and inflated style of novel

writing—that separating the dross from the gold, what is there, even in her best, *The Last Man*, but the title of it?—the subject is indeed first rate; but then so little has she done towards it that I look upon it as a thing yet to be done—nothing but words jangling against each other—but never in tune or in their places—like, as Shelley would say or think, a hurricane in pettycoats,—don't be angry at this opinion of mine—but I have been trying to read her *Last Man*—and see how out of humour it has made me: do, Claire, spit in my face and call me dog—and fool—if when you see what I am writing it angers you—as hers does me—and I may truly say it is from my Love for her that I speak—for if I loved her not—why she would be classed with the Morgans and other of that tribe of rabid blues.

Dearest Claire think of me as I am, your devotedly attached

J. E. T.

LIII.

To the Rev. Robert Finch.

Ancona
July 23 1829

Dear Sir,

I thank you sincerely for the trouble you have taken with regard to the diminution of the quarantine of my Child,—I have been absent from here—or should sooner have written. From the neglect of my friend at Corfu the child is not yet arrived here, and till it does—I am told not to apply for the order.

In this instance as in others I have found that strangers are ever readier to do a service, than those

troublesome and officious people we call our friends; for strangers—if they are inclined to move at all in our affairs,—do no more than is asked of them—whilst friends—on the contrary—pluming themselves on their friendship—never do what we wish to be done; but what they think should be done; and therefore I think the next greatest pest to a Wife is a friend—and a man to be free must have neither,—for whilst he has one or the other he has no more free will than a slave of the Sultan's. To give you an instance what troublesome vermin friends are—one of these officious reptiles—to whom my little Greek girl was consigned at Corfu—took it in her head (an absurd woman kind) that as she expresses it "for the honour of an English Gentleman the child should be clothed in the English fashion" before it could be sent to Ancona—consequently it was landed—and the graceful robes of the Greek girl changed for the unseemly doll-like shreds and patches of the European—as to my being detained a couple of months, that was nothing—and the strict orders that I had given—that it should be habited alone in the dress of its own country and speak no other tongue—that was less than nothing—and I suppose now it is detained to learn English—I have written in vain to tell them that I have more respect for a South Sea savage than that exclusive sect who appropriate to themselves the appellation of Gentlemen and that as I cannot (such is my ignorance) comprehend what the devil honour has to do with the cut of a child's frock—or a man's breeches—I shall most assuredly—impious tho' it be—on the child's arrival here commit the English rags to the flames—and as the Lady to whom I wrote

is loose in her morals but tight-laced in her religion—I added that if even the Virgin Mary—or she herself who was just as much a virgin—had made the dresses—it should not avert my profane purpose.

But Dear Sir

I merely sat down to tell you I was exceedingly obliged for your kindness—and not to use the privilege of a friend in inflicting you with a history of my annoyances. Have the goodness to remember me to the Severns.

I have the honour to be
Dear Sir
Your very obliged
J. E. TRELAWNY.

LIV.

TO THE REV. ROBERT FINCH.

July 27. 1829
Hotel de Pace
Ancona.

DEAR COLONEL,

My little girl Zella is at last arrived here—in a vessel of this Place "la Victoria" Capt. Giuseppe Uliscia—from Corfu the regular period of contamination is eighteen days but in consequence of your application they have reduced it to fourteen—but the Consul here says that they should have limited it to ten—and that by a further application he doubts not they will do so—particularly as they have done so by the passengers of another vessel which arrived here on the same day;—if you are still in Rome—and can get speech of the reverend signors in office—you

would add to the obligation your kind interference has already laid me under—by merely asking the question.

And praying you furthermore to pardon my presumption on your former kindness by again troubling you,

I have the Honour
to be Dear Colonel
Your sincerely obliged
J. Edward Trelawny.

LV.

To Claire Clairmont.

Poste Restante
Florence
December 10, 1829.

Dearest Clare,

I have been wandering about in the North of Italy and other places to alleviate if possible the pain and sorrow my child's death gave me. She was the only creature, the only being, the only tie—from which I expected nothing but sweet remembrances—perfect love—in my love to others, however sincere or ardent, there is, and always has been—something or other annexed—which has embittered it—and which it seems is inseparable from all human ties—had Eliza lived it might have been so with her—and by her death fortune has expended her utmost malice on me.—Fortune never gave me anything—and those few good things I wrested from her by desperately adventuring she has most revengefully taken from me—when I thought I was the most secure from her malice reaching me.—

Dear Claire, why don't you write to me?—I wrote to you as you directed me when on the Apennines —perhaps your movements have been delayed or changed—or, as has often been the case with us, letters may have miscarried; at any rate I shall write on.

I am now living in a large Villa two miles from Florence within a stone's throw of where Gallileo once lived—it is on the top of a mountain—and I am in as perfect solitude as you could wish me.—Oh that you were here to share it—my little Zella, who is now near her fourth year, is my only consolation—in Florence I could not cure her of an intermittent fever which she has had since her birth—but which now seems to have entirely left her. I have an excellent woman who has the care of her and a contadino and his wife as servants—which is my only establishment —my occupation is in writing—the second volume of my life is nearly finished; but though I am writing as briefly as perspicuity will admit of—the History of my life will fill five or six Volumes, and that only the marrow of the many events which have happened— three volumes will be ready for publication in a few months—remember, Claire, I anticipate your assistance in sketching the life and character of Shelley, to do which whilst you are writing me you can dedicate half your paper to that subject, either going on connectedly—or by scraps as you feel inclined: as to Mary I have thrown the gauntlet down to her— and as she will not contribute—why I'll do without her—or if compelled to speak of her, I shall speak according to her deserts, but not unjustly or in anger. —Dear Claire, I feel no confidence in writing to

you—till I am assured you get my letters by hearing from you. So Adieu, sweet friend, Adieu.

J. E. Trelawny.

LVI.

To Claire Clairmont.

Florence
Poste Restante
March 8, 1830

Dearest Clare,

By your directions I have written twice to Dresden, and addressed my letters as this is addressed; I have been pained at receiving no reply,—and marvelled much at what could be the cause; however by a letter the other day I received from Mary she says you have not heard from me,—so it would seem we are again as of old playing at cross purposes—and unjustly taxing each other—when neither are in fault; I shall now merely write a few lines and take my chance of their getting into your hands—and most anxiously await to hear from you—and then we will resume our correspondence, and I will communicate as heretofore confidentially. I am living two miles from Florence in a Villa called "Paradise" beautifully situated on high ground very near a Tower you may remember called by the name of Galileo—the pure air of which and my quiet and sedentary life has benefited my health and completely restored that of my little Zella who is growing a strong and handsome girl—having just completed her fourth year; be [*sic*, for *by*] keeping alive my affections she preserves me from melancholy retrospections which would otherwise drive me mad.—I do not mean that I do not go in

society—I have some intimate friends here—and at the head of that number is the most interesting and most admired by me—Lady Burghersh—I have admired her for many years—she is all heart and genius—and it does me good to talk to her—for she like you can understand my feelings, whilst with the general mass I have no communion or ever shall have—for we have nothing in common with them but the earthy part of our composition.—Adieu, Dearest Clare,—and if fortune is not altogether evil—she will in pity conduct this to you. Adieu, Dearest.

J. E. Trelawny.

LVII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

16th August 1830.

My dear Mary,

That my letter may not be detained, I shall say nothing about Continental politics.

My principal motive in writing is to inform you that I have nearly completed the first portion of *my History*, enough for three ordinary volumes, which I wish published forthwith. The Johnsons, as I told you before, are totally ruined by an Indian bankruptcy; the smallness of my income prevents my supporting them. Mr. Johnson is gone to India to see if he can save aught from the ruin of his large fortune. In the meantime his wife is almost destitute; this spurs me on. Brown, who is experienced in these matters, declares I shall have no difficulty in getting a very considerable sum for the MS. now. I shall want some friend to dispose of it for me. My

name is not to appear or to be disclosed to the bookseller or any other person. The publisher who may purchase it is to be articled down to publish the work without omitting or altering a single word, there being nothing actionable, though a great deal objectionable, inasmuch as it is tinctured with the prejudices and passions of the author's mind. However, there is nothing to prevent women reading it but its general want of merit. The opinion of the two or three who have read it is that it will be very successful, but I know how little value can be attached to such critics. I'll tell you what I think—that it is good, and might have been better; it is [filled] with events that, if not marred by my manner of narrating, must be interesting. I therefore plainly foresee it will be generally read or not at all. Who will undertake to, in the first place, dispose of it, and, in the second, watch its progress through the press? I care not who publishes it: the highest bidder shall have it. Murray would not like it, it is too violent; parsons and *Scots*, and, in short, also others are spoken of irreverently, if not profanely. But when I have your reply I shall send the MS. to England, and your eyes will be the judge, so tell me precisely your movements.—Your attached

E. J. T.

Poste Restante, Florence.

When does Moore conclude his *Life of Byron*? If I knew his address I could give him a useful hint that would be of service to the fame of the Poet.

LVIII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Florence, 28th October 1830.

Dearest Mary,

My friend Baring left Florence on the 25th to proceed directly to London, so that he will be there as soon as you can get this letter. He took charge of my MSS., and promised to leave them at Hookham's, Bond Street, addressed to you. I therefore pray you lose no time in inquiring about them; they are divided into chapters and volumes, copied out in a plain hand, and all ready to go to press. They have been corrected with the greatest care, and I do not think you will have any trouble with them on that score. All I want you to do is to read them attentively, and then show them to Murray and Colburn, or any other publisher, and to hear if they will publish them and what they will give. You may say the author cannot at present be *named*, but that, when the work goes forth in the world, there are many who will recognise it. Besides the second series, which treats of Byron, Shelley, Greece, etc., will at once remove the veil, and the publisher who has the first shall have that. Yet at present I wish the first series to go forth strictly anonymous, and therefore you must on no account trust the publisher with my name. Surely there is matter enough in the book to make it interesting, if only viewed in the light of a *romance*. You will see that I have divided it into very short chapters, in the style of Fielding, and that I have selected mottoes from the only three poets who were

the staunch advocates of liberty, and my contemporaries. I have left eight or nine blanks in the mottoes for you to fill up from the work of one of those poets. Brown, who was very anxious about the fame of Keats, has given many of his MSS. for the purpose. Now, if you could find any from the MSS. of Shelley or Byron, they would excite much interest, and their being strictly applicable is not of much importance. If you cannot, why, fill them up from the published works of Byron, Shelley, or Keats, but no others are to be admitted. When you have read the work and heard the opinion of the booksellers, write to me before you settle anything; only remember I am very anxious that no alterations or omissions should be made, and that the mottoes, whether long or short, double or treble, should not be curtailed. Will not Hogg assist you? I might get other people, but there is no person I have such confidence in as you, and the affair is one of confidence and trust, and are we not bound and united together by ties stronger than those which earth has to impose? Dearest friend, I am obliged hastily to conclude.—Yours affectionately,

E. J. Trelawny.

George Baring, Esq., who takes my book, is the brother of the banker; he has read it, and is in my confidence, and will be very ready to see and confer with you and do anything. He is an excellent person. I shall be very anxious till I hear from you.[1]

[1] Mrs. Shelley's letter to Trelawny of the 27th of December 1830 (Mrs. Julian Marshall, ii. 207–9) is particularly interesting, as showing how faithfully she read and advised:—

"My dear Trelawny—At present I can only satisfy your impatience

LIX.

To Claire Clairmont.

Florence
Jany 4, 1831.

My Dear Clare,

I wonder if this new year will bring us anything better than the last—alas—no—at least judging from the many new years I have witnessed begin and end—I am like a bark stranded on the shore—by some

with the information that I have received your MS. and read the greater part of it. Soon I hope to say more. George Baring did not come to England, but after considerable delay forwarded it to me from Cologne.

"I am delighted with your work; it is full of passion, energy, and novelty; it concerns the sea, and that is a subject of the greatest interest to me. I should imagine that it must command success.

"But, my dear friend, allow me to persuade you to permit certain omissions. In one of your letters to me you say that 'there is nothing in it that a woman could not read.' You are correct for the most part, and yet without the omission of a few words here and there—the scene before you go to school with the mate of your ship—and above all the scene of the burning of the house, following your scene with your Scotch enemy—I am sure that yours will be a book interdicted to women. Certain words and phrases, pardoned in the days of Fielding, are now justly interdicted, and any gross piece of ill taste will make your booksellers draw back.

"I have named all the objectionable passages, and I beseech you to let me deal with them as I would with Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, when I omitted all that hurt my taste. Without this yielding on your part I shall experience great difficulty in disposing of your work; besides that I, your partial friend, strongly object to coarseness, now wholly out of date, and beg you for my sake to make the omissions necessary for your obtaining feminine readers. Amidst so much that is beautiful and imaginative and exalting, why leave spots which, believe me, are blemishes? I hope soon to write to you again on the subject.

"The burnings, the alarms, the absorbing politics of the day render booksellers almost averse to publishing at all. God knows how it will all end, but it looks as if the autocrats would have the good sense to make the necessary sacrifices to a starving people.

"I heard from Clare to-day; she is well and still at Nice. I suppose there is no hope of seeing you here. As for me, I of course still continue a prisoner. Percy is quite well, and is growing more and more like Shelley. Since it is necessary to live it is a great good to have this tie to life, but it is a wearisome affair. I hope you are happy.—Yours, my dearest friend, ever, Mary Shelley."

extraordinary influx of the sea—left high and dry without the hope of the tide ever rising high enough to float me again. You say we have an undeniable right to be happy—and that our past sufferings are our title deeds to demand as a right our equivalent of contentments—in justice it certainly should be so—but few or none have justice done them—enough of this. A long period has elapsed since I have heard from Mary—and longer from you. Your last was, if I remember rightly, from Dresden, so that I was astonished at now receiving a letter from you dated Nice—what in the name of wonder are you doing there?—are you coming on to Italy or do you spend the winter at Nice?—You cannot be altogether miserable—in having changed a horrible German winter for a mild and beautiful one. How am I to answer your letter—am I to enter into long details—to show you my present *position*—my plans—my *poverty*—my *embarrassments*—my unsettled state; the impossibility of my settling myself anywhere—and my want of means to move about with my family?—I am now fiercely struggling to enable myself to indulge in my love of locomotion—I cannot indure location—my existence is burthensome whilst I am fixed by anything like ties—and nothing but my poverty has detained me here thus long. Not having the means to travel about with a child and servant and not knowing what to do with her my anxiety in the welfare of Zella—and my wish to wander—are now at work in my mind; and this contention has long kept me in a fever—since 1825 my affairs are altered and for the worse.

Dear Clare, my affection and friendship for you is

not nor ever can be diminished. I really know of nothing which could give me such entire satisfaction as realizing the plan you have laid; and I acknowledge with gratitude for your considerate kindness in proposing it, that all the benefits which would accrue would fall to my share—your society would be to me a never failing source of comfort; and to my child it would be an inestimable advantage; but as I have often said we are the slaves of circumstances. I have struggled all my life to break the chains with which fate has manacled me—but it is in vain—this letter will give you no less pain in reading than it has me in writing. I cannot in the ferment of my mind write clearly or express myself better—I beseech you to think of me as favourably as you can—and to believe me when I say—that my heart bleeds when thinking of all you have endured and the present unhappy state of your mind—and I abhor professions and protestations as much as you can. You are happier than I am—for in despite of the past you can yet hope for the future—whilst I utterly despair.

Still believe me your sincerely attached

EDWARD J. TRELAWNY.

P.S. I am thinking of sending Zella to a friend in England, and resuming my Arab life.

LX.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Firenze, 19th January 1831

MY DEAREST MARY,

For, notwithstanding what you may think of me, you every day become dearer to me. The men

I have linked myself to in my wild career through life have almost all been prematurely cut off, and the only friends which are left me are women, and they are strange beings. I have lost them all by some means or other; they are dead to me in being married, or (for you are all slaves) separated by obstacles which are insurmountable, and as Lord Chatham observes, "Friendship is a weed of slow growth in aged bosoms." But now to your letter. I to-day received yours of the 27th of December; you say you have received my MS. It has been a painful and arduous undertaking narrating my life. I have omitted a great deal, and avoided being a pander to the public taste for the sake of novelty or effect. Landor, a man of superior literary acquirements; Kirkup, an artist of superior taste; Baring, a man of the world and very religious; Mrs. Baring, moral and squeamish; Lady Burghersh, aristocratic and proud as a queen; and lastly, Charles Brown, a plain downright Cockney critic, learned in the trade of authorship, and has served his time as a literary scribe:—all these male and female critics have read and passed their opinions on my narrative, and therefore you must excuse my apparent presumption in answering your objections to my book with an appearance of presumptuous dictation. Your objections to the coarseness of those scenes you have mentioned have been foreseen, and, without further preface or apology, I shall briefly state my wishes on the subject. Let Hogg or Horace Smith read it, and, without your *giving any* opinion, hear theirs; then let the booksellers, Colburn or others, see it, and then if it is their general opinion that there are *words* which are better

omitted, why I must submit to their being omitted; but do not prompt them by prematurely giving your opinion. My life, though I have sent it you, as the dearest friend I have, is not written for the amusement of women; it is not a novel. If you begin clipping the wings of my true story, if you begin erasing words, you must then omit sentences, then chapters; it will be pruning an Indian jungle down to a clipped French garden. I shall be so appalled at my MS. in its printed form, that I shall have no heart to go on with it. Dear Mary, I love women, and you know it, but my life is not dedicated to them; it is to men I write, and my first three volumes are principally adapted to sailors. England is a nautical nation, and, if they like it, the book will amply repay the publisher, and I predict it will be popular with sailors, for it is true to its text. By the time you get this letter the time of publishing is come, and we are too far apart to continue corresponding on the subject. Let Hogg, Horace Smith, or any one you like, read the MS.; or the booksellers; if they absolutely object to any particular words or short passages, why let them be omitted by leaving blanks; but I should prefer a first edition as it now stands, and then a second as the bookseller thought best. In the same way that *Anastasius* was published, the suppression of the first edition of that work did not prevent its success. All men lament that *Don Juan* was not published as it was written, as under any form it would have been interdicted to women, and yet under any form they would have unavoidably read it.

Brown, who is learned in the bookselling trade, says I should get £200 per volume. Do not dispose of it

under any circumstances for less than £500 the three volumes. Have you seen a book written by a man named Millingen? He has written an article on me, and I am answering it. My reply to it I shall send you.[1] The *Literary Gazette*, which published the

[1] These sentences must mean that Trelawny's communication, though addressed to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was sent to Mary to forward to that paper. The letter is too important to be reprinted without full material for the appreciation of the circumstances which induced Trelawny to write it. At the end of the year 1830 Julius Millingen published one of the many books with which the press had groaned for some years, on the subject of the affairs of Greece, especially as affecting the close of Lord Byron's life. The title of this particular work was as follows:—

Memoirs | of the | Affairs of Greece; | containing | An Account of the Military and Political Events, | which occurred in 1823 and following years. | With | Various Anecdotes | relating to | Lord Byron, | and | An Account of his Last Illness and Death. | By Julius Millingen, | Surgeon to the Byron Brigade at Mesolonghi, and to the | Greek Army in Western Greece, Peloponnesus, &c. | London: | Printed for John Rodwell, | Bond-Street. | 1831.

This book was reviewed in two numbers of *The London Literary Gazette* (18 and 25 December 1830); and the review reached Trelawny in Florence. The reader must judge for himself what part of the extracts printed in the *Gazette* had most weight with Trelawny in stirring him to even a greater pitch of fury than his letter shows; but the Editor seems to have intercepted some of the angered hero's shafts.

Dr. Millingen says (*Memoirs*, p. 146), "On the 23d of April Mr. E. Trelawney [*sic*, throughout] arrived at Mesolonghi. Scarcely had he been informed by Mr. Finlay of Lord Byron's indisposition, than he left Salona, and hastened to visit his friend. But he arrived only to imprint a last kiss on his pallid lips." At pages 150 to 153, the Dr. gives the following particulars of Trelawny's career before his arrival in Italy:—

"Mr. Trelawney occupies so romantic a place in the annals of Modern Greece, his adventures in the Cavern of Odysseus, the black assassination, attempted by Fenton and Whitcombe, whom he had admitted to his friendship, the generous manner in which he spared the life of the latter and set him at liberty, having made some noise in England, the reader will not be sorry to see a slight sketch of this gentleman's person and character.

"Though somewhat below the full-grown stature, he was altogether a very handsome man, possessed of great strength and surprising agility. Nature had given him a highly romantic countenance; his wild, haughty, unquiet, scintillating dark eye denoted his disposition to bold and extraordinary undertakings. In his manners and opinions he seemed to have taken Anastasius for his model; and, to judge from his lofty language, he had a mint of phrases as rich as Don Adriano de Armado; and he entertained for his heroes a veneration as deep as that of Don Quixote himself for all the giant-killers and liberators of imprisoned virgins who had preceded him. Born of a respectable Cornish family, he embarked

extract regarding me, I have replied to, and to them I send my reply; the book I have not seen. If they refuse, as the article I write is amusing, you will have no difficulty in getting it admitted in some of the London magazines. It will be forwarded to you in a few days, so you see I am now fairly coming forward in a new character. I have laid down the sword for the pen. Brown has just called with the article in question copied, and I send it together.

I have spoken to you about filling up the mottoes;

when young as a midshipman; but finding that the strictness of naval discipline did not allow much room for indulging romantic dispositions, he quitted the ship on its arrival in the East Indies, and soon after joined the buccaneers, who then infested those seas. Among them he passed his happiest days, meeting continually with the most extraordinary adventures, and hair-breadth escapes. He might have yet continued to enjoy a life so congenial to his disposition, had not his companions sought to kill him during a dispute about prize-money. He satisfied his vengeance; but seeing himself closely pursued, the terror he felt was so great that he did not stop in his flight till he found himself in the country of the Wachabees. The exploits, which followed, though not new were marvellous; the quality atoning for the quantity.

"At length, in a fit of nostalgia, he determined on returning home, the place of his birth appearing to him then dearer than the three Arabias. His native air soon cured him of this intermittent paroxysm, for he found Cornishmen a tame set of persons. Growing weary of home, he passed over to Italy, where more room was afforded to indulge his oriental habits. He formed there an acquaintance with Lord Byron, who derived no little pleasure from the company of so singular a character. He invited him to accompany him into Spain; but hearing of the disasters, the constitutional party had sustained, he proposed going to Greece. Arrived at Cephalonia, Trelawney discovered that Lord Byron was not romantic enough to be his companion; and he started in consequence for Peloponnesus; where having roamed in vain in quest of a hero, he passed over to Athens. There he met with Odysseus; and so powerful is the invisible force of sympathy, that, although they could not understand each other's language, they became in an instant, intimate friends.

"According to Trelawney, Odysseus was the personification of the *beau ideal* of every manly perfection, mental and bodily. He swore by him, and imitated him in the minutest actions. His dress, gait, air and address were not only perfectly similar, but he piqued himself even in being as dirty; having as much vermin, and letting them loose from his fingers in the same dignified manner as if sparing a conquered enemy. This ridiculous spirit of imitation was in other respects very useful to him; for it enabled him to endure the privations and

the title of my book I wish to be simply thus—*The Life of a Man*, and not *The Discarded Son*, which looks too much like romance or a common novel. . . .

Florence is very gay, and there are many pretty girls here, and balls every night. Tell Mrs. Paul not to be angry at my calling her and her sisters by their Christian names, for I am very lawless, as you know, in that particular, and not very particular on other things.

Brown talks of writing to you about the mottoes to my book, as he is very anxious about those of his friend Keats. Have you any MS. of Shelley's or Byron's to fill up the eight or ten I left blank? Remember the short chapters are to be adhered to in its printed form. I shall have no excitement to go

hardships, inseparable from the Greek mode of warfare, with as much apparent indifference as his prototype; sleeping on the bare earth with a stone for a pillow, and, in one word, sustaining a total want of every bodily comfort. All this, however, was only when distant from Athens. On his return thither he found ample compensation for the toils of war, in the enjoyments of a numerous harem. The courage which distinguished him in Negropont acquired him the esteem of his friend, and of the palichari. He so rapidly and completely moulded himself to their manners, as to be generally taken for a Roumeliot. This, with his generosity, gained him their affection; and his severity assured him their obedience. With similar qualities Trelawney would, most certainly, have risen into notice, had not fortune turned against the friend, to whose destinies he had linked his own. Whatever his faults, however, and the blame, which his conduct in embracing the party of a rebel and traitor to his country, may draw upon him, every European, who knew him in Greece, cannot but praise the generous qualities of his heart, and acknowledge him to have been a most entertaining companion: and though owing, no doubt, to his prolonged stay in oriental countries, his imagination got the better of his veracity, or, as Lord Byron observed of him, 'he could not, even to save his life, tell the truth;' his narrations were so interesting, that whether true or untrue one could not but listen to them, with as much pleasure as to the wonders of an Arabian tale."

In giving Trelawny's communication the leading place in the *Gazette* for the 12th of February 1831, the Editor says:—

"It has been called forth by our review of Mr. Millingen's volume, and is contained in a communication from Mr. Trelawny, at Florence. But, though the nature of the questions at issue, and a sense of justice towards all parties

on writing till I see what I have already written in print. By the bye, my next volumes will to general readers be far more interesting, and published with my name, or at least called Treloen, which is our original family name.

LXI.

To the Editor of the London Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres, &c.

Florence Jan 20, 1831

Even the Quakers, steel-hardened as they are to human suffering (out of the pale of their own tribe), detesting villanous saltpetre, and interdicted from aiding and abetting war, could not resist the epidemic which spread like fire throughout Europe in favour of the Greeks. The expiring embers of the days of chivalry appeared rekindled; yet it proved but a bonfire of brushwood, ignited by stock-jobbers, loan-mongers, and contractors; for a moment it blazed, and was extinguished for ever. Still, for that moment, it warmed all hearts, and its intensity may be judged of by the fact of its having moved the gelid hearts and stolid visages of Quakers.* They came forth with a contribution of a thousand pounds to succour a nation of Helots, threatened with extermination, and struggling against measureless odds for existence. Somewhat late, they remembered it was against their narrow and impossible creed to aid and abet, in any

concerned, induces us to print this document, we beg it to be distinctly understood that we are far from subscribing to the writer's violent opinions: we have, on the contrary, marked with asterisks several passages, among others, imputing misconduct to sects and individuals, from which we utterly dissent; and we have struck out epithets which we would not ourselves sanction or apply to the worst of human beings."

shape, either in purse or person, war; and the wise men and elders gathered together to determine how they could extricate themselves from the dilemma into which the younglings of their flock had plunged them. That their feelings, like a hot horse, had run away with their judgments, was an unprecedented instance. Their natural sagacity, however, did not abandon them: they hit on an expedient, by which they served the Greeks in the manner of Macbeth's juggling witches,

> "That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

Instead of sending the Greeks the money, or the munitions of war, they assisted in their extermination by sending them nothing but drugs and surgical instruments, and those were selected without judgment. The Greeks never submit to amputation or salivation; so scalpels, saws, tourniquets, and calomel, were presented to them; but not a grain of bark, the only drug a Greek will swallow willingly. The English committee, at their expense, added two surgeons. The one I am to speak of was a beardless, delicate, and unpractised boy, of the name of Millingen. He joined Lord Byron at Cefalonia, during my absence in Greece, and accompanied him to Mesolonghi.

On my arrival at that place from Romily, immediately after the noble poet had yielded up his mortality, in the year 1824, I was acquainted by a Mr. Hodges, an Englishman likewise in the service of the committee, that Dr. Millingen was suddenly and dangerously ill of a fever, always rife in that accursed city of stagnant waters, green mud, and malaria. That Mavrocordato and the Mesolonghist

primates should have done their utmost to detain Lord Byron and his chest of dollars amongst them, was not to be marvelled at; besides, his name was powerful as the mountain of loadstone mentioned in the Arabian tales, drawing all that approached it to their destruction; for, though they were lost, their dollars remained, which was all the Greeks wanted. So exclusively had Mavrocordato appropriated, in imagination, to his own use Byron's dollars, that, not content with constituting himself heir, he had extracted a considerable sum from him while living. Lord Byron had, at Ithaca, undertaken to maintain a family of exiles from Patras. The eldest son he took to Mesolonghi, and made him his chibookghee; when, partly for himself, but chiefly as a provision for his family, he made over to him, on several occasions, between three and four thousand dollars. Mavrocordato was commissioned to send a portion of the money to the family, then residing at Cefalonia, and the remainder he undertook to place in the hands of Lord Byron's agent at Zante, Samuel Barff, Esq., for safe custody. I have only to add, that Mavrocordato retained the entire sum for his own use. The family was left in utter destitution at Byron's death; and the young man died six months after, in want of the necessaries of life. So much for "honest, honest Iago."* I was indignant at the doctors; they must be, I thought, as besotted as ignorance made drunk, to be cajoled by Mavrocordato, which they were, into a belief that any animal but a toad could escape the contagious fever with which all the inhabitants were more or less affected, which no strangers have been ever known to escape, and which few survived. The

hordes of barbarians that besieged it from without, reaping with their swords an annual harvest of human heads, were not more destructive than the annual pestilence which raged within. † My letters to Byron, urging him to come to Athens, or, at least, to quit Mesolonghi, were, of course, intercepted; but so anxious was I to induce him to leave a place fatal to strangers, that I persuaded two Englishmen, at different periods, to take letters to him, reiterating my entreaties that he would remove into a purer air. I knew the extreme difficulty of moving him, so great was his apathy and indolence. He confessed this to me by once saying,—"I so dislike changing my abode, that if we were driven on the island of St. Helena, with Sir Hudson Lowe, I should stay there; for I cannot make up my mind to move under six calendar months." Mavrocordato himself, Millingen, and, with the exception of Mr. Hodges, every foreigner, was suffering from the fever. Mr. Parry, of the committee, with most of the Europeans, had withdrawn to Zante ill; and all the other philhellenes in the service of the Greeks solicited Colonel Stanhope and myself to remove them from a place which had been the grave of so many of their comrades. I cursed Millingen and Bruno, as the two men, professing the art of medicine, in attendance on Lord Byron, their victim,* for their ignorance in not having pointed out

† When I last visited Mesolonghi, in 1827, this devoted city had been destroyed. Groups of Albanians and Arnoots sat smoking their pipes on its ruins, and the Bulgarians had stalled their horses in the halls of its primates' palaces. Lord Byron's house, in which he had lived and died, stood alone erect and unscathed. The Turkish guard at its portal marked it as the abode of the pasha. By some strange chance it had escaped the general ruin, and loomed like a lonely column in the midst of a desert. [Trelawny's Note.]

to him the certain fate which would follow his tarrying in that pestiferous atmosphere; against which, with his shattered and sensitive constitution, he could not hope to contend. When he was attacked, the result proved how totally inadequate was their knowledge; and he, as may be gathered from his last words, discovered, when too late, that he had fallen into the hands of boyish charlatans. "If I get better," he exclaimed, "I'll leave this place. I'll go to the Ionian Islands; for these doctors don't know my complaint." Bruno and Millingen, who were then in the room, he ordered abruptly to leave it; and on the doctors remonstrating at quitting him in such a state, he said in passion,—"I order you fellows to leave me! What! is it come to this? Can I not change my shirt without a set of blackguard doctors in the room?"—glancing fiercely at Bruno and Millingen, who slunk off. He then said to Fletcher, his valet,—"These doctors know nothing of my complaint. I want to know what is my disease. I know these fellows know nothing about the matter." † In fact, he did send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. I say these reflections made me curse Millingen; yet my feelings of humanity impelled me to visit him. I accompanied Mr. Hodges to his lodgings. We found him in bed, suffering under an attack of the malaria fever. He had been described to me as a tall, delicately-complexioned, rosy-cheeked, dandy boy, of simpering and affected manners, such as Captain Whiffle's surgeon, Simper, is described in Roderick Random. Mavrocordato,

† This is an extract from an account, gathered from his household, of the death of Lord Byron, written on his coffin by me, at the house of the primate Apostoli Arestoli, in which he died, Mesolonghi, April 29, 1824. [Trelawny's Note.]

too, in my presence, had spoken of him as "*mio caro ragazzino, Millingen*"; which let me into the secret of how he had cajoled him. When I saw the doctor on his sick couch, he fulfilled the idea I had entertained of him. He seemed under twenty years of age; Bruno, also, the Genoese doctor, whom we brought from Italy, was a student under twenty. When I remonstrated with Byron against engaging an unpractised boy, his answer was,—"If he knows little, I pay little. I have got the fellow for twenty pounds a-year;—is it not a good bargain?" Millingen whined and cried like a sick girl; talked of his mother, who had taken the veil, and was shut up in some Italian convent; declared he could not survive the night; thanked me for visiting him; asked Hodges to sit up with him, as he was afraid of being left alone; expressed his dread of being robbed, for he had money in the house; and wished to make his will, and appoint us his executors. Hodges, and those in charge of the committee stores, had informed me that Millingen had been in the habit of disposing of the Quakers' drugs, and that he had opened practice on his own account, not gratuitously, as he was bound to do by his engagement, besides which, Mavrocordato had consigned over to him the surgical instruments. By these means he had extracted money from the poor Greeks. I was astonished that one so young, embarked in such a cause, and being, as he believed, on his death-bed, should express such deep anxiety about a few hundred dollars; for he repeatedly solicited me, in the most earnest manner, to see that he was not robbed, and to witness his will. My experience in malaria fevers was greater than his;

and to me he did not appear in immediate danger. I have remarked, that no persons are so complaining and querulous as doctors and priests when they are ill; one having as little faith in the medicine he prescribes, as the other in the doctrine he preaches.* I staid with Millingen as long as the urgency of my own multifarious duties would permit; and, pitying his condition, did all I could to serve and console him, for which he expressed the greatest gratitude—it was as short-lived as his malady. The ensuing morning I saw him, and he was better; which he mainly attributed to having followed my advice. He shortly after, I think, removed from the town, and my time was so entirely occupied that I never saw any thing more of him.

I will here briefly mention, that my first personal dissension with Mavrocordato arose from a circumstance at this period. He had made some private arrangements with Count Gamba, by which he was to be permitted to take possession of the money left by Lord Byron, amounting to six or seven thousand dollars. I protested against this injustice. Mavrocordato essayed, by every means, to persuade me to consent to it: I remained inflexible. He was too pusillanimous to be open, and threaten force; but he slyly told me, the Mesolonghists would not permit the dollars to be taken from the town; that he had not an efficient force to control the populace, and could not be accountable for the outrages which might ensue if I attempted to embark the money. My answer was, that I had a force sufficient for the purpose, and that I would protect the property of my deceased friend. Several notes and messages passed

between us, of a hostile nature. Finding myself threatened, and that Mavrocordato was secretly exasperating the town's-people against me, I sent my emissaries to concert with the Zuliots, encamped at Annatolica, about four miles from the town, in a high state of exasperation at Mavrocordato and the town's-people. Not being permitted to enter the town, these Zuliots openly threatened, if their arrears of pay were not liquidated, to enter by storm, and pay themselves. My promise with their chiefs was that, in the event of my being attacked while defending my friend's property, I would immediately, with the troops of Romiliot I commanded, force open the gates, and give entrance to the refractory Zuliots. Mavrocordato got an inkling of this business, which so thoroughly intimidated him, and spread such a panic among the primates, that they hastened in a body to assure me no opposition should be offered. In fact, from that time I was not molested, and had only to take precaution against secret treachery; for Mavrocordato, I knew, had ground down the sword of justice to an assassin's dagger,* which eventually did reach both Odysseus and myself. The men with me, old Romiliot Klefti, were dreaded, and an efficient guard. Besides these, Lord Byron's brigade of artillery, knowing their paymaster was no more, and that the town's-people would not even afford them rations, volunteered in a body to enter into the service of Odysseus. I divided the brigade and took half of them, with five mountain guns and munition, for which I had the order of Colonel Stanhope, then in charge of the committee stores at Zante. For the truth of this statement I refer to Colonel Stanhope, Mr. Hodges, and Fletcher,

all residing in London. Others concerned are dead; and I do not, like Dr. Millingen, cite the unsupported authority of the dead, by forging lies to suit my purpose.*

On Mavrocordato being appointed to a situation in the government, he embarked thither with Millingen. Had they gone by land, their fate would have been different. Navarino, in its fortress and position, was considered impregnable; and Mavrocordato, with others, threw himself into that fortress, at the commencement of the campaign in 1825. Hadjee Cristi, a gallant, renegade, Bulgarian Turk, who had been taken prisoner by Nichetus, entered into the service of the Greeks. He was entrusted with the command of the fortress, with a large body of troops—three thousand; and Mavrocordato (for Hadjee was unlettered) enacted the civil duties. Millingen was with him. This fortress was taken by the Egyptian tacticoes, under the command of Ibrahim, nephew of Ali; for the pasha of Egypt has no son, though Ibrahim has been called his son. Hadjee made a gallant defence; for, in truth, he is a noble soldier, but more practised in charging with his wild cavalry on the field, than in defending fortresses; for which he was, indeed, as unfitted as a South Sea Islander. Mavrocordato had selected a little island, situated at the entrance of the magnificent bay of Navarino, as affording the only means of escape to the Greek shipping which was in the offing, in case the Turks should be successful on shore. The fortress was taken, and so was Hadjee and his garrison; but the wily Mavrocordato escaped, leaving his minion, Millingen, to his fate, with the rest of his trusty followers.

Ibrahim, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian tacticoes, introducing, for the first time, a disciplined army into Greece, evidently commenced his career by endeavouring to accompany it with other usages of what is fancifully termed civilized warfare. With the malignancy, unmitigable ferocity, and individual detestation, existing between the European Turks and the Greeks, he did not, and would not participate: he is neither a fanatic nor bloody. The French general, Suliman Bey, who had embraced Mahometism, and was allied by marriage to Ibrahim, had great influence over him: as far as I know, he used it properly. On Ibrahim's first signal advantage over the Greeks, in the capture of the important fortress of Navarino, he certainly acted with a forbearance and magnanimity which is not common even in European kingdoms most vaunting themselves in the march of civilisation. Not a musket or bayonet was used after the cessation of hostilities, nor a drop of blood unnecessarily shed: the prisoners were neither plundered nor insulted. Ibrahim harangued the Greek leaders, and commanded them to tell the prisoners to appear individually before him, after having delivered up their arms. When before him, he briefly questioned them, and then ordered them to deliver up what money or treasure they had secreted about their persons, signifying that if they hesitated in so doing, or attempted concealment, he should order them to be instantly executed. However, he gave them all the option of entering into his service, and retaining their property: he made no distinction unfavourable to the persons of foreigners serving the Greeks, whom the Turks had always sacrificed with cunning cruelty. Millingen and an

American surgeon were of the number brought before him: in reply to their plea of being strangers and medical men, taking no part in the war, merely practising in their profession, Ibrahim said—"If that is the case, it will signify little whether you serve Greeks or Turks; and I will pay you better than the Greeks." The sturdy republican indignantly refused, and, unhesitatingly throwing what money he had on the floor, withdrew; but the Englishman (if he is one, which I doubt), Millingen demurred; and the pasha, seeing he was a pretty boy, smiled on him, and made an offer to retain him in his personal service. Millingen only demurred to get the most advantageous terms, and then accepted them. Thenceforth he continued in Ibrahim's service till I left Greece, or rather the Ionian Islands, in 1828. On various occasions his countrymen remonstrated with him on his apostasy; his only and constant reply was—the Turks are better, and pay better, than the Greeks. Captain York, or Stewart, of the navy, and a lieutenant of the "Cambrian," saw him at different periods, urged him to abandon the Turkish service, and proffered him the use of their ships; but the Turks gave him money, and he continued with them. Now, the Greeks love money—they love women, too; but gold is their idol—gold is dearer to them than the bright eyes of their mistresses; but out of three thousand adventurers, of all sorts and conditions, all serving for pay and plunder, one man alone was mercenary and base enough to abandon the cause in which he was engaged, and for which he received pay, even to be a deserter to the enemy,—and that * * * * was Millingen, a self-styled Englishman, a professor of a science considered the most liberal.

His name, and deservedly, was never mentioned in Greece, after his treachery, without being accompanied by universal execrations. Yet this * * * * comments, criticises, and runs a-muck with his scalpel, stabbing at honourable men. Let him disprove this, or remain with the stigma of a branded liar. If he can prove a single syllable he has asserted against me, I am content to suffer the same fate. The medicines and instruments given by the Quakers, and the stores given by the English committee, excepting the portion consigned to Odysseus, all fell into the hands of the enemy Ottoman.

I have only to add, that it is probable I should not have thus troubled you, by replying to Mr. Millingen with my pen, had it been possible to reach him with my hand; but the renegade Dr. Millingen is settled at Constantinople, protected by the firman of the Porte.

J. Edward Trelawny.

LXII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Poste Restante, Firenze,
5th April 1831.

My dear Mary,

Since your letter, dated December 1830, I have not had a single line from you, yet in that you promised to write in a few days. Why is this? or have you written, and has your letter miscarried,

or have not my letters reached you? I was anxious to have published the first part of my life this year, and if it had succeeded in interesting general readers, it would have induced me to have proceeded to its completion, for I cannot doubt that if the first part, published anonymously, and treating of people, countries, and things little known, should suit the public palate, that the latter, treating of people that everybody knows, and of things generally interesting, must be successful. But till I see the effect of the first part, I cannot possibly proceed to the second, and time is fleeting, and I am lost in idleness. I cannot write a line, and thus six months, in which I had leisure to have finished my narrative, are lost, and I am now deeply engaged in a wild scheme which will lead me to the East, and it is firmly my belief that when I again leave Europe it will be for ever. I have had too many hair-breadth escapes to hope that fortune will bear me up. My present Quixotic expedition is to be in the region wherein is still standing the column erected by Sardanapalus, and on it by him inscribed words to the effect: *Il faut jouir des plaisirs de la vie; tout le reste n'est rien.*

At present I can only say, if nothing materially intervenes to prevent me, that in the autumn of this year I shall bend my steps towards the above-mentioned column, and try the effect of it.

I am sick to death of the pleasureless life I lead here, and I should rather the tinkling of the little bell, which I hear summoning the dead to its last resting-place, was ringing for my body than endure the petty vexations of what is called civilised life, and see what I saw a few days back, the Austrian tyrants

trampling on their helot Italians; but letters are not safe.—Your affectionate friend,

E. J. T.[1]

[1] Meanwhile, Mary had written to Trelawny as follows:—

"Somerset Street,

"22d March 1831.

"My dear Trelawny—What can you think of me and of my silence? I can guess by the contents of your letters and your not having yet received answers. Believe me that if I am at all to blame in this it arises from an error in judgment, not from want of zeal. Every post-day I have waited for the next, expecting to be able to communicate something definitive, and now still I am waiting; however, I trust that this letter will contain some certain intelligence before I send it. After all, I have done no more than send your manuscripts to Colburn, and I am still in expectation of his answer. In the first place, they insist on certain parts being expunged,—parts of which I alone had the courage to speak to you, but which had before been remarked upon as inadmissible. These, however (with trifling exceptions), occur only in the first volume. The task of deciding upon them may very properly be left to Horace Smith, if he will undertake it—we shall see. Meanwhile, Colburn has not made up his mind as to the price. He will not give £500. The terms he will offer I shall hope to send before I close this letter, so I will say no more except to excuse my having conceded so much time to his dilatoriness. In all I have done I may be wrong; I commonly act from my own judgment; but alas! I have great experience. I *believe* that, if I sent your work to Murray, he would return it in two months unread; simply saying that he does not print novels. Your end part would be a temptation, did not your intention to be severe on Moore make it improbable that he would like to engage in it; and he would keep me as long as Colburn in uncertainty; still this may be right to do, and I shall expect your further instructions by return of post. However, in one way you may help yourself. You know Lockhart. He reads and judges for Murray; write to him; your letter shall accompany the MS. to him. Still, this thing must not be done hastily, for if I take the MS. out of Colburn's hands, and, failing to dispose of it elsewhere, I come back to him, he will doubtless retreat from his original proposal. There are other booksellers in the world, doubtless, than these two, but, occupied as England is by political questions, and impoverished miserably, there are few who have enterprise at this juncture to offer a price. I quote examples. My father and myself would find it impossible to make any tolerable arrangement with any one except Colburn. He at least may be some guide as to what you may expect. Mr. Brown remembers the golden days of authors. When I first returned to England I found no difficulty in making agreements with publishers; they came to seek me; now money is scarce, and readers fewer than ever. I leave the rest of this page blank. I shall fill it up before it goes on Friday.

"Friday, 25th March.

"At length, my dear friend, I have received the ultimatum of these great people. They offer you £300, and another £100 on a second edition; as this was sent me in writing, and there is no time for further communication

LXIII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Poste Restante, Firenze,
8th April 1831.

Dear Mary,

The day after I had despatched a scolding letter to you, I received your Titanic letter, and sent Mrs. Hare her fathom of it. . . .

Now, let's to business. I thank you for the trouble before post-hour, I cannot *officially* state the number of the edition. I should think 1000. I think that perhaps they may be brought to say £400 at once, or £300 at once and £200 on the second edition. There can be no time for parleying, and therefore you must make up your mind whether after doing good battle, if necessary, I shall accept their terms. Believe *my experience* and that of those about me; you will not get a better offer from others, because money is not to be had, and Bulwer and other fashionable and selling authors are now obliged to content themselves with half of what they got before. If you decline this offer, I will, if you please, try Murray; he will keep me two months at least, and the worst is, if he won't do anything, Colburn will diminish his bargain, and we shall be in a greater mess than ever. I know that, as a woman, I am timid, and therefore a bad negotiator, except that I have perseverance and zeal, and, I repeat, experience of things as they are. Mr. Brown knows what they were, but they are sadly changed. The omissions mentioned must be made, but I will watch over them, and the mottoes and all that shall be most carefully attended to, depend on me.

"Do not be displeased, my dear friend, that I take advantage of this enormous sheet of paper to save postage, and ask you to tear off one half sheet, and to send it to Mrs. Hare. You talk of my visiting Italy. It is impossible for me to tell you how much I repine at my imprisonment here, but I dare not anticipate a change to take me there for a long time. England, its ungenial clime, its difficult society, and the annoyances to which I am subjected in it weigh on my spirits more than ever, for every step I take only shows me how impossible, situated as I am, that I should be otherwise than wretched. My sanguine disposition and capacity to endure have borne me up hitherto, but I am sinking at last; but to quit so stupid a topic and to tell you news, did you hear that Medwin contrived to get himself gazetted for full pay in the Guards? I fancy that he employed his connection with the Shelleys, who are connected with the King through the Fitz Clarences. However, a week after he was gazetted as retiring. I suppose the officers cut him at mess; his poor wife and children! how I pity them! Jane is quite well, living in tranquillity. Hogg continues all that she can desire. . . .

"She lives where she did; her children are well, and so is my

you have taken about the MS. Let Colburn have it, and try to get £400 down, for as to what may be promised on a second edition, I am told is mere humbug. When my work is completed I have no doubt the first part will be reprinted, but get what you can paid down at once; as to the rest, I have only to say that I consent to Horace Smith being the sole arbitrator of what is necessary to be omitted, but do not let him be prompted, and tell him only to omit what is *absolutely indispensable.* Say to him that it

Percy, who grows more like Shelley. I hear that your old favourite, Margaret Shelley, is prettier than ever; your Miss Burdett is married. I have been having lithographed your letter to me about Caroline. I wish to disperse about 100 copies among the many hapless fair who imagine themselves to have been the sole object of your tenderness. Clare is to have a first copy. Have you heard from poor dear Clare? She announced a little time ago that she was to visit Italy with the Kaisaroff to see you. I envied her, but I hear from her brother Charles that she has now quarrelled with Madame K., and that she will go to Vienna. God grant that her sufferings end soon. I begin to anticipate it, for I hear that Sir Tim is in a bad way. I shall hear more certain intelligence after Easter. Mrs. P. spends her Easter with Caroline, who lives in the neighbourhood, and will dine at Field Place. I have not seen Mrs. Aldridge since her marriage; she has scarcely been in town, but I shall see her this spring, when she comes up as she intends. You know, of course, that Elizabeth St. Aubyn is married, so you know that your ladies desert you sadly. If Clare and I were either to die or marry you would be left without a Dulcinea at all, with the exception of the six score new objects for idolatry you may have found among the pretty girls in Florence. Take courage, however; I am scarcely a Dulcinea, being your friend and not the Lady of your love, but such as I am, I do not think that I shall either die or marry this year, whatever may happen the next; as it is only spring you have some time before you.

"We are all here on the *qui vive* about the Reform Bill; if it pass, and Tories and all expect it, well, —if not, Parliament is dissolved immediately, and they say that the new writs are in preparation. The Whigs triumphed gloriously in the boldness of their measure. England will be free if it is carried. I have had very bad accounts from Rome, but you are quiet as usual in Florence. I am scarcely wicked enough to desire that you should be driven home, nor do I expect it, and yet how glad I should be to see you. You never mention Zela. Adieu, my dear Trelawny.—I am always affectionately yours,

"Mary W. Shelley.

"Hunt has set up a little 2d. paper, the *Tatler*, which is succeeding; this keeps him above water. I have not seen him very lately. He lives a long way off. He is the same as ever, a person whom all must lov and regret."

is a friend of Shelley's who asks him this favour, but do not let him or any other individual know that I am the author. If my name is known, and the work can be brought home to me, the consequences will be most disastrous. I beseech you bear this in mind. Let all the mottoes appear in their respective chapters without any omission, regardless of their number to each chapter, for they are all good, and fill up the eight or ten I left blank from Byron and Shelley; if from MS. so much the better.

The changes in the opinions of all mankind on political and other topics are favourable to such writers as I and the Poets of Liberty whom I have selected. We shall no longer be hooted at; it is our turn to triumph now. Would those glorious spirits, to whose genius the present age owes so much, could witness the triumphant success of these opinions. I think I see Shelley's fine eyes glisten, and faded cheek glow with fire unearthly. England, France, and Belgium free, the rest of Europe must follow; the theories of tyrants all over the world are shaken as by an earthquake; they may be propped up for a time, but their fall is inevitable. I am forgetting the main business of my letter. I hope, Mary, that you have not told Colburn or any one else that I am the author of the book. Remember that I must have the title simply *A Man's Life*, and that I should like to have as many copies for my friends as you can get from Colburn—ten, I hope—and that you will continue to report progress, and tell me when it is come out. You must have a copy, Horace Smith one, and Jane and Lady Burghersh; she is to be heard of at Apsley House—Duke of Wellington's—and then I

have some friends here; you must send me a parcel by sea. If the time is unfavourable for publication, from men's minds being engrossed with politics, yet it is so far an advantage that my politics go with the times, and not as they would have been some years back, obnoxious and premature. I decide on Colburn as publisher, not from liberality of his terms, but his courage, and trusting that as little as possible will be omitted; and, by the bye, I wish you to keep copies, for I have none, of those parts which are omitted. Enough of this. Of Clare I have seen nothing. Do not you, dear Mary, abandon me by following the evil examples of my other ladies. I should not wonder if fate, without our choice, united us; and who can control his fate? I blindly follow his decrees, dear Mary.—Your

E. J. T.[1]

[1] Mary Shelley replied thus:—"Somerset Street, 14th June 1831.

"My dear Trelawny—Your work is in progress at last, and is being printed with great rapidity. Horace Smith undertook the revision, and sent a very favourable report of it to the publishers; to me he says: 'Having written to you a few days ago, I have only to annex a copy of my letter to Colburn and Bentley, whence you will gather my opinion of the MS.; it is a most powerful, but rather perilous work, which will be much praised and much abused by the liberal and bigoted. I have read it with great pleasure and think it admirable, in everything but the conclusion;' by this he means, as he says to Colburn and Bentley, 'The conclusion is abrupt and disappointing, especially as previous allusions have been made to his later life which is not given. Probably it is meant to be continued, and if so it would be better to state it, for I have no doubt that his first part will create a sufficient sensation to ensure the sale of a second.'

"In his former letter to me H. S. says: 'Any one who has proved himself the friend of yourself and of him whom we all deplore I consider to have strong claims on my regard, and I therefore willingly undertake the revision of the MS. Pray assure the author that I feel flattered by this little mark of his confidence in my judgment, and that it will always give me pleasure to render him these or any other services.' And now, my dear Trelawny, I hope you will not be angry at the title given to your book; the responsibility of doing anything for any one so far away as you is painful, and I have had many qualms, but what could I do? The publishers strongly objected to the *History of a Man* as being no title at all, or rather one to lead astray. The one

LXIV.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Poste Restante, Firenze,
29th June 1831,

Dear Mary,

Your letter, dated 14th June, I have received, after a long interval, and your letter before that is adopted is taken from the first words of your MS., where you declare yourself a younger son—words pregnant of meaning in this country, where to be the younger son of a man of property is to be virtually discarded,—and they will speak volumes to the English reader; it is called, therefore, *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. If you are angry with me for this I shall be sorry, but I knew not what to do. Your MS. will be preserved for you; and remember, also, that it is pretty well known whom it is by. I suppose the persons who read the MS. in Italy have talked, and, as I told you, your mother speaks openly about it. Still it will not appear in print, in no newspaper accounts over which I have any control as emanating from the publisher. Let me know immediately how I am to dispose of the dozen copies I shall receive on your account. One must go to H. Smith, another to me, and to whom else? The rest I will send to you in Italy.

"There is another thing that annoys me especially. You will be paid in bills dating from the day of publication, now not far distant; three of various dates. To what man of business of yours can I consign these? the first I should think I could get discounted at once, and send you the cash; but tell me what I am to do. I know that all these hitches and drawbacks will make you vituperate womankind, and had I ever set myself up for a woman of business, or known how to manage my own affairs, I might be hurt; but you know my irremediable deficiencies on those subjects, and I represented them strongly to you before I undertook my task; and all I can say in addition is, that as far as I have seen, both have been obliged to make the same concessions, so be as forgiving and indulgent as you can.

"We are full here of reform or revolution, whichever it is to be; I should think something approaching the latter, though the first may be included in the last. Will you come over and sit for the new parliament? what are you doing? Have you seen Clare? how is she? She never writes except on special occasions, when she wants anything. Tell her that Percy is quite well.

"You tell me not to marry,—but I will,—any one who will take me out of my present desolate and uncomfortable position. Any one,—and with all this do you think that I shall marry? Never,—neither you nor anybody else. Mary Shelley shall be written on my tomb,—and why? I cannot tell, except that it is so pretty a name that though I were to preach to myself for years, I never should have the heart to get rid of it.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I shall be very anxious to hear from you; to hear that you are not angry about all the *contretemps* attendant on your publication, and to receive your further directions.—Yours very truly,

"M. W. Shelley."

dated 22d March. It would appear by your last that you must have written another letter between March and June, by allusions in this last respecting my Mother. If so, it has never reached me, so that if it contained anything which is necessary for me to know, I pray you let me have a transcript, so far as your memory will serve to give it me. I am altogether ignorant of what arrangements you have made with Colburn; and am only in possession of the facts contained in the second, to wit, that Horace Smith is revising the work for publication. I trust he will not be too liberal with the pruning-knife. When will the cant and humbug of these costermonger times be reformed? Nevertheless tell H. Smith that the author is fully sensible of his kindness and (for once, at least, in his life) with all his heart joins his voice to that of the world in paying tribute to the sterling ability of Mr. Horace Smith; and I remember Shelley and others speaking of him as one often essayed on the touchstone of proof, and never found wanting. Horace Smith's criticism on the *Life* is flattering, and as regards the perilous part—why I never have, and never shall, crouch to those I utterly despise, to wit, the bigoted. The Roman Pontiff might as well have threatened me with excommunication when on board the *Grub*, if I failed to strike my top-sails, and lower my proud flag to the lubberly craft which bore his silly banner, bedaubed with mitres, crosses, and St. Peter's Keys.

I did not mean to call my book *The History of a Man*, but simply thus, *A Man's Life*. "Adventures" and "Younger Son" are commonplace, and I don't like it; but if it is to be so, why, I shall not waste

words in idle complaints: would it were as I had written it. By the bye, you say justly the MS. ends abruptly; the truth is, as you know, it is only the first part of my life, and to conclude it will fill three more volumes: that it is to be concluded, I thought I had stated in a paragraph annexed to the last chapter of that which is now in the press, which should run thus—

"I am, or rather have, continued this history of my life, and it will prove I have not been a passive instrument of despotism, nor shall I be found consorting with those base, sycophantic, and mercenary wretches who crouch and crawl and fawn on kings, and priests, and lords, and all in authority under them. On my return to Europe, its tyrants had gathered together all their helots and gladiators to restore the cursed dynasty of the Bourbons, and thousands of slaves went forth to extinguish and exterminate liberty, truth, and justice. I went forth, too, my hand ever against them, and when tyranny had triumphed, I wandered an exile in the world and leagued myself with men worthy to be called so, for they, inspired by wisdom, uncoiled the frauds contained in lying legends, which had so long fatally deluded the majority of mankind. Alas! those apostles have not lived to see the tree they planted fructify; would they had tarried a little while to behold this new era of 1830–31, how they would have rejoiced to behold the leagued conspiracy of kings broken, and their bloodhound priests and nobles muzzled, their impious confederacy to enslave and rob the people paralysed by a blow that has shaken their usurpation to the base, and must inevitably be

followed by their final overthrow. Yes, the sun of freedom is dawning on the pallid slaves of Europe," etc.

The conclusion of this diatribe I am certain you have, and if you have not the beginning, why put it in beginning with the words: "I have continued the history of my life."

If I thought there was a probability that I could get a seat in the reformed House of Commons, I would go to England, or if there was a probability of revolution. I was more delighted with your resolve not to change your name than with any other portion of your letter. Trelawny, too, is a good name, and sounds as well as Shelley; it fills the mouth as well and will as soon raise a spirit. By the bye, when you send my books, send me also Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women*, and Godwin's new work on *Man*, and tell me what you are now writing. The Hares are at Lucca Baths. Never omit to tell me what you know of Caroline. Do you think there is any opening among the demagogues for me? It is a bustling world at present, and likely so to continue. I must play a part. Write, Mary mine, speedily.

Is my book advertised? If so, the motto from Byron should accompany it.

Clare only remained in Florence about ten days; some sudden death of a relative of the family she resides with recalled them to Russia. I saw her three or four times. She was very miserable, and looked so pale, thin, and haggard. The people she lived with were bigots, and treated her very badly. I wished to serve her, but had no means. Poor lady, I pity her; her life has been one of continued misery. I hope on Sir Timothy's death it will be bettered; her spirits

are broken, and she looks fifty; I have not heard of her since her departure. Mrs. Hare once saw her, but she was so prejudiced against her, from stories she had heard against her from the Beauclercs, that she could hardly be induced to notice her. You are aware that I do not wish my book to appear as if written for publication, and therefore have avoided all allusions which might induce people to think otherwise. I wish all the mottoes to be inserted, as they are a selection of beautiful poetry, and many of them not published.

The bills, you say, Colburn and Bentley are to give you; perhaps Horace Smith may further favour me by getting them negotiated. I am too much indebted to him to act so scurvily as not to treat him with entire confidence, so with the injunction of secrecy you may tell him my name. If he dislikes the affair of the bills, as I cannot employ any of my people of business, why give the bills, or rather place them in the hands of a man who keeps a glover's shop (I know him well). His name is Moon, and his shop is corner one in Orange Street, Bloomsbury Square. When I get your reply, I will, if necessary, write to him on the subject. I pray you write me on receipt of this. My child Zella is growing up very pretty, and with a soul of fire. She is living with friends of mine near Lucca.

The only copies of the book I wish you to give away are to Horace Smith, Mary Shelley, Lady Burghersh, No. 1 Hyde Park Terrace, Oxford Road, and Jane Williams, to remind her that she is not forgotten. Shelley's tomb and mine in Rome, is, I am told, in a very dilapidated state. I will see to its repair.

Send me out six copies by sea; one if you can sooner. Address them to Henry Dunn, Leghorn.

E. J. Trelawny.

LXV.

To Claire Clairmont.

Posta Restante
il Firenze
July 13.
1831

My Dear Clara,

You wrong me by saying that nothing (in your letter of the 25th of June) will interest me—"But the subject mentioned in the note just before you left Florence." My principal reason for urging you on that subject was that a double object might be obtained—to wit—the doing justice to Shelley's memory—assisting me to dissipate the cant and humbug about Byron—and relieving your pecuniary embarrassments.

You deceive yourself, Clare, in thinking there are none so wretched as yourself! All who are unfortunate make the same assertion. I have known those who were out of all comparison more wretched;—that mentally and bodily have endured such tortures, that I would rather suffer all you have suffered during your life—than what they endured hourly.—I have not only seen a considerable portion of the world—and played a part—but I have looked into it with an experienced and thinking eye,—it is full of misery—I have sometimes thought that the planet we are dwelling in is Hell—and that we are suffering the

penalty for sins we have committed in some anterior state of existence in some other planet; do we not all suffer here?—disproportionately I allow—but you have learnt to brood and dwell exclusively on your own sufferings till you fancy you are alone suffering. I confess few have suffered more undeservedly than you have done, and there is no justice in the dispensation of good and evil; pain and pleasure seem scattered promiscuously into the crowd of the world—the foremost and most grasping and impudent and worthless of the rabble thrust themselves foremost in seizing the good—whilst the evils of life fall to the share of the weak, the worthy, and the unobtrusive.—

In reply to your question regarding the Burghersh —I have seen Lord Burghersh, who is just arrived here to dispose of his property; and from what I can gather from him, there is now no chance of his going to Naples; he returns to England in a few days—Lady Burghersh will not therefore be in Naples or Italy; or through her you might possibly put your plan in execution; I have not been to Naples and have no acquaintances there; but as you have many letters there, why not consult some of those they are addressed to?—but you should hesitate in giving up your present situation, bad as it is—till there is something like a clear road opened. I do not think teaching English at Naples will succeed—it would be much better if you could get into some Italian family.—I wish, dear Clare, I could assist you and have long thought on the subject; but I am powerless.—Mary Shelley has written to me and says nothing about Sir Tim—she complains too of being very wretched—and says she never hears from you, which pains her.

Let us not despair—we have all been withering so long in the shade—we have so long been at the bottom of the wheel of fortune that when it does turn, and turn it must—we shall rise—despair not—the sun will again shine on us—Your[s] affectionately

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

LXVI.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Poste Restante, Firenze,
19th July 1831.

. . . . . .

By the bye, Mary, if it is not too late, I should wish the name of Zella to be spelt in the correct Arabic, thus, *Zellâ*, in my book. I changed it in common with several others of the names to prevent my own being too generally recognised; with regard to hers, if not too late, I should now wish it to appear in its proper form, besides which, in the chapter towards the conclusion, wherein I narrate an account of a pestilence which was raging in the town of Batavia, I wish the word Java fever to be erased, and cholera morbus substituted. For we alone had the former malady on board the schooner, having brought it into the Batavia Roads with us, but on our arrival there we found the cholera raging with virulence, most of those attacked expiring in the interval of the setting and rising of the sun. Luis, our steward, I thought died from fever, as we had had it previously on board, but the medicals pronounced it or denounced it cholera. If the alteration can be made, it will be interesting, as in the history of the cholera I see

published, they only traced the origin to 1816, when the fact is, it was in 1811 that I am speaking of, and no doubt it has existed for thousands of years before, but it is only of late, like the natives of Hindoostan, it has visited Europe. It is sent by Nemesis, a fitting retribution for the gold and spices we have robbed them of. The malediction of my Malayan friends has come to pass, for I have no doubt the Russian caravans which supply that empire with tea, silks, and spices introduced the cholera, or gave it into the bargain, or as *bona mano*. I wish you would write, for I am principally detained here by wishing to get a letter from you ere I go to some other place.—Yours, and truly,

E. T.[1]

[1] The following is Mary Shelley's answer :—

"Somerset Street, 26th July 1831.

"My dear Trelawny—Your third volume is now printing, so I should imagine that it will very soon be published; everything shall be attended to as you wish. The letter to which I alluded in my former one was a tiny one enclosed to Clare, which perhaps you have received by this time. It mentioned the time of the agreement; £300 in bills of three, six, and eight months, dated from the day of publication, and £100 more on a second edition. The mention I made of your mother was, that she speaks openly in society of your forthcoming memoirs, so that I should imagine very little real secrecy will attend them. However, you will but gain reputation and admiration through them.

"I hope you are going on, for your continuation will, I am sure, be ardently looked for. I am so sorry for the delay of all last winter, yet I did my best to conclude the affair; but the state of the nation has so paralysed bookselling that publishers were very backward, though Colburn was in his heart eager to get at your book. As to the price, I have taken pains to ascertain; and you receive as much as is given to the best novelists at this juncture, which may console your vanity if it does not fill your pocket.

"The Reform Bill will pass, and a considerable revolution in the government of the country will, I imagine, be the consequence.

"You have talents of a high order. You have powers; these, with industry and discretion, would advance you in any career. You ought not, indeed you ought not to throw away yourself as you do. Still, I would not advise your return on the speculation, because England is so sad a place that the mere absence from it I consider a peculiar blessing.

"My name will *never* be Trelawny. I am not so young as

LXVII.

To Claire Clairmont.

London address
John Burley Esqr.
New Square
Lincoln's Inn
London

I leave Paris in 3 days

28 April 1832
Hotel Meurice
Paris

My Dear Clara,

I have as usual used you very shabbily in not sooner replying to your note.

Well, here I am on the northern side of the Alps. I have not been blessed with a ray of sunshine since

I was when you first knew me, but I am as proud. I must have the entire affection, devotion, and, above all, the solicitous protection of any one who would win me. You belong to womenkind in general, and Mary Shelley will *never* be yours.

"I write in haste, but I will write soon again, more at length. You shall have your copies the moment I receive them. Believe me, with all gratitude and affection, yours, M. W. Shelley.

"Jane thanks you for the book promised. I am infinitely chagrined at what you tell me concerning Clare. If the B.'s spoke against her, that means Mrs. B., and her stories were gathered from Lord Byron, who feared Clare and did not spare her; and the stories he told were such as to excuse the prejudice of any one."

The book reached "our beloved Jane" in due time; and on the half-title of each of its three volumes her third house-mate, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, wrote in his precise and deliberate hand, "J. Hogg from the Author." This copy, prized for Hogg's sake and Jane's sake as well as its own, is now in my library, having been acquired when the books of Jane's daughter Prudentia were sold at auction. The title-pages of this first edition read thus:—

Adventures | *of* | *A Younger Son.*| [Motto from Byron, "And I will war, at least in words," &c.] In Three Volumes. | Vol. I. [II., III.] | London: | Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, | New Burlington Street. | 1831.

Mary wrote to Trelawny again on the subject from Somerset Street, on the 2nd of October 1831:—

"My dear Trelawny—I suppose that I have now some certain intelligence to send you, though I fear that it will both disappoint and annoy you. I am indeed ashamed that I have not been able to keep these people in better order, but I trusted to honesty, when I ought to have ensured it; however, thus it stands: your book is to be published in the course of the month, and then your bills are to be dated. As soon as I get them I will dispose of them as you direct, and you will receive notice on the subject without delay. I cannot procure

I crossed them. Paris is comparatively like a city of the dead: seventy or eighty thousand families have fled the fatal malady which has been raging amongst them in wrath; 27,000 have been extinguished for ever, for I cannot believe the French have any souls—

> "Light and puffed souls who walk like shadows by,
> Leaving no print of what they were."

Of late indeed they have given promise of better things—but they are so light, frivolous, and changing

for you a copy until then; they pretend that it is not all printed. If I can get an opportunity I will send you one by private hand, at any rate I shall send them by sea without delay. I will write to Smith about negotiating your bills, and I have no doubt that I shall be able somehow or other to get you money on them. I will go myself to the City to pay Barr's correspondent as soon as I get the cash. Thus your *pretty dear* (how fascinating is flattery) will do her best, as soon as these tiresome people fulfil their engagements. In some degree they have the right on their side, as the day of publication is a usual time from which to date the bills, and that was the time which I acceded to; but they talked of such hurry and speed that I expected that that day was nearer at hand than it now appears to be. November *is* the publishing month, and no new things are coming out now. In fact, the Reform Bill swallows up every other thought. You have heard of the Lords' majority against it, much longer than was expected, because it was not imagined that so many bishops would vote against Government. . . .

"Do whenever you write send me news of Clare. She never writes herself, and we are all excessively anxious about her. I hope she is better. God knows when fate will do anything for us. I despair. Percy is well, I fancy that he will go to Harrow in the spring; it is not yet finally arranged, but this is what I wish, and therefore I suppose it will be, as they have promised to increase my allowance for him, and leave me pretty nearly free, only with Eton prohibited; but Harrow is now in high reputation under a new head-master. I am delighted to hear that Zella is in such good hands, it is so necessary in this world of woe that children should learn betimes to yield to necessity; a girl allowed to run wild makes an unhappy woman.

"Hunt has set up a penny daily paper, literary and theatrical; it is succeeding very well, but his health is wretched, and when you consider that his sons, now young men, do not contribute a penny towards their own support, you may guess that the burthen on him is very heavy. I see them very seldom, for they live a good way off, and when I go he is out, she busy, and I am entertained by the children, who do not edify me. Jane has just moved into a house about half a mile further from town, on the same road; they have furnished it themselves. Dina improves, or rather she always was, and continues to be, a very nice child."

that there is no fixing them—they are as capricious as fine Ladies and seem never to have any settled purpose; they are top-heavy—not deficient in brains, but in ballast. We have scarcely any English here; all foreigners who could do so have fled—on the wings of fear—now I have since my arms had seven years pith—struggled up the stream—I know not how it is but if I see a crowd all marching one way—I feel myself impelled to jostle through them in a contrary direction. So many people advised me not to come to Paris—and when I did come to hasten my departure—that I began to think of purchasing the lease of a house for life: but the panic is now partly subsiding, so I shall on to London.

I have not yet seen my book in its printed form, but enough of criticism on it—here is one from the stately and staid *Military Review* which is a fair sample of the rest. "Wild, libertine, and eccentric, revolting yet attractive, savage, yet sentimental, abounding in contrasts, as if its pictures had been alternately traced by a fiend and a fairy—such are the characteristics of this freebooter's tale. Its opening chapters half inclined us to cast down the book as 'a fiery particle of the satanic school'; but so many redeeming sketches of the sea, the shore and the beings that people them, so many images marked by novelty, power, or delicate beauty crowding in quick succession charmed our senses, and pleaded to our imagination, that we were fairly won to relax in the stern decree of our judgments.

"As the hues and forms of nature transcend the painter's art, so the incidents of real life equal or surpass the warmest creations of fancy. Romance

can go no farther than the actual adventures of the homicidal renegade and corsair the 'Younger Son'."

I triumph in thus forcing these liveried slaves of despots to read what I write against them, that they may see how I trash them; had I been so slavishly abject as they are, I should have been as dull, and hen they would have triumphed; but I have caught them on the hip; let them—it is their duty—denounce the book as Libertine and revolting—of this the readers will judge for themselves—the General's judgments may be reversed. Well I have spared no one—and shall not shrink from venial criticism—for strong reasons—I have disacknowledged or rather do not acknowledge the work as mine [and] shall not till I have completed it—and when these obstacles are removed. I am told Colburn the publisher is making a mint of money of it—of which I shall reap no advantages owing to the intrusting others in the disposal of the M.S.—they I believe thought it was worth little, and holding it cheaply—parted with it lightly—it is an old tale—Authors think lightly of every work they have no hand in.

Adieu—Your E. J. T.

My address in London is to the care of
John Burley Esqre.
New Square
Lincoln's Inn.

If you should go to Leghorn—call on Lady Dorothea Campbell—she is a woman worth knowing and a sincere friend of mine—I told her you would do so—you will be welcome and she will serve you if there is occasion.

LXVIII.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

17th July 1832.

My dear Mary,

I am awaiting an occasion of sending —— to Italy, my friend, Lady D., undertaking the charge of her.

It may be a month before she leaves England. At the end of this month Mrs. B. leaves London, and you will do me a great service if you will permit my daughter to reside with you till I can make the necessary arrangements for going abroad; she has been reared in a rough school, like her father. I wish her to live and do as you do, and that you will not put yourself to the slightest inconvenience on her account.

As we are poor, the rich are our inheritance, and we are justified on all and every occasion to rob and use them.

But we must be honest and just amongst ourselves, therefore —— must to the last fraction pay her own expenses, and neither put you to expense nor inconvenience. For the rest, I should like —— to learn to lean upon herself alone—to see the practical part of life: to learn housekeeping on trifling means, and to benefit by her intercourse with a woman like you; but I am ill at compliments.

If you will permit —— to come to you, I will send or bring her to you about the 25th of this month. I should like you and —— to know each other before she leaves England, and thus I have selected you to

take charge of her in preference to any other person; but say if it chimes in with your wishes.

Adieu, dear Mary.—Your attached friend,

EDWARD TRELAWNY.

By the bye, tell me where the Sandgate coach starts from, its time of leaving London, and its time of arrival at Sandgate, and where you are, and if they will give you another bedroom in the house you are lodging in; and if you have any intention of leaving Sandgate soon.

LXIX.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

27th July 1832.

MY DEAR MARY,

You told me in your letter that it would be more convenient for you to receive —— on the last of the month, so I made my arrangements accordingly. I now find it will suit me better to come to you on Wednesday, so that you may expect —— on the evening of that day by the coach you mention. I shall of course put up at the inn.

As to your style of lodging or living, —— is not such a fool as to let that have any weight with her; if you were in a cobbler's stall she would be satisfied; and as to the dulness of the place, why, that must mainly depend on ourselves. Brompton is not so very gay, and the reason of my removing —— to Italy is that Mrs. B. was about sending her to reside with strangers at Lincoln; besides —— is acting entirely by her own free choice, and she gladly preferred Sandgate to Lincoln. At all events, come

we shall; and if you, by barricading or otherwise, oppose our entrance, why I shall do to you, not as I would have others do unto me, but as I do unto others,—make an onslaught on your dwelling, carry your tenement by assault, and give the place up to plunder.

So on Wednesday evening (at 5, by your account) you must be prepared to quietly yield up possession or take the consequences. So as you shall deport yourself, you will find me your friend or foe,

TRELAWNY.[1]

LXX.

A SWIM IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.[2]

Monday 5th August [1833], Eagle Hotel, Niagara.

Today I have been mortified, bitterly. The morning was hot and cloudless, I sauntered along the brink of the Rapids, descended the long tiresome spiral staircase which leads directly to the ferry on the river.

Instead of crossing over in the boat to Canada, I threaded my way along the rugged and rocky shore. I came to a solitary hollow by the river side, about a mile below the Fall. The agitated water mining the banks, had broadened its bed and covered the shelving shore there with massy fragments of dark limestone rocks. The mural cliffs rose on each side two or three hundred feet almost perpendicularly, yet pine trees and cypress and yew managed to scale the steep ascent and to hold their ground, boring into

[1] Mrs. Julian Marshall (ii. 246) says, "Mary's guest stayed with her over a month."

[2] This vivid narration, like the account of the cremation of Shelley and Williams, is not addressed to any one in particular.

the hard rocks with their harder roots, till, undermined by the continual rising of the water, they had fallen. Even at this distance from the Falls the waters in the midchannel were still boiling and bubbling and covered with foam, raging along and spreading out in all directions. Pieces of timber I threw in spun round in concentric circles. Then turning and twisting against the rocks like crushed serpents, it flowed on to the Rapids and formed dangerous whirlpools two miles lower down. Above the Falls this river is a mile broad, where I was now it was less than half a mile, above and below me not more than a quarter; so that flowing through a deep ravine of rocks it was very deep even to its brink, and in the centre they say above a 100 feet. The sun was now at its zenith and its rays concentrated into the tunnel made my brains boil, the water was not agitated, was of that tempting emerald green which looks so voluptuously cool like molten jasper flaked with snow.

I never resist the syren pleasure, when she is surrounded by her water nymphs in their sea green mantles, and my blood is boiling. I hastily cast aside my clothes, with nerves throbbing and panting breast, and clambering up to a ledge of rock jutting over a clear deep pool, I spring in head foremost. In an instant every nerve was restrung and set to the tune of vigorous boyhood. I spring up and gambol between wind and water.

To excel in swimming long and strong limbs and a pliant body are indispensable, the chest too should be broad, the greatest breadth of most fish is close to the head; the back must be bent inwards (incavated), the head reined back like a swan's and the chest

thrown forward; thus the body will float without exertion. The legs and arms after striking out should be drawn up and pressed close together, and five seconds between each stroke, as in running distances so in swimming distances, it is indispensable. Your life depends upon it, avoid being blown, the strongest swimmer, like the strongest horse, is done when his respiration fails. Utterly regardless of these truths, notwithstanding it is the pure gold of personal experience, in the wanton pride of my strength and knowledge of the art, I gambolled and played all sorts of gymnastics; methought the water, all wild as it was, was too sluggish, so I wheeled into mid-channel and dashing down the stream I was determined to try my strength in those places where the waters are wildest. I floated for some time over the eddying whirls without much difficulty and then struck through them right across the river.

This triumph steeled my confidence of "the ice brook's temper,"[1] after gaining breath regardless that I had changed the field of action in having been borne a long way down the river, consequently that I was rapidly approaching the Rapids, which nor boat nor anything with life can live in.

Well, thinking alone of the grandeur and wildness of the scene I swam on without difficulty yet I felt the chill that follows over-exertion stealing up my extremities, cramping my toes and fingers with sudden twitches. I was again returned to the centre of the vortical part of the river, I was out of sight of the

[1] *Othello.* I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sworde of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper;
Oh here it is.

Falls, the water was becoming rougher and rougher, I was tossed about and drifting fast down. I now remembered the terrible whirlpool below me, I could make no progress, the stream was mastering me. I thought I had no time to lose so I incautiously put forth my strength, springing in the water with energy to cross the arrowy stream transversely, conceiving that when I reached the smoother part, out of the vortex of mid-channel, my work was done. I seemed to be held by the legs and sucked downwards, the scumming surf broke over and blinded me, I began to ship water. In the part of the river I had now drifted to the water was frightfully agitated, it was broken and raging all around me; still my exertions augmented with the opposition, I breathed quicker and with increasing difficulty, I kept my eye steadily on the dark-browed precipice before me, it seemed receding, I thought of returning, but the distance and difficulty was equally balanced; the rotary action of the water under its surface, when I relaxed my exertions, sucked my body, heels foremost, downwards. Whilst breathing hard I swallowed the spray, my strength suddenly declined, I was compelled to keep my mouth open panting and gasping, my lower extremities sank. I looked around to see if there was any timber floating, or any boat or person on the shore. There was nothing, and if there had been no one could have seen me enveloped in spray, and the distant voice of the Falls drowned all other sounds: the thought that my time was come at last flashed across my mind, I thought what a fool I was to blindly abuse my own gained knowledge and thus cast myself away; the lessons of experience like the

inscriptions on tombs grow faint and illegible if not continually renewed. Why did I attempt to cross a part of the river that none had ever crossed before? There was not even the excitement of a fool on the shore to see or say he had seen me do it. Why had I not spoken to the man at the ferry, he would have followed me in his boat. I remembered too hearing the thing was not practicable; why what a wayward fool am I. These things acted as a spur, these truths crossed my mind rapidly, and I thought of all the scenes of drowning I had seen; of my own repeated perils that way. I heard the voices of the dead calling to me. I actually thought, as my mind grew darker, that they were tugging at my feet. Aston's horrid death by drowning nearly paralysed me. I endeavoured in vain to shake off these thick-coming fancies, they glowed before me. Thus I lay suspended between life and death. I was borne fearfully and rapidly along, I had lost all power. I could barely keep my head above the surface. I waxed fainter and fainter, there was no possibility of help. I occasionally turned on my back to rest and endeavour to recover my breath, but the agitation of the water and surf got into my mouth and nostrils, the water stuck in my throat, which was instantly followed by the agonizing sensation of strangulation. This I well knew was an unerring first symptom of a suffocating death. Instead of air I sucked in the flying spray it's impossible either to swallow or cast out again, and whilst struggling to do either I only drew in more. The torture of choking was terrible, my limbs were cold and almost lifeless, my stomach too was cramped. I saw the waters of the Rapids below me raging and all

about hissing. I thought now how much I would have given for a spiked nail so fixed that I could have rested the ball of my toe on it for one instant and have drawn one gulp of air unimpeded, to have swallowed the water that was sticking in the midchannel of my windpipe; nay I would have been glad at any risk to have rested on the point of a lancet. I had settled down till I was suspended in the water, the throbbing and heaving of my breast and heart and increased swelling in my throat had now so completely paralysed my limbs, that [I thought?] of giving up a struggle which seemed hopeless. My uppermost thought was mortification at this infallible proof of my declining strength, well I knew there was a time in which I could have forced my way through ten times these impediments; the only palliation I could think of was the depth and icy chilliness of the water which came straight from the regions of the frigid zone. This contracted all my muscles and sinews, my head grew dizzy from bending the spine backwards, the blow I had received from the upset I had not recovered; the ball, too, immediately over my jugular vein retards the circulation; my right arm has never recovered its strength and it was now benumbed. All this and much more I thought of, my body said I "is like a leaky skiff" no longer sea-worthy, and "my soul shall swim out of it" and free myself. I thought the links which held me to life were so worn that the shock which broke them would be slight. It had always been my prayer to die in the pride of my strength,—age, however it approached, with wealth and power, or on crutches and in rags, was to me equally loathsome,—better to perish before he had touched [me]

with his withering finger, in this wild place, on a foreign shore. Niagara "chanting a thunder psalm"[1] as a requiem was a fitting end to my wild meteor-like life. Thoughts like these absorbed me. I no longer in the bitterness of my heart struggled against the waters which whirled me along, and certainly this despair as if in mockery preserved me. For looking again towards the shore I saw that I had been carried nearer to it, and without any exertion on my part I floated lighter, the under-tow no longer drew me down, and presently the water became smooth, I had been cast out of the vortex and was drifting towards the rocks. I heard the boiling commotion of the tremendous Rapids and saw the spume flying in the air a little below me, and then I lay stranded, sick and dizzy, everything still seemed whirling round and round and the waters singing in my ears. The sun had descended behind the cliffs, and my limbs shook so violently that I could not stand; I lay there for some time, and then, as the rocks were too rugged to admit of walking, I swam slowly up along the shore. I was deeply mortified, the maxim which has so long borne me towards my desires triumphantly—go on till you are stopped—fails me here. I have been stopped, there is no denying it, death would have pained me less than this conviction. I must change my vaunting crest.

My shadow trembling on the black rock as reflected by the last rays of the setting sun, shows me as in a glass, that my youth and strength have fled. When

[1] The wingéd storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, . . .—Shelley's *Epipsychidion*, 465-7.

I had recovered my breath I dressed myself and walked sullenly to the ferry boat. I took the two heavy oars and exerting my utmost strength bent them like rattans as I forced the clumsy boat against the stream. The ferry man where I landed seemed surprised at my impetuosity, he said the sun's been so hot today that he was dead beat, I said, "Why how old are you?" "Oh," he said, "that's nothing"—he was thirty-eight. "Thirty-eight," I echoed, "then you are not worth a damn, you had better look out for the almshouse." I started off running up the steep acclivity and heard him muttering "Why, you are'nt so very young yourself; what the devil does he mean?" When I got to the summit I threw myself down on a ledge of rock, instead of over as I should have done, and fell asleep, and thus ended the day; I shall not however forget it.

LXXI.

To Claire Clairmont.

December 10, 1833.
Charleston—South Carolina
United States
America

Dearest Friend,

"When my heart labours with impassioned feelings,
I seek for names to call them by, and find none.
Then do I wander through the world, and catch
Words of high import, and this fire which wastes me
I call eternal, endless, everlasting."

I have ever found you loving and forgiving—had you been otherwise you could not have held on with me so long—I will not say untired—for you must grow weary of one wayward and worthless—I wonder

if there is any one who really understands me—I sometimes think you must begin to loathe me—and yet I will not think so—the loss of you would leave a dreary void in my affections that could never be filled up. So you are with my other Jane! is there not something very attracting in Jane Boccella? so frank, so honest, so generous—so warm and single-hearted—so bold and yet so sentative [*sic*]—so brave and yet so weak—so vain and yet so loving—impelled by instinct to act nobly—and by education to be [the] veriest trifler—the emotions of a generous soul—struggling to free itself—

"A chain of lead around a soul of fire."[1]

12 Dec^br^.—As to Lady Dorothea, she is faultless—she not only lends a lustre to her sex—but compels us to think better of human nature—yet her fate is not a happy one—she is like a Jewel in an Ethiop's ear—my dove-eyed Sister Luesa—I should like to have your opinion of her—certainly I am not vain, for I only love those who are the *contradistinction* of myself—they must be my opposite in everything—person—affections! feelings! passions! tastes! habits! I loathe myself—I have been in America nearly a twelvemonth—during which period I have circumnavigated the twenty-four states—during the winter I shall keep to the South: the climate of this city as far as I can judge is far better than Florence—perhaps not so good as Naples—the American climate, however, bears little resemblance to that of Europe—it is more like the climate of China—with this difference that China is something

[1] Presumably another recollection of *Epipsychidion*,

The wingéd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of Love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire. . . .

hotter in summer and colder in winter. The wealthier classes in America attempt to imitate the English in their social institutions—and that is an absurdity—but they are a small sect—with small means and little influence—Democratic institutions are using up to the stump their goose quills—the Sovereign people are bearing down all opposition—they are working out triumphantly their grand experiment—that all men are born free and equal!—the only blot on their charter, slavery, will gradually disappear—it must be spunged out—or cut out soon.—I have not received a word of news from Mary—or indeed any one else in England—for six months—Yes, one letter from my Mother—and one from Jane Boccella: her acc^{t} of Zella's temper has vexed me—what can be done—can you not devise anything?—you are on the spot—it is only the boiling over of feelings—some remedy may be found,—they may be directed; if she inherits her father's waywardness it may be restrained—time with awakening reason will be enough . . . .—from her baby-hood she exhibited an affectionate disposition and strong passions — and these are the elements of our virtues—she certainly is not deficient of intellect—unfolding that is indispensable—yet some minds are as difficult to unroll as the Herculaneum M.S.—and when laid open not worth the trouble of reading: by the bye all the women of our family are devils.—I want to know, Cousin Clare, what you have been doing—let me over-haul your Log book—since I left Italy. Wandering over this country—I see many spots that resemble my rural castles in the air—it is time I should begin to lay the foundation of them—on the earth.—These endless and

eternal forests are my delight—so are the rivers—I go two thousand miles up the Mississippi—1,500 up the Ohio—a thousand miles through the woods or the same distance along the mountains—then the scanty population—which you may judge by good land covered with timber being worth no more than 7 or 8 shillings an acre—many of the States larger than England—Virginia is twice as large—with not more than half a million population—this is delightful—after being almost suffocated in Europe, crammed together like the audience in a theatre—England is so cumbered up with human and other animals—that in London I often thought—if the black hole of Calcutta in which Tippoo Sahib very properly crammed the white miscreants was more offensive.—In the wilderness—encompassed by the works of nature—a boundless horizon unbroken by the trumpery works of man—I feel so elated that life is of itself a pleasure—when I enter a town it is a pain—the only place I could find peace in would be where village bell—did *never* knoll to church—sacerdotal vermin do abound here; in the cities of the North they are thick as li— in Egypt—for they are very little diminished—I mean the li.. since the original curse—all Towns over the world are the same—a congregation of knaves, fools, and hypocrites! the present social system all over the world is the same.—How do you like Mrs. Bennett?—I saw her at one or two parties—and heard her abused, which inspired me with a strong wish to know her—I was told she disliked being introduced to people—and I have a particular horror of introductions—and never ask to be introduced to any one—I have an insurmountable aversion to anything like solicitation—all my friends and

acquaintances are picked up clandestinely; the only people worth knowing is where there is a demonstration of its being the mutual wish of two people—and then ceremony can be evaded—such is my habit—the forcing myself thro' the medium of a third person—I abhor—I enter into this detail as it explains to you the cause whereby my accquances [*sic*, for acquaintances] so rapidly sometimes become my real friends.

An old Arab sibyl predicted I should die and be buried in the same instant like a drop of rain falling on the sand—that no eye should be on me—no hand held out to me—that the voice of the black waters would then scoff at me in scorn—as I had scoffed at all things high and mighty! Whilst living on the ocean this fate of course might have been mine any day—and I have had some miraculous escapes by flood and field since then—yet I never felt so near fulfilling the sibyl's prediction as in July last. It was a fiery hot day—after clambering down a precipitous bank—I sat some time amongst the rocks on the margin of the Niagara river—shaded by the steep bank and soothed by the sound of the great fall which sounded like distant thunder—who can look at a clear river on a hot day without wishing to plunge in it?—Immediately after the broad sheet of water is launched over the fall its channel is straitened—and like a crushed serpent—it writhes and foams—in its narrow bed imprisoned—and then recovering itself—it rushes along with the speed of an arrow—covered with a frothy scum and leaving in its [wake a ?][1] line of light—like

[1] This letter having been closed with much sealing-wax, a few words down the outer margin are covered up and have to be guessed.

a falling star—the water eddying, whirling, and turbulently boiling in a caldron—nothing elates me so much—or exercises such power over my mind—as witnessing any of the elements at war—instead of shrinking at my own insignificance, I dilate with high thoughts engendered by sublime scenes—the[n or therefore] I plunged into the river of the cataract—I had been told this part of the river was dangerous even for a boat—but I remembered no European boat could swim in the surf at Madras—yet I had swam thro' it often—and my motto is—"go on till you are stopped"—I did so—I crossed with exceeding toil and difficulty: in returning I was overpowered by the strength of the current and whirled along headlong till I observed I was drifting towards the rapids—which form a terrific whirlpool in which nothing that lives could float an instant—exhausted and powerless—I for a moment resigned myself to my fate: I thought of the old sorceress's prediction—I was far away from all succour, the distant roar of the cataract dinned in my ears—my death knell—I was sinking—gasping for breath. I then thought of the prediction—to be lost like a rain drop in the sand—seeing the land on each side I thought it absurd to be drowned in a river—I cannot tell how I regained the shore—but this I know, I was so used up I could not see things distinctly for nearly an hour—I was still suffering from the effects of an upset in a coach.—You are sulky with me, Clare, and I deserve you should be so—but you must not treat me according to my deserts—but after the emotions of your affectionate heart—I am so hardened in doing wrong—that its a pity I was not drowned—write to me—I get no letters—direct

Messrs. Brown Brothers—New York—United States via Havre—farewell my Dearest friend

Your

E. J. TRELAWNY.

Clare, I cannot reread my letters—you must make sense of this—I cannot; it is a selfish egotistical letter—and merits the flames.

LXXII.

To MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton,
12th September 1835.

MARY, DEAR,

Six days I rest, and do all that I have to do on the seventh, because it is forbidden. If they would make it felony to obey the Commandments (without benefit of clergy), don't you think the pleasures of breaking the law would make me keep them? . . . .

I cannot surmise *one* of the "thousand reasons" which you say are to prevent my seeing you. On the contrary, your being "chained to your rock" enables me to play the vulture at discretion. It is well for you, therefore, that I am "the most prudent of men." What a host of virtues I am gifted with! When I am dead, lady mine, build a temple over me and make pilgrimages. Talking of tombs, let it be agreed between you and me that whichever *first* has *five hundred pounds* at his disposal shall dedicate it to the placing a fitting monument over the ashes of Shelley.

We will go to Rome together. The time, too, cannot be far distant, considering all things. Remember

me to Percy. I shall direct this to Jane's, not that I think you are there. Adieu, Mary!—Your

E. TRELAWNY.[1]

LXXIII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

Colonnade Hotel
Charles Street
London
Nov^br 30, 1835

MY DEAR CLARE,

Thanks for your kind and most interesting letter—as my object is to relieve Madam Boccella from the burthen of taking care of Zella—immediately!—and it's not possible to send her to me—why I think your plan will do,—must do. I use these words because I detest everything that has a resemblance to a school—however, its horrors will be

[1] He seems to have written of the charms of Mrs. Norton; for Mary wrote to him about this time as follows (see Mrs. Julian Marshall's second volume, pp. 272–3):

... "I do not wonder at your not being able to deny yourself the pleasure of Mrs. Norton's society. I never saw a woman I thought so fascinating. Had I been a man I should certainly have fallen in love with her; as a woman, ten years ago, I should have been spellbound, and, had she taken the trouble, she might have wound me round her finger. Ten years ago I was so ready to give myself away, and being afraid of men, I was apt to get *tousy-mousy* for women; experience and suffering have altered all that. I am more wrapt up in myself, my own feelings, disasters, and prospects for Percy. I am now proof, as Hamlet says, both against man and woman.

"There is something in the pretty way in which Mrs. Norton's witticisms glide, as it were, from her lips, that is very charming; and then her colour, which is so variable, the eloquent blood which ebbs and flows, mounting, as she speaks, to her neck and temples, and then receding as fast; it reminds me of the frequent quotation of 'eloquent blood,' and gives a peculiar attraction to her conversation—not to speak of fine eyes and open brow.

"Now do not in your usual silly way show her what I say. She is, despite all her talents and sweetness, a London lady. She would quiz me—not, perhaps, to you—well do I know the London *ton*—but to every one else—in her prettiest manner."

mitigated by your standing by the dear child—so I will write forthwith to Jane B[occella]—for every sort of difference [*sic*, for deference] must be paid to her who has already attempted to do so much. If she consents—which I suppose she will most gladly—why let Zella be placed with the person you mention forthwith—besides which I will write to my friend Kirkup to aid and abet—he is an old friend of Zella's —and I will arrange with him regarding the money.— This planet does not contain two people that I have more entire confidence in than you and him—so see him—and set to work—without delay: what you decide on I shall be satisfied is the best course—Jane will continue to feel some interest in the fate of a being so long addressing her by the tender title of Mama—beseech you therefore let Jane's feelings be consulted.

And Zella—you do not tell me where Jane is—or if you have lately seen the child—I wish much to know about her—her health, her appearance—her intellect —feeling, character, &c. &c.—at present I have the vaguest idea of what changes four years absence have wrought upon her—let me see—she must be of nine years old—is she tall, or short, fat, or thin,—ugly, or pretty,—clever, or stupid?—I want the truth and nothing but the truth. Say to the Bennetts how much I thank them—for anticipated kindness to the Greek orphan! Yesterday I called on your family. Godwin is one of the immortals—I mean himself as well as his works: time passes without touching him—

Roberts is what Bacon calls right earth—he revolves round himself and would fire his neighbour's house and it were only to roast his own eggs—never-

theless—as things go he does well enough—and succeeds in passing himself off for a better man,—for gold—whereas—try him and you will find he is but brass—how few will stand the touchstone of time and tryal—yet I have some noble friends—scattered abroad in the world—that have been proved—and I treasure them accordingly. Mary I have not seen—her disease grows upon her with years—I mean her pining after distinction and the distinguished of fortune: so it is where there is the greatest strength there is also the most weakness—she has a fine intellect: her head might be put upon the shoulders of a Philosopher.[1] Adieu, Dear Jane; your mother is gouty and grumbling—at her new house and old complaint—adieu.

Your Truly Attached

E. Trelawny.

LXXIV.

To Claire Clairmont.

March 23. 1836
1 Duke Street, St. James

My Dear Clare,

In whatsoever direction I go forth—however far or rapid my flight—it's all the same—I always find myself here again in London—designedly I go—and have reasons—such as they are—for going—coming back is altogether involuntary—I can assign no motive or reason—any more than the stick of a skyrocket that after its airy flight comes tumbling back again—or the winds—or the tides—everything—

[1] Some one to whom, presumably, Claire had lent this letter, has written against this passage in pencil: "Dear Clare do you think Philosophy is in the *heart* as Trelawny supposes."

and forever—seems returning from whence it came—with most monotonous regularity.—The seeming mutability of things is a mere illusion of the senses.—The Great Captain that commands this planet of ours—is a great arithmetician—and has lines and figures for his ministers—the wildest freaks of comets above us, or earthquakes beneath us—or hurricanes—are but as the lesser convulsions of us things—that play our melodramatic-absurdities—"on this our dingy earth" of war and revolution—the greater as the lesser effects no real changes—on the contrary they restore the equilibrium—thus everything ends as it began, immoveable, unalterable, immutable—I that once thought I could put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes—now feel that I have but existed—as a frog in a swamp: the snail-paced and slug-blooded—that pass vegetable lives—or I that flutter in this our elementary cage and think I am flying over boundless space—lead the same lives—it's all the same—we are in reality but animated stocks and stones.

Returning from the country—I have only to-day got your letters of February 21 and March 7—they tell me that Zella is ill and that she is mending and moreover that you have hit upon a chance of sending her to me. As she has an antipathy to learning—which certainly is natural—it is no use her remaining at school in Florence—yet notwithstanding your tirade against acquirements—we must learn enough to enable us to steer our course—on the earth—as to enable us to avoid the sands and shoals that lurk beneath its smiling surface—both from duty and inclination I am ready to undertake the pilotage—difficult tho' it be—

come when she may—so let her appear with the swallows—she is mine and shall be welcome. Did I ever tell you that her mother some years back married the son of one of the Greek Chieftains—and is thriving—still young (22) and distinguished for her beauty—after going thro' the forms prescribed by the Greek Church—of being divorced from me (the unworthy). We call the Greeks and easterns barbarians; and our bond-slaves—women—think they are free and the former in bondage—whereas the reverse is the case—at least in that which to women is the life of their lives—marriages I mean. In Greece and Turkey—particularly in the former—a mutual consent is sufficient cause of divorce—without the degradation of pains and penalties heaped on the weaker head;—a mistake here in the way of marriage is fatal—there it is a transitory evil—easily remedied—and as we are not all gifted with forecasting minds—this is wise;—we can only gain wisdom by experience—who can profit by the experience of others—in making such an innocent and natural experiment as marriage?—felony without benefit of clergy is not fair.

Oh, you want to know about Mary—I was at a party with her last night—or rather met her there—she lights up very well at night—and shows to advantage in society—for there she is happy—detesting solitude—in the country she does nothing but complain—she is now determined to fix her head quarters in Town—has a lodging near the Regents park, and is seeking a small house to call her own. In the daylight the faded colour and chinks of time are observable, but not disproportionate to her years; my bronzed visage is battered and weather-stained—women are made of

softer stuff—and she shows it—some things harden by time and exposure as stones and bones—but not beauty's cheek.—Mary has nearly completed a new novel—the matter or manner of it I know not.[1] Percy improves in his outside shell—he is thought handsome—in features and temperament more after the Godwins than his Father. Mary says he takes after his sire's family—which is not saying much in his favour—better far the Godwins—if we are not to have a Percy Shelley—let's have a Godwin—with a little of the father's leaven to upheave and quicken the good and wholesome somewhat slow and heavy stuff of which the philosopher is made—Godwin and your mother are no more affected by time than the leaning tower at Pisa—bending with the weight of years—who can say when they are to fall?—As to Jane of Maida Hill she has gone thro' a sort of Phoenix death—entombed for six months in her chamber—she went there sick and old—to lay down and die we thought—to retire whilst she had yet strength to do so with some remains of her former gracefulness—I had taken as I thought a final leave of her—and mourned her loss—in the seclusion of the Country—great was my wonder on returning to Town—and going to console Jeff—with a panegyrical epitaph which I had composed—to find Jane restored to life and sitting on the right hand of Jeff—looking as fresh and beautiful as the virgin mother with its

[1] Falkner | A Novel | By | The Author of "Frankenstein;" | "The Last Man," &c. |

—"there stood
In record of a sweet sad story,
An altar, and a temple bright,
Circled by steps, and o'er the gate
Was sculptured, 'To Fidelity!'"
Shelley.

In three volumes | Vol. I. [II., III.] | London | Saunders and Otley Conduit Street | 1837

radiant baby—she really looks as if she had been plunged into the Lake at the entrance of Mahomet's Paradise—which restores to the oldest woman the beauty of her brightest youth. Jeff is proud of this miracle vouchsafed in his favour—as if he too were about being declared a prophet.—Lady Dorothea is still detained here by the most vindictive proceedings of the guardians of her children—she and hers abhor this country—and will leave it at all hazards in a few days. I must stay—sometime longer—I must now write to Kirkup, so farewell, Dear Clare.

E. Trelawny.

Don't address me thro' Burley—but Hoare's the Banker: of course I will go to Dover to meet Zella—to-night we are all to rendazous[1] at Godwin's—Mary, Percy, and self—

Henceforth direct to me

Messrs Henry Hoare's & Co.
Fleet Street
London.

LXXV.

To Claire Clairmont.

My address Messrs H. Hoare's
Fleet Street
London

1 Duke Street, St. James's
London
May 14 1836.

Clara Dear,

Your mother hates me because I persist in calling you by that name—and moreover will not understand

[1] No doubt this strange word is meant to represent *rendez-vous*; but one must draw the line somewhere in the matter of the spelling-supply.

her when she uses that of Jane. Jane by compulsion —you are Clara by choice—with what tenacity our dams cling to the shadow of their former power! Your last letter, 22 April, reached me in 12 days—Your wishes as far as keeping your mother afloat went—had been anticipated;—so soon as Godwin was entombed—we did our duty in trying to get his widow the means whereby we live—without a doubt it would have come to nothing—(for the minions of power and fortune Love nothing but themselves—serve nothing but themselves) but that I retained on our side the Lady of song and beauty [1]—and after all as Mary has told you £300 was

[1] This appears to refer to the then popular poetess (and for ever to be remembered woman) the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Trelawny, like every other man who came within her sphere of influence, had a vast admiration for her. He may easily have exaggerated to himself his part in obtaining her support; but it is certain to have been a generous part. Mrs. Julian Marshall (ii. 275-6) tells us that Mary Shelley "busied herself in trying to obtain from Government some assistance—an annuity if possible—for Mrs. Godwin. It was very seldom in her life that Mary asked anybody for anything, and the present exception was made in favour of one whom she did not love, and who had never been a good friend to her. But had Mrs. Godwin been her own mother instead of a disagreeable, jealous, old stepmother, she could not have made greater exertions in her behalf. Mrs. Norton was ready and willing to help by bringing influence to bear in powerful quarters, and gave Mary some shrewd advice as to the wording of her letter to Lord Melbourne. She wrote—

'. . . Press *not* on the politics of Mr. Godwin (for God knows how much gratitude for that ever survives), but on his *celebrity*, the widow's *age* and *ill health*, and (if your proud little spirit will bear it) on your own *toils*; for, after all, the truth is that you, being generous, will, rather than see the old creature starve, work your brains and your pen; and you have your son and delicate health to hinder you from having *means* to help her.

'As to petitioning, no one dislikes begging more than I do, especially when one begs for what seems mere justice; but I have long observed that though people will resist *claims* (however just), they like to do *favours*. Therefore, when *I* beg, I am a crawling lizard, a humble toad, a brown snake in cold weather, or any other simile most feebly *rampante* —the reverse of *rampant*, which would be the natural attitude for petitioning, — but which must never be assumed except in the poodle style, standing with one's paws bent to catch the bits of bread on one's nose.

'Forgive my jesting; upon my honour I feel sincerely anxious for your anxiety, and sad enough on my own affairs, but Irish blood *will* dance. My meaning is, that if

all they would give—Mrs. Godwin, they say, has no claim &c. &c. When Godwin died I asked Mary if your mother wanted money: she said no—that she had a hundred pd. in the house—and then there are MSS. talked of—and Mary talks of writing her Father's life—he having begun it—so you see there is plenty of breathing time—such as us have no business with foresight—it's enough if we can meet the coming hour—if when we look out in the morning the horizon is tolerably clear, we should spread all our light canvas to woo the favouring breeze:—with those who have power it is different—they may put their castles in the air into tangible shapes whenever they please—with us forecasting is but the child's game of make-believe—for are we not the born slaves of blind chance? As to *your housekeeping* plan—the most feasible thing in that line that I know of is your being house-keeper to my houseless-self if the graphic portraiture you sent me of yourself is true,—as to your mother, you couldn't live with her—you know that icebergs like Godwin or myself anybody may get on with; but you are made of a different mettle;—now that Godwin is gone—I am the only calm and dispassionate one left for you and Mary to repose on. Kirkup tells me that you and Grandmama bore Zella about going to church—for an old crone in her dotage, it's all very well to mumble about such stuff.

one asks *at all*, one should rather think of the person written to than one's own feelings. He is an indolent man—talk of your literary labours; a kind man—speak of her age and infirmities; a patron of all *genius*; talk of your father's *and your own*; a prudent man—speak of the likelihood of the pension being a short grant (as you have done); lastly, he is a *great* man—take it all as a personal favour. As to not apologising for the intrusion, we ought always to kneel down and beg pardon for daring to remind people we are not so well off as they are.'"

Some Literary society have given Mrs. G. £50. Mrs. Mary told me yesterday that your mother is going to stay in some village about town, and take Mrs. W. Godwin with her; they are both crony—rheumy—rheumatic and phthisicky—moreover I am told they want you too—that will never do—you are low enough now—but that would be deeper still. Mary wonders she does not (Mrs. Godwin) go to Vienna and amuse herself with her grandchildren. I wonder at nothing so much as that anyone should doubt—that what seems best to ourselves is best—. Mary has nearly completed another novel. She thinks it very good—as the story pleased and carried her on; it won't come out till August.[1] So eager are the Tories for power that they were reduced to the mean shift of getting up a private intrigue to create a public discord: they induced Norton—he is a fool—"as gross as ignorance, made drunk"—to put himself in their hands—they then spread abroad what reports pleased them criminating Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton—politically as well as in the other way—however there is more bark than bite—nothing has or can be done—the thing has failed.

In everything Kirkup has done for Zella he has shown his good sense and good feeling—in this affair of children he far surpasses in management any woman I ever got hold of, so that henceforth I shall take care to employ him in all my affairs of that kind;—instead of taking Zella from him, I am thinking of sending him a little red Indian thing, a thorough bred—from the western wilderness of America, her dam a squaw of

[1] *Falkner*. See *ante*, p. 197.

the Chippeway nation—Wa-em-boesh—grand daughter of Black hawk—it's a pretty little dove-eyed thing—with a head dress of feathers, flowers, and woodpeckers' bills and a frock of raccoon skin—trimmed with beaver and black fox—mocassins of deer-skin ornamented with dyed grasses—don't you think I might get a good price for my motley variety of the human species—of the Zoological society?

Lady Dorothea after a most tedious and expensive law suit—which she has gained—has gone to dwell in or near Paris—utterly loathing England and all therein;—certainly women have less scope of chain here than anywhere else that I have ever been—they are all muzzled—and compelled to lead the most unnatural life possible. It was a pity to lose such an opportunity—such a favourable turn of the tide—of sending Zella with the Prices;—if she has any of my nature in her—travelling under any circumstances would do her good—it's my remedy for all the ills of life—body or soul's sickness—I go out of myself and onwards to something new—however I leave everything to Kirkup—I shall scaul[1] him in a few days.

And so farewell, Mrs. Clare

Yours E. TRELAWNY.

Landor of Florence is just come in; we are going to pay a visit to Mary—14 North Bank, Regent's Park.

Can't Zella read or write?

Just received your letter 3 May.

[1] I fancy he meant *scrawl*.

LXXVI.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Hastings, 25th September 1836.

Mary, dear,

Your letter was exceedingly welcome; it was honoured accordingly. You divine truly; I am leading a vegetable sort of a life. They say the place is pretty, the air is good, the sea is fine. I would willingly exchange a pretty place for a pretty girl. The air is keen and shrewish, and as to the sea, I am satisfied with a bath of less dimensions. Notwithstanding the want of sun, and the abundance of cold winds, I lave my sides daily in the brine, and thus I am gradually cooling down to the temperature—of the things round about me—so that the thinnest skinned feminine may handle me without fear of consequences. Possibly you may think that I am like the torpid snake that the forester warmed by his hearth. No, I am not. I am steeling myself with Plato and Platonics; so now farewell to love and womankind. "Othello's occupation's gone." . . . .

You say, "Had I seen those eyes [1] you saw the other day." Yes, the darts shot from those eyes are still rankling in my body; yet it is a pleasing pain. The wound of the scorpion is healed by applying the scorpion to the wound. Is she not a glorious being? Have you ever seen such a presence? Is she not dazzling? There is enchantment in all her ways. Talk of the divine power of music, why, she is all

[1] Mrs. Julian Marshall (ii. 277) leans to the view that the eyes were those of Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler). But it seems to me that Mrs. Norton was more probably the lady alluded to.

melody, and poetry, and beauty, and harmony. How envious and malignant must the English be not to do her homage universal. They never had, or will have again, such a woman as that. I would rather be her slave than king of such an island of Calibans. You have a soul, and sense, and a deep feeling for your sex, and revere such "cunning patterns of excelling nature," therefore—besides, I owe it you—I will transcribe what she says of you: "I was nervous, it was my first visit to any one, and there is a gentle frankness in her manner, and a vague remembrance of the thought and feeling in her books which prevents my being as with a 'visiting acquaintance.'" . . . .

Zella is doing wondrous well, and chance has placed her with a womankind that even I (setting beauty aside) am satisfied with. By the bye, I wish most earnestly you could get me some good *morality* in the shape of Italian and French. It is indispensable to the keeping alive her remembrance of those languages, and not a book is to be had here, nor do I know exactly how to get them by any other means, so pray think of it. . . . .

I am inundated with letters from America, and am answering them by Mrs. Jameson; she sailing immediately is a very heavy loss to me. She is the friendliest-hearted woman in the world. I would rather lose anything than her. . . .

I don't think I shall stay here much longer; it is bad holding ground; my cable is chafing. I shall drift somewhere or other. It is well for Mamma Percy has so much of her temperate blood. When us three meet we shall be able to ice the wine by placing it between us; that will be nice, as the girls say.

A glance from Mrs. Nesbitt has shaken my firm nerves a little. There is a mystery—a deep well of feeling in those star-like eyes of hers. It is strange that actresses are the only true and natural people; they only act in the proper season and place, whilst all the rest seem eternally playing a part, and like dilettanti acting, damn'd absurdly.

J. TRELAWNY.

LXXVII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

1 Duke St.
St. James's
Friday [February] 10. 1837

CLARE DEAR,

Assist me!! lend me your hand!!! don't fob me off with excuses of its weakness, its engagements—an iron will can force a way anywhere. I must get written or write myself a review of Mary's new work—will you do it—or failing in that will you write me one of your long flighty fanciful beautiful letters commentating on the peculiarities—and individuality of the Godwin School in which Mary is saturated with the admixture of a little of Shelley's bland and softening balm—penetrating and making the hair grow? The Reviews of the Aristocracy—Quarterly and Edinburgh—have ever conspired against genius—and for mediocrity—to shut out heaven's pure light—and substitute the dim obscure of oil and tallow—our Radical review the Westminster—if not for virtue—at least for the sake of opposition as well as novelty—wishes to take the opposite course; and, as the Godwins and Shelley are a part and parcel of liberalism, why their merits cannot be too highly hallelujahed—so prithee, if not the

whole, do a part—besides in their case you speak of your own—for are they and you not linked inextricably together—different and yet the same—you too have the highest idea of Mary's talents and works; read *Falkner*—have you it?—and besides the general impression tell me your particular thoughts on its demerits.—When do you go to Windsor?—how unlucky you always are—in being there marched about whether you will or no—but Mary says liberty is the curse of her life—she languishes for the delights of slavery—why don't she change places with you?—every day I wear more thin-skinned—and the very sight of harness—(particularly double) I plunge with fury—and scream with horror—the fate depends on you of your's

E. TRELAWNY.

LXXVIII.

To ANNA JAMESON.[1]

Monday
8 G[rea]t Ryder St.
St. James's

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,

The divine Mrs. Norton is in Bolton Street No. 24.—She is a true hearted woman—and acts accordingly. You need fear no misconstruction on her part. It is long ago since I have seen her to my sorrow.

Yours
E. TRELAWNY.

My banker gave me a letter from you yesterday, its well I did not get it sooner—its a damned document.

[1] I cannot fix the date of this letter with any certainty. The original is in the University Library at Jena; and Mr. Leonard Mackall, who communicated it to me, says it has no envelope or post-mark. It cannot be before 1835, for the paper has a water-mark of that year; and it must of course follow the time when Trelawny was seeing Mrs. Norton frequently.

LXXIX.

To Claire Clairmont.

October 29. 1837
direct under cover to
Sir William Molesworth Bart. MP.
Pencarrow near Bodmin.

My Dear Clare,

Where are you—and what doing?—with the Bennetts or the Sandfords?—are you to be always in this vile servitude—condemned for life—to this worse than galley life?—and what for?—what have you done to merit such damnation?—are your fetters never to be knocked off?—your pettycoats I mean. . . . .

Mrs. G—— I believe is in town and she wishes to make friends with you—and what is Mary doing—and Jane—Dina and Percy—and Jeff [Hogg] the man of iron and irony? Prithee give me to know about these people—do you stand on the centre of the earth—stationary ever whilst all things else are moving?—this is all I can imagine of Hell.

Now I am old and grizzled I keep nearer my den—I prowl in narrower circles—this summer I have passed dreamily in an old Cornish mansion—very much to my satisfaction—for I like the people here—exceedingly—and yet it is strange, for the devil of a feminine have we—I must be strangely changed—or is it that I look upon this house standing in its wide green domain—as a ship on the wide sea?—a house without a woman is like a ship at sea—we are freighted with books too—and for England we have had dainty weather—and in fine w[eather] our country life is a pleasant one—but that my fancy

is ever at work hankering after your kind.—I want you to read Laing's travels and residence in Norway: do read it! will you—and don't vex me with your eternal iteration of "want of time." I have been at anchor here three months—the 8th of November I go to Plymouth and other places and not return to London until January is defunct. Did you see Madam Boccella?—I did not. I called in vain.—Zella .... is well and clever and we agree amazingly well—perhaps because we so seldom meet—don't you like the absent best—they never ruffle one—those present—always present—we can't help daily wishing dead; and old friends are a heavy curse—they treat us like an old umbrella—give me every thing new—all old things are utterly worthless, aren't they Clare?—only and always excepting me—of course I am the single exception.

[Your[1]]

E. Trelawny.

LXXX.

To Claire Clairmont.

17. August. 1838
79 Eaton Square

Clare hollo — do you hear? are you alive, or indeed transformed into a tree girdled round by the axe—leafless, lifeless—my dropping gall into your milk was not in wantonness—but to make you into something better than a dish of skimmed stuff—have you not lived long enough in your present way of life to prove that it was never intended for a being

[1] A word blotted over—probably "your."

gifted with soul or sense—when all around is dismal —damp and devilish—and the ground sounds hollow under our feet—is it not time to move?

Well then will you come live at Putney—and to qualify your absolute contentment—instill knowledge into . . . . or will you kick off your harness entirely and scamper off—free as the winds . . . . if in either of these plans you could find contentment, they can be realized—executed in the completest manner—my judgment is good when unmixt with passion—and I would not inconsiderately act where your interests are concerned or advise you to act—of course I have not uttered a word to any of your people.—Mary is the blab of blabs—she lives on hogs wash—what utter failures most people are. Of the Bennett girls—they never shine upon me: what strange fancy you have! the sort of life you lead begets monomania—you talk nightmares—girls love anything and everything that amuses them—no matter who or what—so do I!—don't you?

So now farewell. After the stuffy[1] time o' year is vanished I think of having Zella with me.

Your

Ed. Trelawny.

LXXXI.

To Edward Moxon.

30 June, 1841
Putney Hill

Dear Sir,

Admiration for Shelley, and the interest I feel for all that remains of him (his works) induced me to act discourteously to you some time back—by freely expressing my thoughts in regard to the omission of

[1] Doubtful.

certain notes in your edition of *Queen Mab*: independent of my personal feelings on the subject my opinion is the notes are essential to explain Shelley's object in writing such a poem; they lay bare the thinkings of the Poet in his boyhood and explain the motives that then actuated him. Your subsequent edition of the work entire proves that you think so too and that well timed caution alone influenced you. After all it is not the intolerance of the times but the ill directed revenge of a political party that has fallen upon and injured you—I think and trust not seriously. I do not write this in idle condolence—or to say that I am sorry for ever having misconceived your acts—but simply to say that in purse and person I am ready to serve you: it is in such cases as these I lament they are not greater.

My friends Sir Wm. Molesworth and Leader are equally interested in this affair—Leader said he should have called and told you so, but that his election stopped him; he will see you today. Sir William has been absorbed by politics and is gone to Cornwall. You have acted most manfully; and with the greatest esteem I am, Dear Sir, truly yours

Ed. Trelawny.

LXXXII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton.
10 July 1857.

My Dear Clare,

When you write tell me about Shelley's idiosyncrasies, his follies—he was always a boy—and tell me about his first wife Harriett—was she in fault in any way? The Poet was the slave of his imagination;

inconstancy is natural to man, however it may be with woman: everything spoils by use; the laws of nature and the laws of society are always at war—strong necessity compels the millions to submit—but many will not: everything is imaginary; there is nothing real; we do not see with the same eyes.—"The dream that we call life" is a farce; and our little game is nearly played out: in looking back with a calm eye—how very foolish our lives seem—vanity and folly without aim or object—nothing done but what would be better if not done—the only solace is that all are in the donkey race. Mind, my wish to know something of Shelley and Harriett is for my own satisfaction; I burn as soon as read. I am one of the poet's apostles and have always done my best to elevate him; his good far exceeds his errors, and the best of the humans has little to brag of—we blunder and brag, die and are forgot, and some other fool takes our place.—Jane hangs on to life as if loath to leave it; most people do the same; the infirmities of age has not yet come upon me—but I don't cling to life—age is tedious from its monotony—I am tired of doing the same thing day by day—age has no pleasures—we must grin and bear it as best we can—to the last

I am Your friend

E. J. Trelawny.

LXXXIII.

To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.

Monday [Dec.] 7. 1857
Usk
Monmouthshire.

My Dear Master Roberts,

Yours of Decbr. 1 has reached me, so we are 6 days apart—in that time God made Heaven and

Earth &c.—Your first letter came to hand in due course. I sent my first letter thro' one of the secretaries of the Admiralty—The Villa Magni had only one floor consisting of 5 rooms over the terraine or ground floor. You have added a floor and given an elevation and size that did not belong to it—so I have cut it down and reduced the whole thing—I yesterday only received the first proof—which I enclose in this —the wood-cut[1] is very good as far as the cutting of the block goes—but you see it looks like an English and not an Italian scene, the outlines and distant hills dark.—I made a drawing from yours on a reduced scale so that the beach and house should constitute the picture—the other drawings you talk of I don't want. I have merely written the last days of Byron and Shelley in a small octavo. Shelley is becoming appreciated—Jefferson Hogg is compiling a life of him that will be in 3 or 4 Vol.[2]—I am now going to Town to publish my small Vol. When done I will send you one through the Admiralty—of course you figure amongst my menagerie.

Now when you have nothing particular in hand give me a leaf out of your log—You look very very, very old. I am becoming venerable—white beard &c., but, what is strange, I am perfectly sound and retain the flexibility of my joints and what is of no less consequence—(I wont say greater)—all my faculties,

[1] The wood-cut here referred to appears in Trelawny's *Recollections of the last days of Shelley and Byron* (London, Edward Moxon, 1858), between pages 92 and 93, with the following inscription, "Villa Magni, Shelley's residence on the gulf of Spezia, A. D. 1822, with the boat (The Don Juan) in which he was wrecked. D. Roberts, R.N. delt."

[2] Thomas Jefferson Hogg's renowned book *The life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (London, 1858, 2 volumes) was never completed.

sight, hearing, memory &c., are all as good as ever—no, my eagle eyes are not so piercing certainly.

I think of selling this place and living in one near Town. I have a wife, two sons, and one daughter. I have stuck to my old simple habits and tastes—I import my bacce Latakia from the East—smoke 4 pipes per diem—drink very moderate light home-brewed or vins ordinaires. I have game here and the best river-fishing left in England. Now do you give me an account of yourself, full and particular. Your old friend and comrade

E. J. TRELAWNY.

LXXXIV.

To CAPTAIN DANIEL ROBERTS, R.N.

This letter was written on the 2 Apl. put by and forgotten until this day the 6 of May — the cause of this neglect was my suddenly being called from home, so pardon me old friend.

2 April 1858
Usk
Monmouthshire

MY DEAR ROBERTS,

My book, an octavo Volume,[1] is out and is tolerably successful. You have your place in it; your view of Lerici and the Don Juan is in it, and extracts from your letters. I have been as accurate as I possibly could in every particular, brief and to the point—but how the devil am I to send you a Copy—who is your agent in London? I wish to avoid putting you to the expense of postage: if I was in Town I could manage thro' the Admiralty—here I am almost as isolated as you are on your Island.—The arbitrary governments—and they have it all their own way on the continent

[1] See *ante*, page 212.

—are opposed to English books and papers. I should like to have an account of your Isle,[1] its climate, population, and products, and particularly how you pass your time—do you shoot—have you a boat—a House or land—a woman or child—are you hale, do you smoke and drink? I see by your writing that your eyes are good and your hand steady.

As to myself, I have a wife and 3 children, a House and land which I have just sold but not yet left—my future is uncertain—I shall ride at single anchor awhile—at this place I have had tolerable shooting, and there is a fine salmon river close at hand; but as you know I am no hand at that sport. I envy your climate, but dislike being imprisoned in so narrow a space: with a yacht it might do.—I am hale and strong; but age is creeping on—however, I shall keep moving until the last. I am still a lusty swimmer and take my divertisement in and on the water whenever near it; as we age we look backwards and not forwards—the former is bright and the latter dismal. —The period we were together was not uninteresting; how long is it since you were in England?—most of your near relations are of course gone to kingdom come, as are mine. I have always an ample store of the rarest Eastern tobaccos—methinks it will be the last solace of age—as to drink I was never a thirsty soul, and I still stick to small claret and beer; as to water, we absorb enough of that perforce in this damp climate—I never omit a cold bath winter or summer

[1] The Island of Maddalena off the north coast of Sardinia, in the entrance of the Straits of Bonifacio, is but some five or six square miles in extent, with a town of the same name and a good harbour on the south side.

and a glass of water on getting out of bed, and live as plainly, not to say roughly, as when you knew me—we dine at one—I am still fond of horses and dogs. Mrs. Williams is alive and as well as can be expected. Mrs. Shelley, you know, is departed. So is Mrs. Leigh Hunt; but he is alive. Medwin I have not seen for years; he is loafing about as usual seeking whom he may devour—he wrote a life of Shelley; and now a Mr. Hogg is writing another: he was expelled from Oxford with Shelley.—So you see Shelley's day is come—and we foresaw it—so now good night, old boy; and believe me as ever

Your very sincere friend

E. J. Trelawny.

The Broughtons I know nothing of—do you?

Mrs. Low and her Husband are living at Bath. Clare is alive, and old W. S. Landor and Kirkup at Florence.

LXXXV.

To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.

19 Sep 1858
My address is
Messrs Hoare's
Fleet St. London

My Dear Roberts,

How are you?—In your last letter you were slowly recovering from what you called an attack of apoplexy but what I should have called Epilepsy.—Our old friend Brown was subject to those attacks for many years—but then he was a huge feeder—which you are not; he took little exercise, was a book-worm; you are not—and work in your vineyard—I don't

know whether you imbibe all the wine you make—have you given up shooting or has it given up you?—have you no boat? what is become of the "Bolivar"?—what sort of an Isle is Maddalena—extent, population—sort of inhabitants—productions?—how good and how situated? I have never read or heard anything about it except from old Dunn, and he knew nothing: is the old fellow alive? what sort of a house have you and garden and land?—the climate too, that must be good: who is your agent now in England? Holmes I suppose is gone to Kingdom Come: we are all hastening that way—I sent a Copy of my book to you thro' the Consul at Genoa and one to him—what is his name?—how do you like the book? and is there anything in it you dislike?—as I could alter or expunge in another edition; the book is brief and to the point and has elevated Shelley and shown Byron as he was. My wish was to tell nothing but the truth, tho' I could not tell the whole truth—that is impossible in any account of anybody—the cant and humbug of the world is too potent—the book is by all votes amusing and the style vigorous and clear—I published it at my own expense and as yet have received no account of how my account stands with the shop: the Publisher Moxon died in the midst of the business, and I don't expect to get much if anything out of his Executors—

I am now and have been for some months driving about in a light trap along the Southern and Western Coast of England—much in the same way you and I did years agone; and I enjoy it much after having stuck so long in the mud of Monmouthshire.—I am still hard and strong, can swim a mile and walk ten without effort, and live on fruit and trash as of old, no

wine or at least very rarely, beer occasionally, tobacco regularly, but no excess—simple living, out-door exercise, &c. &c., and a cold bath every day winter and summer.—Now give me an account of your doings. If I can be of use say so without mincing the matter, for I am as hertofore

Your very affectionate friend

E. J. TRELAWNY.

Kirkup is alive and seventy years old. Young Charles Brown[1] is married and Chancellor of the Exchequer at Auckland, New Zealand. Wright of Liverpool is dead—is John Grant of Leghorn alive and flourishing?

LXXXVI.

To —— ——.[2]

21 July —66.
7 P. C. B. S.W.

MY DEAR MONITOR,

Your mother wanted the spur and not the bit last eve—So you have a double duty!—never having seen her so staid, I feared she was not well.

Always your

E. TRELAWNY.

LXXXVII.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

17— Sep. 1869
Sompting n^r Worthing, Sussex

MY DEAR CLARE,

What a gap in our correspondence—nearly half a century: you seem to take no note of time; our

[1] A natural son of Charles Armitage Brown.
[2] Correspondent uncertain.

friendship had a violent commencement and then, lured by fancy or driven by fate, we wandered by different paths—people never alter—we are still the same—almost the last of the band that clustered round and worshiped the lorn and outraged Poet—his slanderers are forgotten and his genius and excellence acknowledged—in my love for Shelley and so rarely speaking to any one that knew him—everything else vanishes from my mind.—Clare, you have a ready pen—satisfy me by writing to me about Percy [1]—any of his sayings or doings—you and Jane are the last links—and us three must soon "glide under our graves" [2].—Now for your questions—Byron seemed and said he was greatly grieved at the loss of Allegra—the remains could not be brought to Pisa—the absurd quarantine laws prevented it—the body was inclosed in lead and sent by old Dunn to England consigned to John Murray and notified to Douglas Kinnaird and Cam Hobhouse—she was, that is her remains, interred in the Harrow Church-yard [3] with the usual burial service—you

[1] He meant the Poet, not Sir Percy Shelley: see next letter.

[2] There are no quotation marks here in the original letter; but of course Trelawny did not mean to plunder his adored friend of so notable a phrase, which he must have known well from the epitaph published by Mary Shelley.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two breasts in life were single-hearted.

As he knew the epitaph it was disfigured, and it still is in the current editions, by an error of transcription on Mary's part—*hearts* for *breasts* in line 4; but Shelley unquestionably wrote *breasts*.

[3] Full details on this subject will be found in Vol. VI of the *Letters and Journals of Byron*, edited by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero (Murray, 1901), pages 69 to 72. Byron wrote to Murray on the 26th of May, 1822, describing his favourite spot in Harrow Churchyard; but saying that he wished the child to be buried in the Church, because he wanted to "erect a tablet to her memory," worded thus:—

can't be buried in consecrated ground without the ceremony——

The Guiccioli I always thought well of—unassuming and good-natured—like many others she can't leave herself or others alone, and has compiled a shallow, foolish book [1] out of all that has been previously written. I am not aware of her taking your name in vain or saying anything offensive; she is a harmless woman—that is she never means mischief but has not mind enough to keep clear of it—vanity is the motive power that governs the world—and she has her full share. The friends of Lady Byron have made an onslaught on Byron, and his admirers are defending him as best they may.[2] The few that knew Shelley and have written have deified him—Byron's friends (if he *had any*) have bedevilled him.

Now and always glad to hear from you—Jane is well but tormented by the robber bands . . . . they suck her blood.

Your friend

E. J. TRELAWNY.

In memory of
Allegra,
daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
who died at Bagnacavallo,
in Italy, April 20th, 1822,
aged five years and three months

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."—
2d Samuel, xii, 23.

The authorities of Harrow Church prohibited the erection of a tablet; and, in Mr. Prothero's words—"Allegra was therefore buried at the entrance of Harrow Church, but no tablet or memorial was erected."

[1] *My Recollections of Lord Byron* . . . translated by Hubert E. H. Jerningham . . . 1869.

[2] This perennial controversy as to the Byron separation still rages, and can scarcely be dealt with in a foot-note to a casual reference. The most potent "onslaught" of recent date is the late Lord Lovelace's privately printed volume *Astarte*, in which a *prima facie* case against Byron and his half-sister Augusta Leigh is made out. Still, it is but a case for further examination, not a proved indictment. On the other side we have, revived with a difference, the *Recollections of a Long Life* privately printed by Lord Broughton in the year 1865, and partially published last year (1909) by his daughter, Lady Dorchester, through Mr. Murray, in two portly and most interesting volumes.

LXXXVIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

[Oct. 18, 1869.]

in Nov^br^. I go to Town and my address there is

7 Pelham Crescent,
Brompton, S.W.

My Dear Clare,

You may be well in body; but you have a bee in your bonnet—an insane idea has got into your brain regarding Allegra—Byron certainly wished the child to live and talked of how he should have her educated and marrying her into one of the old Italian family [*sic*] by giving her a good *dota*—he wished to be allied to them, as he should never return to England. What possible object could he have in feigning her death or in wishing it?—he had no trouble with her, and the expense was trifling: cut off from all natural ties in his own country he wished for one abroad—so much so that almost the first thing he did in Greece was to adopt a little girl of about Allegra's age or a little older—a Turkish orphan. Another thing in your letter amazed me—I asked you to write me some recollections of Percy Shelley—of course meaning our drowned Poet—and you write me an account of his . . . . son . . . .

Moral and physical maladies are hereditary but not genius—the breed of our P. B. Shelley is extinct—and everything respecting him is to me and others deeply interesting.—In my last to you I think I remarked that you and Jane and I were the only three left that knew him — that must have shown whom

I meant. Jane wears very well but —— is . . . . painful to behold—Edward is better . . . .—always your friend

E. J. Trelawny

Sompting n^r^ Worthing.

If you read my book say what should be omitted or added.

LXXXIX.

To Claire Clairmont.

27 Nov^br^ 1869
7 Pelham Crescent Brompton S.W.

My Dear Clare,

Your last letters were exceedingly interesting to me: everything regarding S—is so—for I loved him from the first—on the death of his son, the present Percy, the family will be extinct—his three sisters are living; two unmarried—the third married, but no children . . . . her name Mary Trevor. Any and everything regarding the Poet will be most welcome and your comments and recollections—you may be certain that nothing will ever be published by me that will tarnish his name—some of the events of his youth I have heard from Medwin—Medwin died this year at the age of eighty-two or three, I saw him shortly before he took his departure—he was always honest and consistent in his love of the poet—and a corrected life of Shelley he has left in the press and will be published this autumn.[1] By the bye, have you any letters of S? his familiar notes are admirable, much better than his printed

[1] This prediction was not fulfilled: Medwin's copiously amended book, of which his copy for the printer is in my collection, is still among "forthcoming works."

prose—Byron never gave you or the Guiccioli a scudi [*sic* for *scudo*]—he told me so—he was seldom just and never generous—he was one of those that don't know how to give—except for ostentation: it has never here been said or hinted that he gave you money, or I should have contradicted it—I am not aware that your name has ever appeared in print—I avoided it. Who was Frances Godwin?[1]—I have not heard of her—I say! the poet was a thorough mormon—why did he not declare himself and anticipate the sect? I would have joined him and found him a settlement—it would not hold together without a superstition—for man all over the world are [*sic*] superstitious—it's the nature of the animal—your mother was a simpleton to have never heard of a man being in love with two women; when we are young we are in love with all women—the bible would call it by its proper name, lust——

If I was in Italy I would cure you of your wild fancy regarding Allegra: I would go to the Convent—and select some plausible cranky old dried-up hanger-on of the convent about the age your child would now be, fifty-two, with and [*sic* for a] story and documents properly drawn up, and bring her to you—she should follow you about like a feminine Frankenstein[2]—I cannot conceive a greater horror than an old man or woman that I had never seen for forty-three years

[1] "Frances Godwin," or "Fanny Godwin," was but the domestic label of Frances Wollstonecraft, the issue of Mary Wollstonecraft's experiment in "anti-matrimonialism" with Gilbert Imlay. Fanny, who is sometimes mentioned as Fanny Imlay, was the "barrier girl" of Mary Wollstonecraft's letters to Imlay, portions of which were first published under the title of *Letters from Norway*. She poisoned herself at Swansea on the 11th of October 1816.

[2] Even Trelawny, who should certainly have known better, mixes up Frankenstein's Monster with his maker.

claiming me as Father—do you see any of that age or indeed any age that you should like to have as son or daughter? I have not.

Your old and true friend
E. J. Trelawny.

The mind never gets old—I am sound wind and limb—my faculties are all perfect, sight, hearing, and feeling—bath in the sea, ride, and walk &c. &c. &c.

I will send Jane's address in my next—if you are impatient write thro' me.

XC.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent. Brompton
S.W.
Jany 5— 1870.

Mrs. Hogg
33 Clifton Road
St. John's Wood—Carlton Hill.

My Dear Clare—you see Jane is where you left her, and minus the fat Hogg and the scraggy[1] Prue her daughter, is as she was—her life a routine of what she calls duties. Prue's husband is an old gouty port wine Beak (i. e. Magistrate) of the old school. Your letters are exceedingly interesting—the present and future is nothing—so I look back—and the Shelleyan episode in my life is the most interesting—by the bye why did he not project a sect on the Mormon plan? I would gladly have joined him and founded a settlement—as Man is everywhere and at all periods

[1] This is Trelawny's gentle irony: Mrs. Arnold, afterwards Mrs. Lonsdale, was anything but emaciated.

[has] been ingrained with superstition, we must have had ours—the heathen mythology would have done with adaptation to our present state: the poet should have had his fifty wives—five would have done for me. Have you seen Jeff Hogg's life of Shelley?—the family gave him all their papers on the subject: it was to have been in four volumes; but they were so dissatisfied that they stopped him half way—so there is only two published.—Hogg says the Poet could never distinguish truth from falsehood—I found the Poet always truthful—his vivid imagination might occasionally delude him as it does others—for instance his account of the parson assaulting him at the post office—I doubted; but it may have been—in all the ordinary occurrences of life he was truthful. You say he was womanly in some things—so he was, and we men should all be much better if we had a touch of their feeling, sentiment, earnestness, and constancy; but in all the best qualities of man he excelled—the best qualities of the sexes he had—not exactly all—he was inconstant in Love as men of vehement temperament are apt to be—his spirit hunting after new fancies: nothing real can equal the ideal. Poets and men of ardent imagination should not marry—marriage is only suitable to stupid people. Old friend Kirkup is still living at Florence on the Ponte Vecchio, deaf, very, but his intellects as bright as ever. Affectionately your

E. J. Trelawny.

XCI.

To William Michael Rossetti.

7 Pelham Crescent,
Brompton.
8 January 1870.

Dear Rossetti,

Thank you for the *Book of Courtesies*.[1] A code of courtesy might be drawn from it, very useful in this present rude age. Has Moxon published his *Shelley*?—

Yours truly,
E. J. Trelawny.

XCII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

7 Pelham Crescent,
Brompton.
17 January 1870.

Dear Rossetti,

You have verified your text that your editing our poet was a work of love. You are the first writer on Shelley that has done justice to him or his writings—all the previous writers are incompetent. Peacock had fancy and learning, Hogg the same; Leigh Hunt did not understand Shelley's poetry; Medwin, superficial; Mrs. Shelley, fear of running counter to the cant of society restrained her. You alone have the qualities essential to the task, and have done it admirably.

The publishers have marred all. Under its present hideous form the book can't float—the pale ink, the small type, and crowded text. Those that have

[1] One of the Early English Text Society's books, to which Rossetti had contributed an essay.

opened it shut it with disgust. When you come this way, let's have a talk. Thanking you for your notices, and hoping I deserve them,—I am always your obliged

E. J. Trelawny.

The *Prometheus*, Shelley said, caused him the most labour; and, if that was a failure, he could never hope to succeed in being a poet; and, if not a poet, he was nothing.

XCIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

1 Feby. 1870. Pelham Crescent
Brompton S.W.

My dear Clare,

Charles Lamb said—"never do to day what may be done tomorrow:" that [is] the reason I am so remiss. You are a ready and prompt pen. Your letters reach me in due course except the Roman[1]—no post office tampers with letters—I can't at this moment lay my hand on your string of questions—Mary did not tell me about Mrs. Leigh—it leaked out through Mrs. T—— I knew Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. T—— and her husband and Medora—the book published about her is true—they are all dead. Hudson's letter is all bosh: probably he is one of the many in this country that ardently wished the great republic to be broken

[1] As these statements are seriously affected by the punctuation, I do not venture to alter it; but there is no reason for thinking that Claire wrote any chance letters from Rome at that time; hence it can scarcely be doubted that Trelawny meant to express his confidence in all Post Offices except the Roman,—not that all Claire's letters "except the Roman" reached him in due course.

up, and so he slanders the Stowes—for by writing and lecturing the Stowes had power in preserving the Union and liberating the Slaves: the discomforted Southern planters hate and revile the Stowes—but the Northerners have the highest reverence for them and so have I—perhaps Hudson may be simple minded enough to have taken on credit the Slave drivers' opinions.

As to Byron's cruelty in early life—are not all boys cruel? don't they torture and kill everything that crosses their path that is helpless?

We are not born humane—it is taught us—naturally we are more cunning and cruel than any other animal —they kill for food, we for wantonness.—I never believed a word of the B. scandal. Shelley solved the mystery—people are commonly fond of exciting attention and wonder and tell fantastical lies to any that will listen—B tried it on with me but soon gave it up—when we have glided under our tombs[1] there is an end of us—but Shelley and Byron will not die—they both suffered, one undeservedly.—I took the rope off a man's neck[2]—as my men were about to hang him for assassinating me—so you may leave Byron alone: he lived an unhappy life and died a miserable death—bad and selfish as he was, there are millions worse. We have shown Shelley to the world in his true light, and he stands high in the world's opinion—the early life of everybody is a yearning for pleasure and fruitless efforts to attain it at any cost.

You say Mary's elder sister destroyed herself[3]—why Mary S— had no sister: you must mean yours—

[1] See note *ante*, p. 218.
[2] Whitcombe.
[3] Claire was of course right and Trelawny wrong here. The reference is to Fanny Wollstonecraft, Mary's half-sister. See *ante*, p. 222.

I shall send this scrawl written in the dusk[1] of our short days off—and return the Hudson letter next time.

Always aff^ly yours
E. J. Trelawny.

XCIV.

To Claire Clairmont.

Ap^l 3. 1870
7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.

My Dear Clare,

You are and always were a ready pen—your interesting letter of the 19th March—you talk of your wet and stormy weather of three months—we have had five months of frost and fog—last Sunday it was snowing heavily and our nights are still freezing—the darkness of winter is oppressing—I don't give way to weather—never omit a cold Bath in the morning, walk to Town at 8 P.M. and return here at 11—and that's 5 miles—I go on as I have been accustomed with diminished force and shall do so—until I am stopped—warm clothing and caudling I abhor! everything that old folks do I do not, and I reap the benefit—in retaining health and strength free from all ailments.—You should read the book and not the review of *Medora Leigh*—with a very few exceptions Hogg's Life is very interesting and admirably written—the most offensive is his saying "Shelley was incapable of speaking or distinguishing truth from falsehood." You have so long nourished

[1] He wrote in this sentence *scrool* for *scrawl* and *dusky* for *dusk*.

your hatred of Byron that you can't judge him fairly —moral diseases are transmitted as physical ones are —and Byron did exactly as his Father had done— as to Lady B. she was a rabid fanatick, remorseless, revengeful, as all bigots are—in short she was a Byron without his genius or indeed any redeeming quality,—B. met his match in her.

It is well observed that we should not be vexed that we can't make other people what we wish them to be—for we can't make ourselves what we wish to be—so we must each follow our own path—until death's hounds drive[1] us into our burrows.—Mary Shelley's jealousy must have sorely vexed Shelley— indeed she was not a suitable companion for the poet —his first wife Harriett must have been more suitable —Mary was the most conventional slave I ever met— she even affected the pious dodge, such was her yearning for society—she was devoid of imagination and Poetry—she felt compunction when she had lost him —she did not understand or apprcciate him—

> "Like the base judean—who threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe."[2]

I have lived quite long enough and am quite ready to be extinguished—to avoid dying by inches is all I ask—sudden death—Shelley and Williams after all were lucky—they were not more than a minute, and life is not worth much after 30—

Affectionately yours

E. J. Trelawny.

[1] He wrote *drives*, plainly enough, but did not mean it.

[2] See *Othello*, v. ii. Trelawny would probably have accepted gladly the emendation *Indian* for *Judean*.

XCV.

To Claire Clairmont.

13 June 1870
7 Pelham Crescent Brompton S.W.

My Dear Claire,

Your 3 missives I have got—copies of the young Poet's correspondence with the old professor of Philosophy—exhibit . . . . . as he was, a gross, selfish, sensual, dogmatick impostor—such I always thought him—urging the willing and generous boy to sell his birthright at any sacrifice so that he . . . . . received the benefit—in fact all that stuck [to] the Poet and called themselves his friends—were devil strokes sucking his blood . . . . he had no honest friends; but Jeff, Williams, and I loved and did not rob him—this correspondence should never see the light—you should see to that—they are all gone—annihilated—or as Cobbett said of that miscreant Eldon or Sidmouth "if he is not gone to hell—I don't see the use of our keeping a devil."[1]

Now let us have some of your memories of the Poet, his way of life from day to day, his talk, his acts—his opinions, any and everything regarding him is to me deeply interesting.—Byron and Shelley, what a contrast—the one the incarnation of rank selfishness—the other of a bountiful and loving nature; everything that came in contact with Percy, especially women, loved

[1] I have not verified this witticism by hunting through what Carlyle called Cobbett's "mighty tide of ditchwater," to wit, the vast array of that worthy's writings; but there is something very like it in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, where, if I may trust my memory, Aunt Prue says of the slave-owners of the Legree type, "If de Debil don't git dey, what's he good for?"

him at sight—women retain and are governed by their impulses and instincts—ours are blurred if not obliterated by what we are pleased to call our reason—and that is a blind faculty and so we go on blundering—and filling the world with wrongs and wretchedness.

—— I am and have been some months in the country, on the South Coast, a mile from the Sea—but my letters are always addressed Pelham Crescent and so forwarded here: Age is indolent and procrastinating—hopes extinguished—so are our wants—Liberty and solitude are our chief solaces—the weak cling to their relations—I have always detested and avoided mine—I have still some old allies of my youth that I hold on to, and you are of the elect: at Pisa we were all under 30 except[1] B[yron].

Yours
E. J. Trelawny.

XCVI.

To Claire Clairmont.

17 Jany. 1871.
7 Pelham Crescent Brompton
S.W.

My Dear Clare,

Your missel[2] of December 28 has reached me—I have only just arrived here from the country. I put all your letters together; and they are addressed to

[1] No doubt he meant to exclude Medwin from the Pisa intimate circle: he knew the captain's age well enough. See next letter.

[2] This strange word is another case for non-intervention. Save as a provincial form of *mistletoe*, I do not know the word: *missal* would certainly not do; *missile* might; but Trelawny would not have used that word at that time, and the probability is that he really meant to employ the conventional *missive*, as at the opening of the previous letter.

you—I will now add your lawyer's address—but I shall not send them to him.—Dissatisfied with this world, you have faith in another—I have not—I am content to be restored to the earth and elements of which we are a part—your authorities are nothing; mere sentiment in his old age, Newton was pestered by the Priests to lend his great name to back their nonsense—but he had never read theology—he was simply an astronomer. As to Mary Shelley, you are welcome to her: she was nothing but the weakest of her sex—she was the Poet's wife and as bad a one as he could have found—her aim and object was fashionable society; she was conventional in everything and tormented him by jealousy and would have made him like Tom Moore if she could—she had not capacity to comprehend him or his poetry. Shakespeare had a wife, so had Milton; who cares to know anything about them?—we know only they tormented their husbands. I am solely interested about Shelley; and you are of the few left that knew and could appreciate him; in age we remember things past—better than those recent; I do—and we are passing away—'Time has, my Lord, a wallet on his back in which he puts alms for oblivion.'—Medwin died at [t]he end of last year at the age of 83—five years older than Shelley.[1] I saw him before his death. Godwin was a grossly selfish man—he is utterly forgotten and his books—so is Peacock—all Shelley's friends preyed upon him shamefully except Hogg—his love was pure—and the one bit of romance in his life. Hogg was a soured and

[1] Strictly, he was well under 82, having been born at Horsham on the 20th of March, 1788, and died there on the 2nd of August, 1869.

grossly ill-used able man; his life of Shelley's early years is most interesting and most ably written. The memorials of Shelley Lady Shelley has put her name to—but it was done by a Mr. Garnett of the British Museum—she has a craving after notoriety but all that know abhor her.[1]

At this time of the year we are scant of light—it's difficult to write legibly.

faithfully & affectionately

Your E. J. Trelawny.

I will look for the letter you mention.

XCVII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.
May 9, 1871.

My Dear old friend,

It is more than half a century from the time of our meeting first at Pisa—our lives are far behind us—we are ossifying and mineralising—soon to be absorbed by the elements and there is the end of it. Life is an intermittent fever, hot and cold fits—

> "What is life, what is death,
> What are we; that when the boat sinks
> No longer may be."[2]

—— I have known men as worthy as Shelley, but never with such an active brain and mind; yet he was

[1] This is obviously one of Trelawny's hasty generalities. I for one knew and did not abhor the lady in question. She was very troublesome in matters affecting Shelley; but her point of view was naturally not mine or Trelawny's.

[2] See *A Vision of the Sea*, lines 82 and 83 :—
Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?
(Shelley's Poetical Works, 1882, ii. 284.)

but a man and failed as all such refined minds must fail in finding what they seek.

Your last packet was interesting; the Poet's marriage—certainly marriage is a most unnatural state of things; but all Laws are to secure property and are regardless of ought else: custom and the way we are reared—makes men the Calibans we are—grossly selfish and capable of all ill—no good.

Godwin cuts but a sorry figure in your narrative—and all the men connected with Shelley excepting Hogg and the Smiths . . . . used the poor Poet as their purse. Godwin, Peacock, Medwin, Hunt and many others . . . . I had antipathy to them all and they knew it! the best sort must be sought—it's the worst that prowl about seeking their prey—Jane and Edward I forgot—they were the most suitable companions he ever had, and did him good—do write me your recollections of him—any trifling particulars—I loved him. Edward Williams too was an excellent playmate exactly suited to the Poet, simple, refined, and free from vice—Jane a fitting companion for both of them—we should have been a happy family—but for the club-footed Poet—the Hunts did not suit—they would have ruined anyone they got hold of. Mary S—jealousy, frivolity, and hankering after frivolous society, not appreciating the value of what she had until she lost it—such is life—no wonder the poet was weary of it. You, Jane, and I are the only survivors—and we shall soon follow.

Yours affectionately

E. J. Trelawny.

XCVIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent—Brompton
S.W.
[Post-mark : Worthing June 26 1871.]

My Dear Clare,

My address is always in Town; but I am generally sixty miles in the Country, near the Sea, on the South Coast.

As to my health I am just as well as when I last saw you—old but [not] the slightest tendency to any sort of infirmity—my way of life the same. Forty years agone I weighed in the Burlington Arcade and was registered 13 stone—and two months ago I underwent the same operation at the same place and I was exactly in the same condition. As to the copy you have sent me—when they are put together I shall read them—at present I have only glanced at them—very few are interesting even to me—and no one else would read them—they prove . . . . . a sly, selfish, mercenary and unprincipled man and Shelley a simple dupe—this I knew before—why are you in such anxiety about the copy when you have the originals?

Shelley's admirers are still a very small sect—and will never be a large one—a metaphysical writer can't be popular—his *Queen Mab* has the most readers, for the communist notes, and they are not original.

As to Jane, she goes on precisely as she always has done, a drudge to her children . . . . Jane has amiable qualities enough; but she has no way of her own, is led and don't lead.

We are all fools! and there an end of it—nothing

amazes me so much as the labyrinth of follies I have wandered in all my life—so fare thee well—all the Poets of our day are thrown aside and almost forgotten.

Affectionately Yours
E. J. Trelawny.

XCIX.

To William Michael Rossetti.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
15 August 1871.

My dear Rossetti,

I am in town for a few days, and should be glad to see you. I have a Cottage on the South Coast at Sompting near Worthing; can't you come there and stay? as long as it suits you. I have many letters to show you of and about the Poet.

Faithfully yours,
E. J. Trelawny.

I am the last man that knew the poet, and you are the first critic that has estimated him at his true value. E. J. T.

C.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent
Brompton S.W.
2 November, 1871.

My Dear Old Friend,

I address you from London; but I am almost constantly in the Country on the South Coast within

sight of the sea—so you see I am constant to my first love. I have Shelley's mania for water—I should have pitched my tent on the shores of the Mediterranean—the bay of Spezzia would have done—I liked it when it was desolate—now it's as bustling as Leghorn: the mind does not age with the body—all my early convictions and feelings harden with my bones—age has not tamed or altered me—I still think that every thing that is is wrong—and should like to see the world turned topsy turvey—and there is a prospect that it will be. Jane is well, she is a born slave—first to Dina now to Prudentia . . . . Jane lives in the old house and Prue near her.

. . . . is a bloated old hag—such is life and change—the sooner one is annihilated the better—I am free from all the aches and pains and decrepitude of age, and pursue my old habits as the Indians do: an American seeing me coming out of the sea said "why that is an Indian." Time will nevertheless put me in his wallet as alms for oblivion—life is very long considering how little we do with it that's worth doing—our distinguishing faculty from the other animals is vanity and folly—we have the worst of all the animals and the best of none.

Old people should live in warm climates and subsist on fruit and farinaceous food.

Old Captain Roberts is still alive[1] and nearly old enough to be our Father—you remember him.

Your oldest friend

E. J. Trelawny.

[1] See *post*, p. 240.

CI.

To William Michael Rossetti.

7 Pelham Crescent
Brompton[1]
31 Dec^br^ 1871.

My dear Rossetti,

I am just come to Town. Shall be very glad to see you. You are unchained on Sunday—any day is the same to me—so do come.

faithfully yours
E. J. Trelawny.

CII.

To Claire Clairmont.

26 Ap^l^ 1872
7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.

My Dear old friend,

By this time probably your senses are restored and you have added to your experience the knowledge that farming in Austria won't do—look at the miserable state of those to the manner born and bred—under the most favourable circumstances in these old countries it is a delusion and snare: in new countries a stalwart man, resolute, energetic, persevering, may force his way.

You may have returned to Florence—I shall chance this brief scrawl to the old address.

Shelley is no more abused, and more read, but not popular: he is too metaphysical, imaginative, and abstract to be comprehended by any but such as have

[1] Though headed with the usual London address, this letter was written on Reform Club note-paper.

a touch of his quality—nothing that has been published regarding him has paid expenses—my book was a loss—all the Poets of his day are ignored and a feeble race of ballad mongers such as Tennyson have taken their places—such is the vagaries of fashion.

Letters or memorials of Shelley should be preserved; and if you consign them to me they shall be, and £30 or £40 given for them or more if it's to be gotten—Jane dined with me in Town with a party of clever people: in health she was tolerable—very thin and shrunk—and worst of all her memory decayed painfully.—She is wrapped up in Prudentia.... How do you hold on? Edward Williams and Dina I have not seen for years—their lives are failures—they have made nothing of them. Jane is of too easy and soft a nature to rear children—a deficiency or [*sic* for *of*] iron in her blood—in the uncertainty of this reaching you I shall say no more but that I am as ever

Your friend
E. J. Trelawny.

I give my London address but I am by the Sea, near Worthing, Sussex.

CIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent—Brompton
S.W.
9 November, 1872.

My Dear Old Friend,

Summer is come and gone and another year will soon be heaped upon our shoulders and we are already overburthened with them; as the poet used

to exclaim when Mary teased him, "I bear what I can and suffer what I must"—how she worried him with her jealousy and wailing—she did not know his value until she lost him—that is not uncommon—she would have been better matched with a conventional commonplace man of the world—that went to church and parties: as she grew older and saw something of the world and its absurdities she saw her folly and looked back with bitter remorse at her past life: who can look back with satisfaction?—not me—I am amazed at the vanity and folly of my past life—there is hardly an act I approve of—my first impulses were often good; but I seldom acted on them—I seldom saw things as they were—vanity and imagination deluded me—we are a world of fools and mad people, and I shan't regret leaving it. Men vaunt of their reason but act as blind passion prompts; they are envious and malignant; and women are jealous and vindictive—this is the result of my experience! what is yours? Jane is fading and failing bodily and mentally—I hold my own in both so far—as I hope you do. Captain Roberts, the man that gave you so much trouble to provide food for at Spezzia, died two years ago at Maddalena near Sardinia at the age of 90—I am most of my time in the Country by the Sea two miles from Worthing . . . .

—— was with me this summer but don't like our winters—near relations I consider are our natural foes.

You see I am not altered—as unconventional as I always was—adieu my dear Clare

Affectionately and faithfully

E. J. Trelawny.

CIV.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent—Kensington [*sic* for *Brompton*]
S.W.
7 Apl —73

My Dear Clare,

You have made a great rent in our correspondence: are you ill or farming in Austria? Jane and you and I are the last of the Pisa gang: I hope you are in as good preservation in Italy as we are in this dismal Isle: you should be better—in age we lack heat—and for six months the sun is eclipsed: you are seldom a day without his beams cheering you. In my uncertainty of your present address my note is brief: if you are still undecided what you shall do with your Shelley papers—can you do better than consign them to my custody—I will remit you £50—everybody wants money—and if you do not those about you do—Shelley is too refined and metaphysical to suit the monster million—his sect consists of enthusiasts such as we are—the fashion now is sensational tales and novels. Our best writer is a woman writing under the name of George Eliot[1]; and *Middlemarch* is her last work—it is admirable.

Affectionately and faithfully your
E. J. Trelawny.

[1] He wrote *Elliott*, not *Eliot*. Trelawny had a keen eye for what was first-rate in literature; and it is of little moment that he misspelt the pseudonym of the great writer known variously as Mary Ann Evans, Marian Evans, M. E. Lewes, and Mrs. Cross, or that he made two words of *Middlemarch*, writing it *Middle March*.

CV.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
1 May 1873

My Dear Clare,

You must have managed badly to have but £120 per annum—out of the £12,000: there are hopes of the Opera being opened next year.[1]

Regarding the Shelley papers, if you will say how many you have of his notes and letters and other documents concerning him and what sum you expect for them, I will see if it's possible to get the amount by subscription amongst his admirers—as yet those that have written about him have done so from love and not money.

The Copies you sent me are in my custody.

If you will state the particulars of what you have I will do my best to sell them to the greatest advantage.[2] I had no notion you were so reduced: as to your accident, you will soon get over that, and you need not talk of your great age—I am older—and quite well, and so is Jane—so cheer up and rest assured you have one friend that will do his best to help you.

Affectionately your
E. J. Trelawny.

[1] This refers to an investment of a part of the Shelley legacy in Opera boxes.

[2] They were not sold in Claire's life-time. After her death I bought the whole collection of letters, papers, and relics, from Paola Clairmont, since deceased.

CVI.

To Claire Clairmont.

May 20 — 1873
7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.

My dear Clare,

My friend Rossetti wishes to talk to you—he is an ardent admirer of Shelley and edited the last and best edition of his works—he is only passing through Florence, so please see him.

Yours affectionately
E. J. Trelawny.

CVII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.
23 Dec^br^ 1873

My dear Clare,

The bee is still in your bonnet; you think that all old people must be ailing and hobbling about on crutches—you say if I don't write promptly you shall conclude I am ill—I prefer using a pick-axe to a pen; and I do not to-day what can be done to-morrow—age is given to procrastination and indolence—but Rossetti might have told you that I am in full possession of the use of my limbs and all my faculties—our energy and strength decays; but I am sound in body and mind and shall go on with my usual habits until death stops me and there is an end of it. I am not one of that great sect whose vanity, credulity, and

superstition makes them believe in God—the devil—souls and immortality: we live and die like other animals and are then replaced by others—and I don't envy them—people are now beginning to speak out and priests scoffed at as knaves or fools——

I was glad to see your writing again—I have not seen Rossetti since you saw him—for I am eight months in the Country in a cottage near the sea—Jane is well—I have an icy cold bath every morning and then go out with my shirt sleeves tucked up, and work in the garden: my gardener is 87 and has nothing the matter with him and works hard. I ride and drive, and in the summer bathe off the beach and can't believe in my age.

Affect[ly] your old friend ever

E. J. Trelawny.

CVIII.

To Claire Clairmont.

1874 June 2
7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.

My Dear Clare,

Age has little to hope and much to fear—as Bacon says of Kings. Your last move out of the town to the quiet country is good and may benefit your health—I am most of my time near the sea—I should prefer the shores of the Mediterranean—how few can do what they wish to do—we are all spell-bound—time hurries us along and death clutches us and so ends the dream which we call life. You complain of having so much to do—those the most occupied are the most content—the idle are the most unhappy.

Jane has called here several times and except her memory is all right. . . . .

Women have taken to gin—men have always done so, now it's women's turn—we have outlived most of our contemporaries—one of your old pupils the Bennetts—Mrs. French—she is now a widow—wrote me a note two years agone and asked your address—I gave it her but did not see her.—and don't know where she is—the worst thing of your new abode is the length of the address!

Old folks should back out of the crowd and let it pass; we are not wanted.

Dear Clare, adieu—I hope you will get the better of your ailments—

Always your friend

E. J. Trelawny.

CIX.

To Claire Clairmont.

Sompting n^r^ Worthing
20 January 1875

My Dear Clare,

To write a sentiment or a commonplace is foolish, for your correspondent is sure to interpret in a way you did [not] mean it.

I said in age we should stand aside and let the throng pass—and you construe it that I meant indifference to everything and that I had ceased to interest myself about Shelley or Byron—in age our lives are behind us and we look back and not forward. I am interested with all concerning Shelley and regretted you said so little about the Man as he was.

I do not go to Town until March, and then I will fulfil your wishes—so don't lose the occasion of disposing of the originals: if they were mine I should not publish them—they do not throw any new light on the Poet—he blundered thro' his early years as we all do, pillaged and buffeted by the self-seeking .... I write this hasty scrawl to allay or mitigate your restless nature.

Your relentless vindictiveness against Byron is not tolerated by any religion that I know of—as a man B. did not rank high—he had no respect for women and treated them all alike.

faithfully yours
E. J. TRELAWNY.

CX.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

Sompting nr Worthing.
19 March 1875.

MY DEAR CLARE,

Birds' migration is regulated by the state of the weather—their instinct is better than our reason—in cold frosty weather I dislike Town—in the Country I have occupation. We have had and still have N.E. winds since December, so I shall not go to Town until April: Knowing your ever restless mind tormenting itself with suspicion and ill omens I write to tell you this. How you torment yourself about these copies of letters—your directions as to sending them &c. &c.—why Byron and Shelley sent all their MS. from Italy to England by post and never lost any, and so shall I send your papers.—You alone could have made these disconnected details regarding Shelley intelligible by

connecting them with a clear narrative: you can write very well—omitting German sickly sentiment and exaggeration and eulogy. This is not an age of poesy but science of all sorts; nevertheless you might have made a very readable book—you have had fifty years to do it—even now it's not too late—it's impossible for any one else—detached fragments would be cast aside and puzzle, if not damage him that you desire to honour. There is time for you to do it but not time to shilly shally: get some one to write, and dictate—hitherto you have [done] nothing but prate: string the divers letters together by a simple narration —the unwilling have many excuses—they are always composed of lies!!!

I must end my sermon

faithfully your friend

E. J. TRELAWNY.

We had snow this morning. Mind, I don't read what I write.

CXI.

To CLAIRE CLAIRMONT.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton
S.W.
May 31 — 1875.

MY DEAR CLARE,

I am waiting until an occasion occurs of sending you the Shelley letters.

Mrs. Elliot, the Dean of Bristol['s] wife—not the Bishop's—collected a lot of papers at Ravenna regarding the Gambas, the Guiccioli, and Byron: she has made up a book and is trying to sell it: she would have dealt with you for the Shelley papers; but from

the enormous price you asked, or set upon them, she thought you mad: neither Byron or Shelley are now known except to the few—two generations have passed.

Kegan Paul is [writing], or has written and will publish the life of Godwin[1]—that is all I know. Jane called on me yesterday. I do not think her well, tho' she does not complain.

—— is as gross and fat as —— and from the same cause—gluttony and sotting—it's all the fashion—if we have been domesticated with people we cannot expose their follies: the world is pleased to hear, for they are curious and malicious; but they shun the betrayer. Our object is to elevate the poet—as compared with others was he not excellent?—the bigots and Priests are losing their power everywhere, and people can speak as they think—atheism is no longer a term of reproach but an indication of intelligence. Medwin has been dead two years: you must remember him.

Affectionately yours

E. J. Trelawny.

Dina has a daughter married to a tradesman.

Most of the Hunts are dead—a son of Thornton cut his throat a month back.

CXII.

To Claire Clairmont.

7 Pelham Crescent, Brompton.
[17] June 1875.

My Dear Clare,

You are unique as a self-tormentor—an Editor asserting anything signifies nothing — it is not evi-

[1] *William Godwin, His Friends and Contemporaries*, 2 vol. 1876.

dence—your age can be proved—if wanted, no doubt. Rossetti's work has many errors—if his book went thro' another edition he would gladly correct—what has gone forth cannot be recalled—your air-drawn daggers don't kill—you are always seeking grievances and display genius in finding them—I have never heard your name mentioned.

My writing now is to remove one of your great wrongs that has been rankling in your mind so long—the letters, the letters!!! they are in Florence at last and you will sleep the sounder: you can have them by sending to the inclosed address—Messrs. Maquay—I can't read the address, so I inclose it[1]—there are 34 of your letters.—Dina has a daughter married to a tradesman—don't know the name.

Mrs. Elliott can't get her book about Byron published: two generations have passed, and he is almost forgotten, as are all the writers of that day—the eternal hunger is for something new.—The past is past, and at last the present can but be the past!—we are past—and soon shall be Earth to Earth—we have both lingered beyond our time—we should make room for others—we have played out our little game and have had enough of it—life is but a Donkey sweepstakes, so good bye

Yours ever

E. J. Trelawny.

[1] It looks like "Mess. Maquay, Hooker & Co., Florence".

CXIII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting nr Worthing
6 September 1875

My dear Rossetti,

Moxon seems to think that the blocks for the cuts in my book were his Father's—you will see by Digby Wyatt's note that I paid for them—I so agreed with Moxon—he was to be at no expense—I enclose a line to the son—to tell him so and to deliver the same to your order—if there are any incidental expenses I must pay them.

Yours always
E. J. Trelawny.

CXIV.

To Claire Clairmont.

15 November 1875
Sompting nr Worthing

My Dear Clare,

Your simmering brain will conjure up a host of causes for my long silence, whereas indolence alone and dislike of writing is the sole cause—self-indulgence, the selfishness of age. Your last brief note I will first answer: I did give you some of the ashes of Shelley; and I gave Mrs. Shelley the poet's heart; she foolishly gave it to Leigh Hunt—the family now have it. I have some fragments of the skull. Your other longer epistle interested me: it's such as I should expect of the ardent and passionate nature of the man and I see nothing wrong in it: I should have

done and have done much worse—we blunder thro' life goaded on by passion—reason is like the walking gentleman in a comedy uttering moral sentiments that every one laughs at—shams, cant, and hypocrisy prevail; therefore no one can speak truly, nor do they. Shelley as compared with his fellow men was excellent; but I would not say anything that could be misinterpreted by his enemies — no one is infallible but your[1] Pope.

I say, don't go on harping about your letters—I burn all that should be oblivious—so if you doubt my honour or prudence don't write. I never asked anyone to return letters—nor has anyone but you ever asked me to return theirs, nor will I, so there is an end of it! B—— is a wordly, self-seeking tuft-hunter, devoid of sympathy or sentiment, and his talk is obscene,[2] and to me offensive: he has no feeling for Shelley, and is the last man you should use as medium to excuse the poet's desertion of Harriett. Lady Shelley is anxious to assert that she was a prostitute to a stable-man—Shelley would not have permitted this wicked lie[3] nor would I—but we shall pass away —and then there is none to stop her—now I don't ask you to return this note nor do I care for its being seen. I never read my scrawls, so they must be incoherent.

Affectionately yours

E. J. Trelawny.

To direct a letter to you is work of labour—can't you shorten your address!!!

[1] He told Rossetti that Claire had become "a somewhat bigoted Roman Catholic;" hence this *your*.

[2] Very plainly written—not by any possibility readable as *obscure*.

[3] Shelley wrote to Mary that Harriett "descended the steps of prostitution until she lived with a groom of the name of Smith, who deserting her, she killed herself."

CXV.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting n^r^ Worthing.
15 November 1875.

Dear Rossetti,

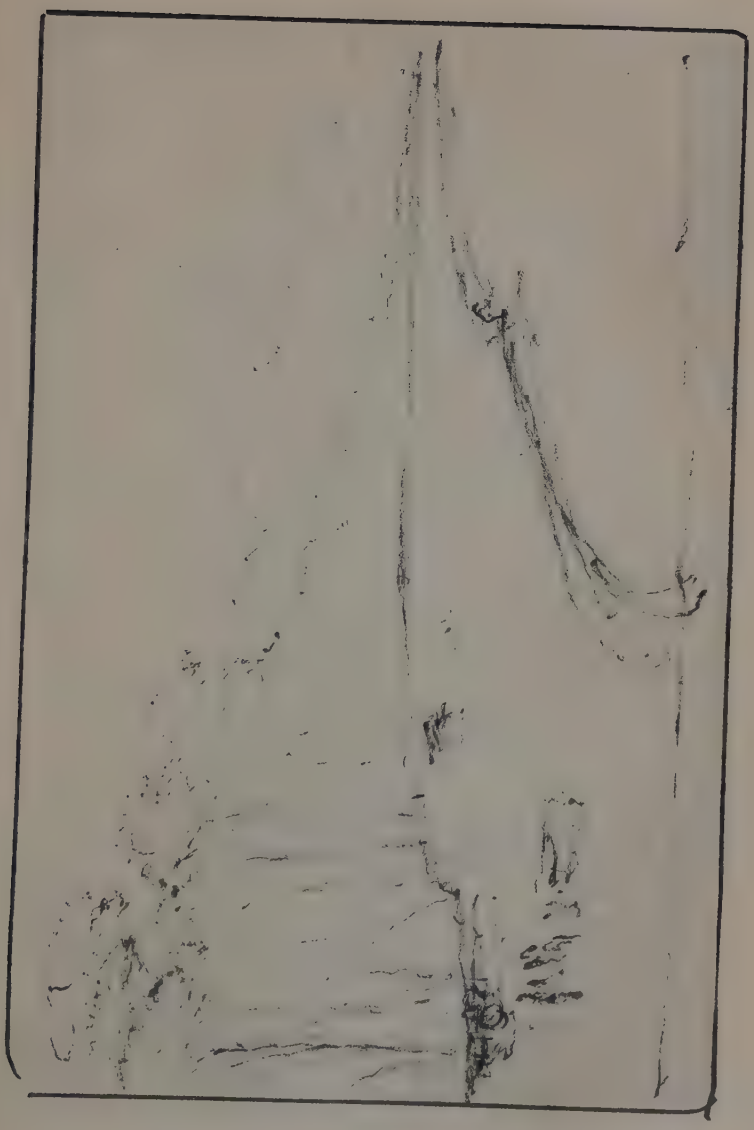
If you do get the sketch my Daughter made put into a shape for a wood-cut—mind: Hunt was lolling on the back seat of the carriage, Byron and I standing by the fire, and two or three of the coast-guard straggling. The scenery is correct—sand, sea, and tall branchless pines, their dark-blue tops packed so close together that no ray of sun could penetrate. The white sandy beach, the air tremulous with the intense noonday heat—not a weed or green tuft—everything brown and scorched, and desolation all round. No bird or sign of life but a solitary curlew hovering over our heads, attracted by the burning flesh. The sea too was dead calm, and nothing to be seen on it but Byron's small schooner.

Should not the figures in the foreground and the funeral-pyre be more conspicuous—larger, more distinct, I mean?

It was a tropical day: the broken line of the Apennines, with here and there a patch of white marble from a quarry.

Faithfully yours,
E. J. Trelawny.[1]

[1] This letter relates to a sketch made by Miss Trelawny (now Mrs. Call) of the scene of the cremation of Shelley. The sketch appears engraved in Trelawny's book, *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, but is there reversed. A facsimile of the original drawing is here given.



CXVI.

To the Editor of *The Times.*

Sompting
near Worthing
December 27, 1875.

Sir,

When I received the news from Rome of an old sailor at Spezia having confessed he was one of the crew of the felucca who ran down Shelley's boat, I believed it, and do so still, as it exactly corresponded with the event. The Italian fishing feluccas on that part of the coast are long, low, heavy-decked vessels, carrying from seven to ten men, lateen sails, sharp in the bows, and very fast sailers. Shelley's was an undecked open boat, schooner rigged. She was so light that she had three tons and a half of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings. At midday on the 8th of July, 1822, Shelley came from his bankers' at Leghorn with a canvas bag full of Tuscan crown pieces. Byron, Shelley, Williams, and myself could not be distinguished by the sailors at the harbour, and Byron's and Shelley's boats had their sails loose, ready for sea. It was a light land breeze when we weighed our anchors and started at 2 p.m. I was on board Byron's boat, and was hailed at the entrance of the harbour by the captain of the port, asking if I had my port clearances and bill of health. On my answering I had not, that I was going to return that night, he replied that I should be put in quarantine. I was therefore obliged to re-anchor, and Shelley's boat proceeded alone. Two feluccas went out of port at the same time, in the same direction as Shelley's boat.

I remained on board. Some hours after the squall came on, the wind and the sea mist veiled everything from sight at any distance, and the first thing we saw was several feluccas returning for refuge into the harbour.

When the first vessel anchored I sent a mate on board of her, a Genoese, to see what tidings he could get of Shelley's boat. The crew declared they had seen nothing of her. The Genoese said, "Why, there are some of her spars on board you"—pointing to an English oar, "That belongs to her." This they all denied. On his reporting the circumstance to me, he expressed his suspicions that they knew more than they would acknowledge. I thought that we should know more the next day. If I had reported to the Captain of the port what the Genoese said, their vessel would have been put in quarantine for 14 days; that restrained me. I had no suspicion at that time of the disaster which had happened, and the light spars of Shelley's boat might have been thrown overboard. Hearing nothing for several days, I became alarmed, but everything was conjecture. I then rode along the coast line to Viareggio, and collected evidence that Shelley's boat had been wrecked. At length the bodies of the crew were found, and every effort was made to detect where the boat had sunk. After a course of dredging, she was found in ten fathoms water, about two miles off the coast of Viareggio. The cause of her loss was then evident—her starboard quarter was stove in, evidently by a blow from the sharp bows of a felucca; and, as I have said, being undecked, and having three tons and a half of iron ballast, she would have sunk in two minutes. Had

she been decked it would have been otherwise. So that the man in his confession, saying that "the moment they struck she went down" impressed me with the truth of his revelation. That this had been her fate had been the general opinion of the Genoese dockyard authorities and of all who saw her. The Italian professor's endeavour to exculpate his countrymen is patriotic. We English are not so credulous; we are better acquainted with Italy and the Italians than they are with us; and whom is there to hoax about an occurrence which has never been commented upon, which happened two generations ago, and in which few persons are interested?

Yours obediently,

E. J. TRELAWNY.[1]

CXVII.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

Sompting, Worthing.
25 January [1876].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

The artist is thinking of a gipsy-fire in our wet climate, and will make us look like gipsies.[2] The funeral-pyre at Viareggio was of dry hoary logs; there was a light transparent vapoury exhalation, but nothing properly called smoke, the thinnest white gauze would represent it; it was trembling under the

[1] Published in *The Times* of Monday, January 3, 1876.

[2] This note refers to the woodcut of the burning of Shelley's corpse, prepared for Trelawny's *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*: see p. 252 *ante*.

noon-day heat. So please don't send the wood-cut till it is corrected.

I am glad your lectures went off so well.[1]

Yours very truly,

E. J. Trelawny.

P.S. There was a solitary sea-bird attracted by the burning flesh, hovering over.

CXVIII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting, Worthing.
9 March 1876.

Dear Rossetti,

I did not attend the last meeting of the Byron Committee,[2] 1st March, but I wrote to them proposing Swinburne for election. I said, as a Poet, critic, and scholar, no one stood before him, etc. etc.; he was elected. Please notify the same to him, and send me his address, that he may have notice of the next meeting.

Had I any pretensions to any of his gifts, I should have written to him long ago to express my admiration of the poems he has from time to time kindly sent me—especially of his last powerful Tragedy; but mere thanks and compliments I cannot scrawl.

Yours ever,

E. Trelawny.

I see an edition of Shelley in hand.[3] Yours is not fit for libraries—paper, type, size, crowding, all com-

[1] Mr. William Rossetti's lectures (on Shelley) had recently been re-delivered in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

[2] The reference is to that "Byron Committee" which resulted (not with the approval of Trelawny) in the poor statue by Mr. Belt near Apsley House.

[3] The then forthcoming library edition of Shelley which I brought out in 1876 and 1877 (Poetry) and 1880 (Prose).

plain of. Godwin's *Life*[1] is interesting to me, and for the most part well done—but Lady Shelley's pernicious influence runs through it. Do you know the author? Had it been published forty years ago, it would have been popular. I am now almost the only person interested in all its details.

Forward the enclosed note to Swinburne.

CXIX.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Worthing
March 31st [1877]

Dear Rossetti,

If I am to undergo the operation of the press —now, or never. Will you forthwith order of the Autotype Company 550 of Shelley, and the same number of Byron, but to be done on paper fit for the book—and 550 of each of the other drawings on stone, or whatever way they are done, and 550 of the Cremation. Mind, I *won't* have myself.

If the Model Baby is well, it's no matter about the Christians being massacred or anything else.

Yours truly
E. J. Trelawny.

CXX.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Worthing
Jany. 14th 1878.

Dear Rossetti,

On our voyage to Greece, I asked my Black man to bring me a parcel on deck which I had not

[1] *William Godwin*, &c., by Kegan Paul. See *ante*, p. 248.

opened; It contained a military Cavalry jacket that I had had from Vienna. They are the best military Tailors in Europe. I had not seen the tailor, nor had the tailor seen me, and I had neglected to try if it would fit. It was a dark green jacket, with a considerable quantity of braiding of the same colour, or black, I forget which; I could not get it on, and if I could, it would have been more like a straight-waist-coat, that I could not have used my arms. I threw it on deck, Byron, who was sitting near me, picked it up, and observed: "That is just the sort of thing that I want, what have I got, Fletcher, to land with in Greece?" "Nothing but your ordinary clothes." "Haven't I got a jacket?" Fletcher: "Only your old plaid one." Byron then tried on my jacket. "It's a little too long in the arms," he said, "otherwise it exactly fits me, when we land at one of the Islands, get me one made exactly like it." "There is no Military Tailor," I said, "in the Ionian Islands, you are very welcome to that, I have plenty; Fletcher, put this with your Master's things." Fletcher said, "It fits you exactly, and you never had anything so well made." Byron thought so too; He landed with it in Greece, and never wore anything else.

The Greeks had no Uniforms, and no Regiments, their polaccari, or soldiers, were all volunteers and dressed in motley costumes, after an Eastern fashion.

This is all I know about the Jacket.

Yours

E. J. TRELAWNY.

CXXI.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Worthing
March 26th [1878].

Dear Rossetti,

Does the rigmarole preface do?

You said you would come down again next year, always glad to receive you and Mrs. Rossetti; Hard beds and hard fare. Your Review of Smith's Book was very good; I can see he has written it under the dictation of Lady Shelley and always wrong.

If "The Book" comes out at Easter, it's the best time possible. If it does not, it's your fault, not mine.

Yours & Truly
E. J. Trelawny.

CXXII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
May 6th [1878].

Dear Rossetti,

The writers who knew nothing of Shelley, under the dictation of the present Lady Shelley, are endeavouring to show that the Poet's Wife was endowed with every talent and every virtue. Had it been so, my statement of the utter desolation and isolation in which he lived would be exaggeration, as I describe him forlorn and dejected with no one to sympathize or soothe him. He received no solace or sympathy from his Early Friends, who disapproved

of everything he wrote. His Wife was of their opinion and not of his, the dissimilarity of their views on every subject was a bar to his uttering his thoughts to her. The cause of so many unhappy marriages is that in youth, they think, however dissimilar, when they are united their minds will assimilate. For a given object we can take any shape for a time, but in every emergency the natural character appears, we cannot alter anyone, not even ourselves.

I write this in consequence of seeing the Review in the Examiner. It was impossible for me to describe the Poet as he was, without describing his Wife as she was. I had no enmity against Mrs. Shelley, we were friends all her life.[1]

Yours & truly

E. J. Trelawny.

CXXIII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Extract from Mr. Kirkup's Letter.

"You wish to know the History of Shelley's Bedstead. I bought it of C. Brown when he went to England. I don't remember how much but Landor always laughed at me for paying the value of Brown's appraiser, who had a *percentage* on the price and therefore raised the price accordingly. Brown had bought it of Leigh Hunt when he went away, and Hunt had it as a present from Mrs. Shelley, who knew

[1] He meant, of course, up to the end of her life: they were not acquainted till 1821.

it again when she came back to Florence, and so did Miss Clare."

I know that Shelley slept on it the last two years of his life, I have seen him asleep on it in his Library and have often sat upon it myself. It was after Shelley's Death when Mrs. Shelley was disposing of her things at Pisa that she gave it to Leigh Hunt, who had spasmodic fits of sentiment. It had nothing to do with the furniture which Shelley previously bought for, and gave to Hunt.

Shelley slept on it the two or three nights that he was at Pisa before he took his fatal voyage. Hunt sold it to Charles Brown (his friend and mine), when he was leaving Pisa.

Kirkup bought the sofa with the hope of Shelley's appearing to him in a dream.

Yours
E. J. Trelawny.

P.S.

Eyre Crowe has written to me that Gérôme the French Painter intends painting the burning of Shelley's body. It is extraordinary that it has not been done before. E. J. T.

CXXIV.

To the Editor of *The Athenæum*.

A reply to Richard Garnett's article in *The Fortnightly Review* on Shelley's Last Days.[1]

As Mr. Garnett has his brief from a lady, I have no complaint to make against him. This lady is said to be an adept in the occult sciences, and, by the aid

[1] This letter appeared in *The Athenæum* of the 3rd of August 1878.

of mesmerism, she professes to have had direct communication with the spirit of the unfortunate poet. If the lady derives her information from supernatural influences, I have nothing to say. I briefly and simply state things as they occurred. Everything connected with the poets is important, all else is valueless. Time will take the poets with him, the reviewed and reviewer, and all the others mentioned, not omitting the Shelley family,—Time will throw into his wallet "alms for oblivion."

Until the small cluster of real sympathizers gathered round Shelley the last year of his life, he was a forlorn outcast—a Pariah, as he often called himself. The Shelley family forbade his name to be spoken in their house, and held no communication with him for the last five years. His early friends had no sympathy with his writings; the press denounced him, and his wife remonstrated with him. His poetry was the pure outpourings of his inward mind. His convictions were so strong that he was pursuing the right course that he was deaf to all adverse counsel. Having completed the task of burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams, I returned to Pisa. On going to Mrs. Shelley's house I found in the drawing-room with her Vacca, the Professor of Anatomy at the College, and Leigh Hunt. I showed the heart to Vacca, and also some fragments of his skull, which Vacca remarked was very thin, and then I offered the heart to Mrs. Shelley. After a fitful glance on the black and charred piece of flesh, she was too shocked to touch it. Leigh Hunt was standing by her side, and she said to me, "As you are going to ride to Rome to-morrow, give it to Hunt to take care of;" which was

done: and then I narrated to her and to those present an account of the ceremony. Mrs. Shelley said, "I have written to Miss Curran at Rome to give you the portrait she did of Shelley; it is unfinished, but there is no other, and I am very anxious to have it." After a pause, she added, "There is one of me too, but now no one will value that." I said, "Yes, I do." "You can have it, but it is unfinished, and she has made a great dowdy of me; I care nothing about it; my only earnest desire is to have Percy's, and that you will take the greatest precautions to convey safely to me; that is the only treasure I have, and I know you will take care nothing happens to it, for you loved him. They are both unfinished; we were to have sat again, but we did not." I executed this commission. From this time Mrs. Shelley never saw her own portrait, nor expressed any wish to see it until fifteen or twenty years after. She then asked or wrote that she wished I would let her have it, as a particular friend of hers was very anxious to see it. To this verbally or in writing I refused, and she never afterwards alluded to it. Mr. Garnett states as a proof of Mrs. Shelley's tolerance that she restored the omitted notes to "Queen Mab." She had other reasons to do so besides her toleration.

I was at breakfast at Sir William Molesworth's at Pencarrow; Charles Buller, and the Member for Westminster, and others were present. I said, "I have heard the publisher of Shelley's works is about to issue a new edition with a portion of Shelley's notes to 'Queen Mab' omitted. Is there any crime equal to that? You cannot but agree that tampering with the text or mutilating an edition of any author's works

is a crime that deserves capital punishment." To this the company assented. There was a general expression of opinion against all editors and bibliopolists guilty of such a heinous offence, and I was asked to write to Moxon to tell him our sentiments. Molesworth said, "If you don't, I will." Which of us wrote I can't say, but the letter was written, and Molesworth and I did sign it. When I returned to London I met the delinquent publisher Moxon in the streets. He said, "Mr. Trelawny, you have done me great injustice and given me great pain. I did not edit Shelley's works; I had no control; I am merely the publisher. Pressure has been put upon me, but, at whatever cost, I am determined to have a complete edition of that true poet's works." It is possible, as that letter made such an impression on the late Mr. Moxon, his son may still have it; and as it is probable that that letter was shown to Mrs. Shelley, it may have had some influence on the restorations to "Queen Mab." Mr. Garnett observes that an author should have a reserve force, and not say all he can say. I am too old and practical a soldier to expend my last cartridge. I have only fired blank ones, and reserve my ball cartridges for a last resort. As to the clerical friend that Mr. Garnett alludes to, it was the late Bishop Thirlwall, and he was a better authority for what is morally right or wrong than the comic writer he quotes as a maritime authority, Peacock, whose maritime knowledge was that of sculling a wherry, which most boys can do in smooth water.

With regard to the "Younger Son," as I was in Italy, Mrs. Shelley was commissioned to get it published, nothing more; if she read it, it was to satisfy

her natural curiosity; she neither added nor altered a single word of it. The only remarkable work published with her name is "Frankenstein," and that was the creation of her husband's brain. She was an apt scholar, well instructed, and very amiable, but strictly conventional. I have met her going to chapel (Sir John Dean Paul's) on week days, and it is no imputation to her that she conformed to the customs of the State religion, in which she had been reared. I saw no harm in this. All I assert is, she had no sympathy with her husband's opinions, and that was a bar to free intercourse. A person well acquainted with the malformation of the feet writes thus: "In the desire to convict Mr. Trelawny of inconsistency or self-contradiction in his account of Lord Byron's lameness and its cause, the writer of the article 'Shelley's Last Days,' in the *Fortnightly Review*, of June the 1st, has been betrayed into an error, from which a better acquaintance with the subject would have saved him. In the first edition of his 'Recollections of Byron and Shelley,' 1858, Mr. Trelawny states the fact that '*both Byron's feet were clubbed and his legs withered to the knee.*' And in the second edition, 1878, Mr. Trelawny explains the cause of Byron's lameness to have been 'the contraction of the back sinew, which the doctors call "Tendo Achillis," that prevented his heels resting on the ground, and compelled him to walk on the fore part of his feet; *except this defect his feet were perfect.*' Now, there is neither contradiction nor inconsistency in these two statements; quite the contrary; and any one at all acquainted with the nature of the deformity generally known as 'club-foot,' will find in the statement of 1878 a strictly correct and concise explanation

and confirmation of the fact told by Mr. Trelawny in 1858.

"All affections of the feet resulting from a contraction of the 'Tendo Achillis' are classed under the generic term of 'club-foot,' although it is well known that this contraction manifests itself in three distinct forms, owing probably to the degree of intensity of the contraction. The most common and marked of these is the real 'club-foot,' where the contraction of the 'Tendo Achillis' is so violent as not only to draw up the heel, but also to turn the foot inwards and the sole upwards, so that the unfortunate individual thus affected walks on the outer edge of the fore part of the foot, where a callous lump is formed that serves him both as heel and sole. In the less common sort of club-foot, caused by a less violent contraction of the tendon, the heel only is drawn up, thus compelling the individual to walk on the fore part of his feet, which are otherwise in no way deformed. This kind of club-foot is called by the doctors 'Pes equinus,' and it was this kind with which Lord Byron was afflicted more markedly in one foot. In both kinds of club-foot the muscles of the calf shrink away from want of free action, and thus the leg presents exactly the appearance described by Mr. Trelawny in the case of Lord Byron, 'his legs withered to the knee.'

"I say nothing of the third and comparatively rare kind of club-foot, where the sole of the foot is turned outwards and upwards, as that has no bearing upon the question at issue. Had surgical science been as far advanced at the time of Lord Byron's childhood as it was shortly after his death, when Stromeyer, of Hanover, introduced his admirable operation for the

cure of club-foot by cutting the contracted tendon, Lord Byron would certainly have been cured of his defect, and his poetical genius would doubtless have been materially modified thereby."

When his valet Fletcher noticed me contemplating the poet's feet, he said, "That was the cause of all my lord's misfortunes." This was a comprehensive assertion, and I knew it to be true, for the defect was ever present to the poet's mind, and influenced all his actions and his writings, and was never absent from his thoughts. This conviction made it imperative on me to mention it.

E. J. Trelawny.

CXXV.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Octr 31st [1878].

Dear Rossetti,

If you are going to Paris, will you take a Copy of the "Records" and give them to Gérôme from me and also any information you can. If you are too shy to introduce yourself in your own name, you can do so in mine.

The two or three days that Shelley was with Leigh Hunt he slept at his own house at Pisa, and on that sofa in his Library.—He did not arrive at Leghorn till 12 o'clk for which I abused him, because it made him so late in starting—2 o'clk—

Yours always
E. J. Trelawny

CXXVI.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Nov 26th [1878]
Sompting
nr Worthing

My dear Rossetti,

I received a letter from Gérôme the day you gave him the Book; as we can't correspond in each other's language, must use you as a medium; He writes well and paints well. I do not know whether he is going to paint a large or a small picture. The Coast where Shelley was wrecked and afterwards burnt, near Viareggio, is a deep Bay with a sandy Beach, and except in squalls, the sea placid, and the color azure, but as the water is generally shallow, ships give it a wide berth; there is nothing to be seen but a few Islands, at a long distance, the shore is the most striking. There is an interminable belt of sea pines, their stems are bare for twenty or thirty feet, and their tops matted together, they are perhaps fifty or sixty feet high—perhaps more.—The light shines strongly on the stems of these trees, which are of a reddish brown, they have a striking effect, Millais had seen the Coast, and in my daughter's drawing recognised the spot. The Pines had made an impression on him. There are watch towers, some in ruins, along the margin of the sea, there is a long broken line of the Apennines in the back ground and no vestiges of habitation or vegetation within the range of the eye. It is a placid and lonely scene. To make a truthful picture Gérôme should see it. The subject is certainly good, for the Poets in fame

outlive all others, and the whole thing is unique; Byron and Shelley have not been surpassed this century. The iron stand on which the furnace rested was two feet high, the furnace was two feet, making four feet above the ground; and the logs of wood were round. The furnace was five feet long and two feet broad.

Have you read the *Contemporary Review* for September? If not, do so, and these Papers written by Thornton Hunt—can they be got?

Yours always truly

E. J. TRELAWNY.

CXXVII.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

Sompting
Worthing
December 18th [1878].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

In the noonday heat in southern climes, all living things but the human seek the shade; in August when Shelley was burnt, the only exception to this was a solitary sea gull attracted by the burning flesh, he hovered a long time above the fire screaming to scare us and satisfy his appetite; he descended occasionally within thirty feet of the fire. When I threw the incense, wine and oil on the pile, I uttered incantations, saying: "I restore to nature through fire the elements of which this man was composed, earth, air, and water; everything is changed, but not annihilated; he is now a portion of that

which he worshipped."—Byron, who was standing by my side, said: "I knew you were a Pagan, not that you were a Pagan Priest; you do it very well. If you can, save me the skull; the face and hands are gone." Of course there was much more said, as I remained there for hours, and Byron for a considerable time, but not worth repeating.

Many Italians from the neighbouring villages were drawn to the vicinity of the spot; but with the hereditary good breeding of the Italians they remained within the line of the pine-trees in deep silence, not one advancing beyond them. There was a line of vehicles of these people; they even refrained from going near Lord Byron's carriage and kept out of sight as much as they could.

I was in my shirt sleeves with nothing on besides but white trousers and a cap—Byron in white trousers, a black coat, and a dark blue velvet cap with a gold band round it; the Coast-guardsmen in their uniforms of blue with white trousers.

If these particulars are of any use to Gérôme, please translate and send them to him.

I enclose you a letter from Rome—return it at your leisure.

I chose the very best adapted place for Shelley's grave and planted the upright cypresses, the only proper emblem for the dead: if the thing had to be done again it could not be done more appropriately; and so I should resist every innovation.

If you have an opportunity tell Garnett this.

The sticking up a good bust would be absurd; but one modelled from Mrs. Hunt's would be only fit for a scarecrow. Would it not be right to let the

Sculptress know that no bust will be allowed on Shelley's grave?

Always yours truly
E. J. Trelawny.

CXXVIII.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Worthing
June 25th [1879].

My dear Rossetti,

I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken about the Cremation. As it is out of the question having it done here, I should wish it to be done at the nearest place at which it is practised. Will you ascertain where that is?[1]

The cigars don't suit me. I've smoked one and keep the other two for you.

If you are going out of Town for sea air for the children, where will you find a better place than Lancing? And the lodgings there are not expensive, and it is not under the curse of gentility.

Who has the manuscript of my Book?

Yours always truly
E. J. Trelawny.

[1] It may have been the death of his old friend Claire Clairmont that precipitated these arrangements. She died on the 19th of March 1879; and, when Rossetti stayed with him in the following May and June, Trelawny asked his friend "to inquire particulars about cremation," as he wished "his remains to be disposed of in that method when the time shall come." ("Talks with Trelawny," *Athenæum*, 5 August 1882.)

CXXIX.

To Harry Buxton Forman.

Sompting
Worthing
March 13 1880.

Dear Mr. Forman,

I cannot grant your request[1] as to the letters and Portrait.

Yours truly
E. J. Trelawny.

CXXX.

To Harry Buxton Forman.

Sompting
Worthing
Septr 14th [1880].

Dear Forman,

A year before Shelley's death, fifty-eight years ago, I went into a small bookseller's in Vere Street, Oxford Street, kept by a man named Ollier; He was the only one of the tribe of bibliopoles who would publish Shelley's writings. After I had satisfied his mind that I was a friend of the Poet's, he let me have all the poems of Shelley's then published. I put them in my pocket and went my way. With these small pamphlets and the addition of letters, you have made eight thick goodly volumes.[2] These acorns have grown

[1] The request related, I think, to the Shelley letters in the *Records* and the Clint portrait; but as to the portrait I am not sure. He let me use the letters, after all; and I gather from the next letter that he did not regret his ultimate complacency.

[2] Shelley's Prose Works, 1880.

into lofty oaks. The poet was one of the few Authors who could bear without loss, every act of his life, from youth to maturity, to be made prospect to all the world. The labour that you have undergone, proves that it has been a task of love; and the conscientious manner in which it is executed singles you out as the man best fitted to write the Poet's Life. There is abundant material, and you know best how to use it. I should have written before to thank you for the four volumes you sent me; but age is dilatory.

Your obliged
E. J. Trelawny.

CXXXI and CXXXII.

To William Michael Rossetti and the Custodian of the English Cemetery at Rome.

Sompting
Worthing
Novr 11th [1880].

My dear Rossetti,

I wish you would copy this for me, to avoid the trouble there would be at my death.

7 Pelham Crescent
Brompton
London

"To the Custodian of the English Cemetery at Rome.

In the year 1822 I purchased a piece of land of the then Custodian—I believe your Father—under the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. I deposited the ashes of my Friend Shelley in the one Tomb and the other I left for my own Ashes. I planted seven upright Cypresses round it. I now desire at my decease, which cannot be far distant, that my ashes may be placed there. Any reasonable fees, expenses or otherwise will

be paid you. The favour of an early reply to this will oblige

Yours truly"

Who is the English Minister at Rome now? What is the proper way of addressing the Custodian of the Protestant Burial Ground?

Yours always,

E. J. TRELAWNY.

CXXXIII.

TO THE CUSTODIAN OF THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT ROME.

7 Pelham Crescent
Brompton
London
S.W.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your prompt answer to my letter, and commission you to put my tomb in thorough repair; and when I know the cost I will remit you the payment. As my body will undergo Cremation, my ashes will be enclosed in a box about the same size as my friend the Poet's.

I have completed my 88th year. I shall commission some friend to bring my ashes to Rome and to see you. There was a rumour that the Poet Shelley's ashes had been removed; but I did not believe you would have permitted such a sacrilege. The Poet Shelley wrote many verses in admiration of your Cemetery. Thanking you again for the honourable way in which you have fulfilled the duties of your office. I remain

Your very obliged

[TO WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI]

I will thank you to translate this. E. J. T.

CXXXIV.

To the Custodian of the English Cemetery at Rome.

Dear Sir,

I am quite satisfied with your word, and am glad it is so.

Proceed with my tomb as you proposed.

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

Yours truly

CXXXV.

To Thomas Bailey Saunders.[1]

Sompting
Worthing
Decr 16th [1880].

Dear Sir,

Shelley's body was found and burnt by me, on the shore of a lonely bay about two miles from Via Reggio. There was nothing in sight but a long line of pines and a ruined tower, there was no high road or by-

[1] This is Trelawny's reply to a letter addressed to him by Mr. Bailey Saunders, who desired to know the veteran cremator's views on the subject of a proposal to erect a memorial to Shelley on the scene of the burning. On seeing in *The Athenæum* of the 20th of September 1890 a report that such a memorial was to be erected, Mr. Saunders communicated Trelawny's letter to the Editor of that journal, who published it on the 11th of October 1890. Like other letters of Trelawny's of that late period, it is a dictation. The original is in the Keats-Shelley Memorial Collection at Rome. In the *Bulletin* of that Institution (1910), where the letter reappears, there is a statement that the head of Thorwaldsen's Statue is a replica of the head of a bust which that sculptor had executed at Rome in 1817 for the late Lord Broughton, then John Cam Hobhouse, who pronounced the work to be both a masterpiece and a perfect likeness, and recorded that the artist had "worked con amore," and had said that "it was the finest head he had ever under his hand."

road or village near, I never saw anyone there but peasants gathering pine cones. An Obelisk placed on that spot appears to me useless. Shelley said "That it would require four generations to decide on the merit of an Author." Two generations have passed since his death. He had only four friends who sympathized with his writings during his life. Now he may have a thousand admirers, but the millions are still adverse, from his Atheism. After six or seven years begging, 3,500 pounds was collected for a memorial to Byron and two or three ignorant Lords who had subscribed their ten pounds, conspired to choose a young Sculptor who had done nothing of any merit, the result is that which is to be seen in Hyde Park—The Byron Memorial—as they are pleased to term it—I have only to add that it does not in the remotest degree resemble Byron in face or figure.

Thorwaldsen's Statue is the best resemblance that exists of the "Pilgrim of Eternity" as Shelley designated him, and it is at Cambridge, so that they need not have had any difficulty. Of Shelley there is neither portrait nor bust, and what artist could imagine him?

I remain Sir,

Yours very truly,

E. J. TRELAWNY.

Shelley and I were born the same year, there was only three or four months difference in our ages.

E. J. T.

CXXXVI.

To William Michael Rossetti.

Sompting
Feby 16th [1881].

My dear Rossetti,

Glad to hear you have been successful in your lecturing.

If you see Swinburne remember me kindly to him, and say, age prevented my calling on him and I want him to write a Tragedy on Charles the First.

Yours always truly
E. J. Trelawny

CXXXVII.

To John Trucchi, Custodian of the English Cemetery at Rome.

7 Pelham Crescent

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and have desired Messrs. Spada and Flamini to pay you 300 francs on demand, begging your acceptance of the balance.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF TRELAWNY

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.[1]

Edward John Trelawny, the friend of Shelley, the associate in Byron's Grecian expedition, the author of *Adventures of a Younger Son*, completed his eighty-eighth year in November 1880, and died on the 13th of this present month of August 1881, at his residence at Sompting, near Worthing. Born in the same year as Shelley, 1792, but about three months later, he was at one time generally known as Captain Trelawny. His father was an officer in the army, a younger son in the famed old Cornish family of Trelawny; and the deceased was, as his book intimates, a younger son of this younger son.

He entered the navy at the age of eleven, after very scanty schooling; and the *Adventures of a Younger Son* gives an account perhaps not very far from accurate, although mixed up with some romance, of the few years ensuing.

He seems to have deserted the navy, owing principally to his audacious uncontrollable character, and partly to oppressive treatment, and to have joined a privateer (not a pirate ship, as has sometimes been said), and to have followed a course of desperate enterprise for some while, partly in the Indian and Malayan seas.

This mode of life had terminated before 1821—apparently several years before. In January 1822,

[1] This brief record and appreciation was printed in *The Athenæum* of the 20th of August 1881. Swinburne's *Lines* followed it a week later in the same paper.

in Pisa, began his intimacy with Shelley, whose body he was chiefly instrumental in securing and identifying after it had been cast ashore, and he undertook all the arrangements for its cremation on the beach near Viareggio. This was in August 1822. In 1823 he accompanied Byron to Greece, and he remained in that country some considerable while after the poet's death in 1824, but seems to have been eventually on bad terms with the insurrectional government, and to have followed the fortunes and schemes of the partisan chief Odysseus, who was in open revolt, or something not far from that.

On one occasion an Englishman attempted by treachery to assassinate Trelawny in the fortress-cave of Odysseus. Trelawny, with his jaw shattered and his life almost given over, kept the traitor for some days, protecting him from the summary vengeance of subordinates, and then magnanimously dismissed him. The Grecian expedition seems to have terminated the adventurous part of Trelawny's career. He afterwards made extensive travels in America, North and South, and spent some while in Italy; but all the later years of his life were passed in England, at one time in Monmouthshire, and more lately in Sussex, with frequent sojourns in London as well.

Trelawny wrote two books and no more: the *Adventures of a Younger Son*, published in 1831, and the *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, 1858, which were reissued, with some enlargements and variations, in 1878, as *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*. Each of these works shows masterly power in its kind. The *Younger Son*, though loose-knit as a story, and hardly attempting anything like

regular construction, is wonderfully vivid, full of the passion of maritime enterprise, and saturated with the fierce, semi-barbaric chivalry of its author's character. Some of its passages of description and of narrative are not to be surpassed, and have seldom been rivalled. The volume about Shelley and Byron shows much keen insight into character, as well as sympathy—the latter chiefly for Shelley and in very minor degree for Byron (this is especially noticeable in the earlier edition). It is certainly the best account of Shelley as a mature man which any contemporary has handed down to us. The style of writing, too, is in essential respects excellent, without any effort after literary adornments.

Tameless in youth, Trelawny was also untamed in age. Of iron firmness, at once vehement and stoical, outspoken and often overbearing, despising the conventions and the creeds of society, and restive even to its trivial amenities, he was exceedingly generous, kindly in a large sense, a steady friend, and capable of inspiring strong attachments. His conversation, replete with reminiscences of many men and many lands, was highly interesting, and, under favourable conditions, copious. His body was as strong as his mind. To the last he wore neither overcoat nor under-clothing, and he had scarcely ever had an illness. He died at last without disease, simply from old age: more than a month ago, his strength failing, he took to his bed. He made comparatively little use of animal food, and was throughout his life rigidly temperate, almost abstemious. In youth he was remarkably handsome, and in age of a striking and commanding presence: deeply recessed blue eyes,

small, finely-curved hawk nose, expressive, slightly-writhen lips. Of his freshness of mind in extreme old age no better evidence could be given than the fact that, never having heard of William Blake as a poet or painter till some three or four years ago, and having then happened to take up his poems,[1] he became an ardent admirer of them, remembering and reciting, with an impressive emphasis which was peculiar to him, snatches of the 'Songs of Innocence and Experience.'

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.[2]

I.

Last high star of the years whose thunder
  Still men's listening remembrance hears,
  Last light left of our fathers' years,
Watched with honour and hailed with wonder,
Thee too then have the years borne under,
  Thou too then hast regained thy peers.

[1] For this introduction to 'Pictor Ignotus,' as for every kind of friendly and technical assistance in his latter years, he was indebted to Rossetti; and, so far as the revival of the *Recollections* under its new title of *Records* in 1878 is concerned, the debt both of the aged warrior and of the public to the assiduity and devotion of Rossetti is as difficult to appraise as it is impossible to forget.

[2] This poem is reprinted from *Tristram of Lyonesse | and other Poems* | by | Algernon Charles Swinburne | London | Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly | 1882, with the concurrence of the poet's executor, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

II.

Wings that warred with the winds of morning,
  Storm-winds rocking the red great dawn,
  Close at last, and a film is drawn
Over the eyes of the storm-bird, scorning
Now no longer the loud wind's warning,
  Waves that threaten or waves that fawn.

III.

Peers were none of thee left us living,
  Peers of theirs we shall see no more.
  Eight years over the full fourscore
Knew thee: now shalt thou sleep, forgiving
All griefs past of the wild world's giving,
  Moored at last on the stormless shore.

IV.

Worldwide liberty's lifelong lover,
  Lover no less of the strength of song,
  Sea-king, swordsman, hater of wrong,
Over thy dust that the dust shall cover
Comes my song as a bird to hover,
  Borne of its will as of wings along.

V.

Cherished of thee were this brief song's brothers,
  Now that follows them, cherishing thee.
  Over the tides and the tideless sea
Soft as a smile of the earth our mother's
Flies it faster than all those others,
  First of the troop at thy tomb to be.

VI.

Memories of Greece and the mountain's hollow
Guarded alone of thy loyal sword
Hold thy name for our hearts in ward:
Yet more fain are our hearts to follow
One way now with the southward swallow
Back to the grave of the man their lord.

VII.

Heart of hearts, art thou moved not, hearing
Surely, if hearts of the dead may hear,
Whose true heart it is now draws near?
Surely the sense of it thrills thee, cheering
Darkness and death with the news now nearing—
Shelley, Trelawny rejoins thee here.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

August 17, 1881.

ADDENDA.

I.

While the last sheets of this book were passing through the press my attention was directed to Mr. F. B. Sanborn's two interesting articles contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* in 1897, "Odysseus and Trelawny" in the April number and "Lord Byron in the Greek Revolution" in the September number. Each article contains a letter of 1824 from Trelawny to George Finlay, afterwards the historian of Greece; and both of these letters, brief as one of them is, help to piece out the story of Trelawny as told in his correspondence. I regret that they are not in their proper place with others relating to the same period; but it is far better to have them as a postscript than not at all. They should be read immediately after Letter XXXI addressed to Mary Shelley; and they are therefore numbered XXXI *a* and XXXI *b*.

XXXI *a*.

To George Finlay.

May 27, 1824.
The Cavern of Ulysses,
M't Parnassus.

Dear Finlay,

I trust you are still with my captain. I arrived here yesterday with a splendid suit—and 55 horses—

loaded with stores for Odysseus—a small brigade of mountain guns—300 of Flannel cartridges and grape-shot, and 20 picked artillery men, accompanied by a Capt'n Fenton,[1] an approved good Artillery Officer; he was chief engineer to Gen'l Mina—that's enough—and to seal all he is a Scotchman of the right good sort — independent — will do anything, and wants nothing in payment but lice — of which we have enough.

What are you about? going on another Ambassadorship? 'tis premature to go to America. After this campaign — at present you will do nothing — tell Odysseus Mavro wants to go on that mission, but he must prevent that. I have pretty well finished the Prince—as I would all Royalty, if I could. I have "scotched him," but not killed, and do not wish him to be revived by the sun of America. Byron brought him to life once.

Tell O[dysseus] I will get lots of powder, and otherwise attend to his proper interest with Gordon—Blaquière[2], as by that means I am best serving Greece, (so I think). Is he not a noble fellow—a Bolivar? let's make a Washington of him; there are elements in him to form one. I am thirsting to be with you, and only await till the return of my courier I forwarded to him eighteen days back. I want to complete some plans for rendering this cave the most beautiful as well as strongest fortress in the world—tell him to send me a white litter. I have Gilo with me and all the tools and necessary things to do everything.

My particular events—since we separated—must be

[1] As to this man's true character and fate, see *ante*, pp. 92 (note) and 93.

[2] *Blackquire* in the original.

told, not written. Stanhope was ordered home by the King through influence of the Legitimate ambassadors. Gordon was hourly expected when I left Zante; I left, as did Stanhope, letters to enlighten him as to who is who in Greece. The other commissioner unknown. Blaquière[1] no authority; he is, I suppose, by this time with you. I got your hundred paid[2], 50 I have spent, the other £50 I will bring you. Give a few dollars to Tindale for my women at Athens; if you think it necessary, pay their removal to Calauria or Egina.

Mavro leads the life of a dog at Missolonghi; the soldiers would have all come off with me, and fired the city had I set them on; he is impotent. Millingen has been at Death's door, but—Death would not let him in. He is out of great danger and sends his love —cannot write.

Do your utmost to get immediate supplies for O[dysseus]. I want him to defend Thermophile, and Fenton, Gilo, and myself to fortify it. Don't let him take any Germans—they are all charlatans.

Your True and sincere friend,

TRELAWNY.

P.S.—I inclose you three letters. Lord Guilford sent 4000 dollars for the service of Greece. Mavro has it. Byron spent nearly 30000 dollars. Mavro must account for all the money he has extracted from the friends of Greece.

[1] *Blackquire* again.

[2] I am not sure that this word should not be *pound*, the abbreviation *pd.* being equally available for *paid* and *pound*.

XXXI *b*.

To George Finlay.

[Argos, 1824[1].]

I sat up till the lark rose, talking with Odysseus; no—no Napoli for me to-day. The government have ordered old Colly to come here — and our friend Mavro. They are carrying a press of sail for so crank a craft. I am ready to start for Tripolitza to-night, or to-morrow morning, as your Worship—or Majesty I should say—decides; but you have 'gaged your word, and must go. You must determine on paying Fenton a visit at Parnassus. I promise your curiosity will be gratified in visiting the Spiglia. I send George to Zante to-morrow morn. Do you think I may trust him with the blunt? I will call at your café, after I have dined and dozed. The Lion and Tiger are conferring amicably—as yet, all goes well.[2]

Yours and Truly,

Trel.

Time we have nothing to do with, as to date and day—'tis the year 1824, Argos.

[1] Mr. Sanborn leans to the view that this letter belongs to "the late summer of 1824."

[2] Mr. Sanborn explains that the "Lion and Tiger" referred to were Odysseus and Kolokotrones, the "old Colly" of this letter.

ADDENDA

II

One more point to save an appearance of slovenliness. Since these letters were prepared for the press and annotated, literary history has not been stationary. There were but two volumes of Mr. Murray's Broughton Recollections when the note at page 219 was written and indeed printed; but Lady Dorchester has now followed up those two volumes with two more, also issued by Mr. Murray (1910). In the third volume of this work I find the trace of another letter from Trelawny not at present forthcoming. The following extract from Hobhouse's diary (date, June 5, 1824) is at pages 46 and 47 :—

"A most atrocious piece of folly or villainy has been played off by Lord J. Churchill, commanding H.M.S. *Hinde*, in the Archipelago. He was at anchor off the Piræus. He invited the General Ulysses, Ghora, the commandant of Athens, Mr. Trelawny, and twenty or thirty Greek soldiers on board his ship. As they were at dinner some of the Greeks ran down into the cabin to Ulysses, and told him the ship was under weigh. Ulysses, Ghora, and Trelawny rushed on deck and found the ship under press of sail. They drew their swords, cut the tiller ropes and halliards, then jumped into the boats and made to shore.

"Trelawny drew up a letter to Captain Clifford, commanding in those seas, but Lord Byron in a short note says he knows not whether it was sent. A large

sum of money having been offered by the Turks for the head of Ulysses, the *Hinde* having just come from Smyrna, the Greeks believed they were seized to be given up. Perhaps it was only a frolic, but such a frolic! What an influence it might and may have on the future fate of Greece, especially on the connection of England with Greece."

In the absence of Trelawny's own account of this episode, readers will doubtless be glad of Hobhouse's obviously straightforward record.

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